

AUTUMN 1960

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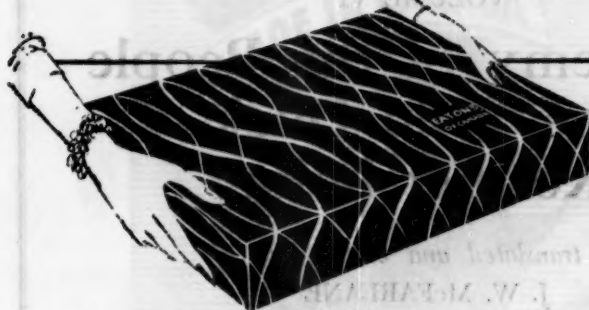
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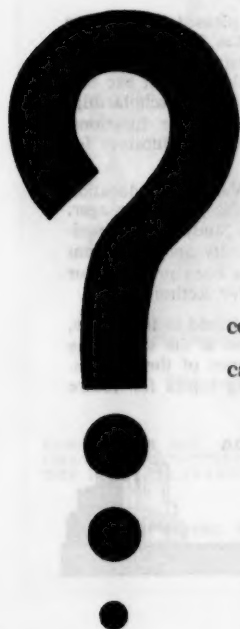
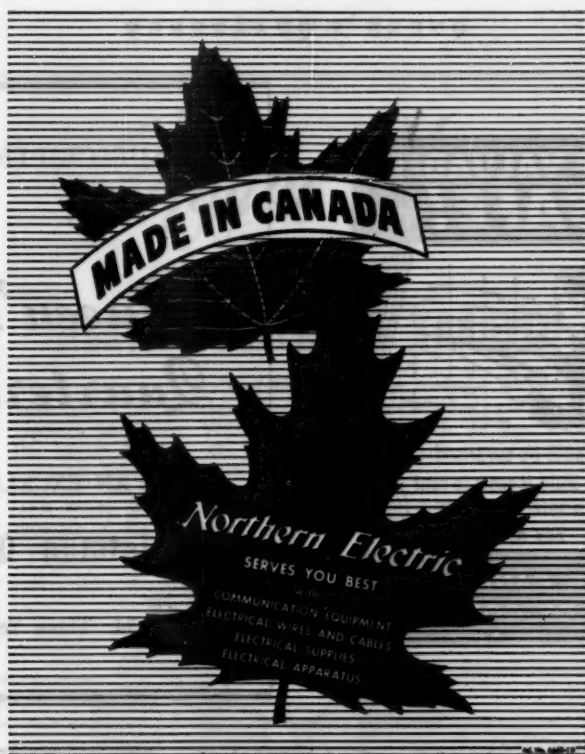
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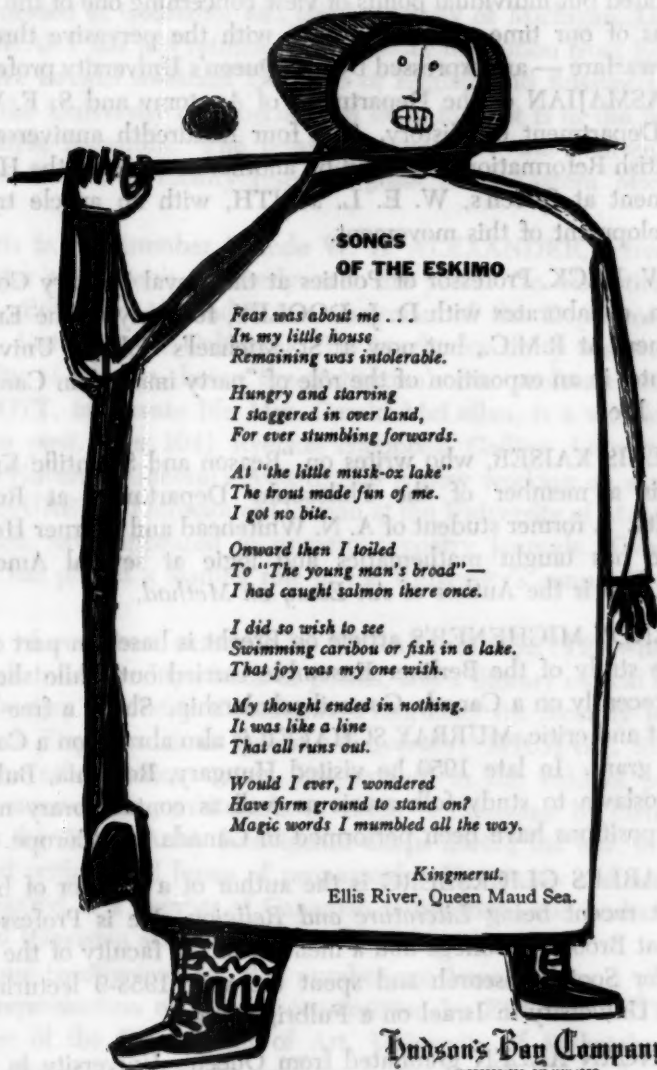
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IN THIS ISSUE



**SONGS
OF THE ESKIMO**

*Fear was about me . . .
In my little house
Remaining was intolerable.*

*Hungry and starving
I staggered in over land,
For ever stumbling forwards.*

*At "the little musk-ox lake"
The trout made fun of me.
I got no bite.*

*Onward then I toiled
To "The young man's broad"—
I had caught salmon there once.*

*I did so wish to see
Swimming caribou or fish in a lake.
That joy was my one wish.*

*My thought ended in nothing.
It was like a line
That all runs out.*

*Would I ever, I wondered
Have firm ground to stand on?
Magic words I mumbled all the way.*

*Kingmerut.
Ellis River, Queen Maud Sea.*

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1870

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Related but individual points of view concerning one of the major problems of our time — how to cope with the pervasive threat of nuclear warfare — are expressed by two Queen's University professors, J. V. BASMAJIAN of the Department of Anatomy and S. F. WISE of the Department of History. The four hundredth anniversary of the Scottish Reformation is marked by another member of the History Department at Queen's, W. E. L. SMITH, with an article tracing the development of this movement.

J. W. BECK, Professor of Politics at the Royal Military College, Kingston, collaborates with D. J. DOOLEY, formerly of the English Department at R.M.C., but now at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, in an exposition of the rôle of "party images" in Canadian political life.

HILLIS KAISER, who writes on "Reason and Scientific Knowledge", is a member of the Philosophy Department at Rutgers University. A former student of A. N. Whitehead and Werner Heisenberg, he has taught mathematics and logic at several American colleges, and is the Author of *An Essay on Method*.

WENDY MICHENER'S article on Brecht is based in part on an intensive study of the Berliner Ensemble carried out while she was abroad recently on a Canada Council scholarship. She is a free-lance journalist and critic. MURRAY SCHAFER is also abroad on a Canada Council grant. In late 1959 he visited Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia to study folk music as well as contemporary music. His compositions have been performed in Canada and Europe.

CHARLES GLICKSBERG is the author of a number of books, the most recent being *Literature and Religion*. He is Professor of English at Brooklyn College and a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research and spent the year 1958-9 lecturing at Bar-Ilan University in Israel on a Fulbright grant.

DUNCAN ALLEN graduated from Queen's University in 1959 and is at present employed by the Ford Motor Company in Toronto.

F. G. ROE is the author of a standard work on the buffalo and a contributor to scholarly journals. Now living in retirement in Victoria, he spent thirty-five years in the service of the Canadian National Railways.

Educated at Columbia and the University of Michigan, DAVID H. STEWART has just returned to the latter institution from Edmonton where he was Assistant Professor of English and Russian Literature at the University of Alberta. His chief interest is in the field of comparative literature. The essay on Sholokhov was written with the assistance of a faculty research grant from Eastern Michigan College.

Poets in this number include W. H. ALEXANDER, a frequent contributor to Queen's Quarterly over the years. On his retirement in 1948, Professor Alexander was chairman of the Department of Classics, University of California. He taught for thirty years at the University of Alberta, being the institution's first professor. ANNE MARRIOTT, in private life Mrs. Gerald McLellan, is a well-known Canadian poet. Her 1941 Ryerson chapbook, *Calling Adventurers!*, won the Governor-General's Award. She is now working on a novel. K. W. MAURER is Professor of German at the University of Manitoba. His poems have appeared in numerous poetry journals. Over the years he has played a leading rôle in the University's annual Festival of Arts.

One of our short stories is by GERARD BESSETTE, who has two novels to his credit, a book of poems, and a literary critical study of *Les Images en Poesie Canadienne-Française*. He recently joined the French Department at Queen's University. MICHAEL SHELTON, our other fiction writer, has worked in the field of public relations since coming to Canada in 1948. A Londoner by birth, he was with the British Army Intelligence Corps during the war, mainly concerned with varied forms of propaganda. His stories and articles have appeared in a number of Canadian publications and he has had radio and television scripts performed by the CBC.

As our frontispiece for this number we have chosen a photographic reproduction of a relief construction by ELI BORNSTEIN, a member of the Department of Art, University of Saskatchewan. Professor Bornstein has been working in the Structurist mode since 1957 and is presently editing *The Structurist*, a new annual scheduled to appear this November. During 1957-58 he studied abroad on a Canada Council fellowship.

GEORGE WHALLEY, author of our review article, is Professor of English at Queen's University.

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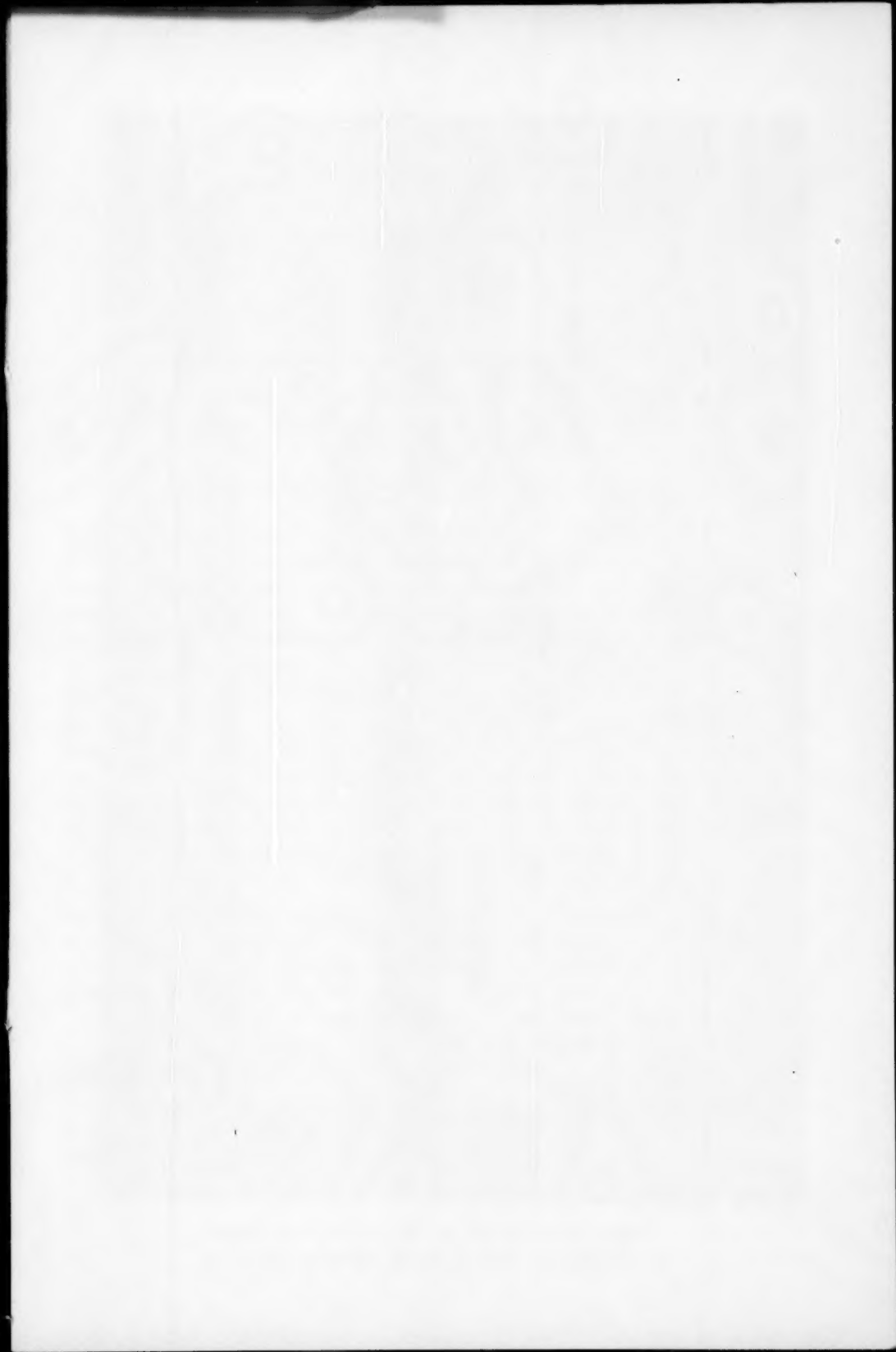
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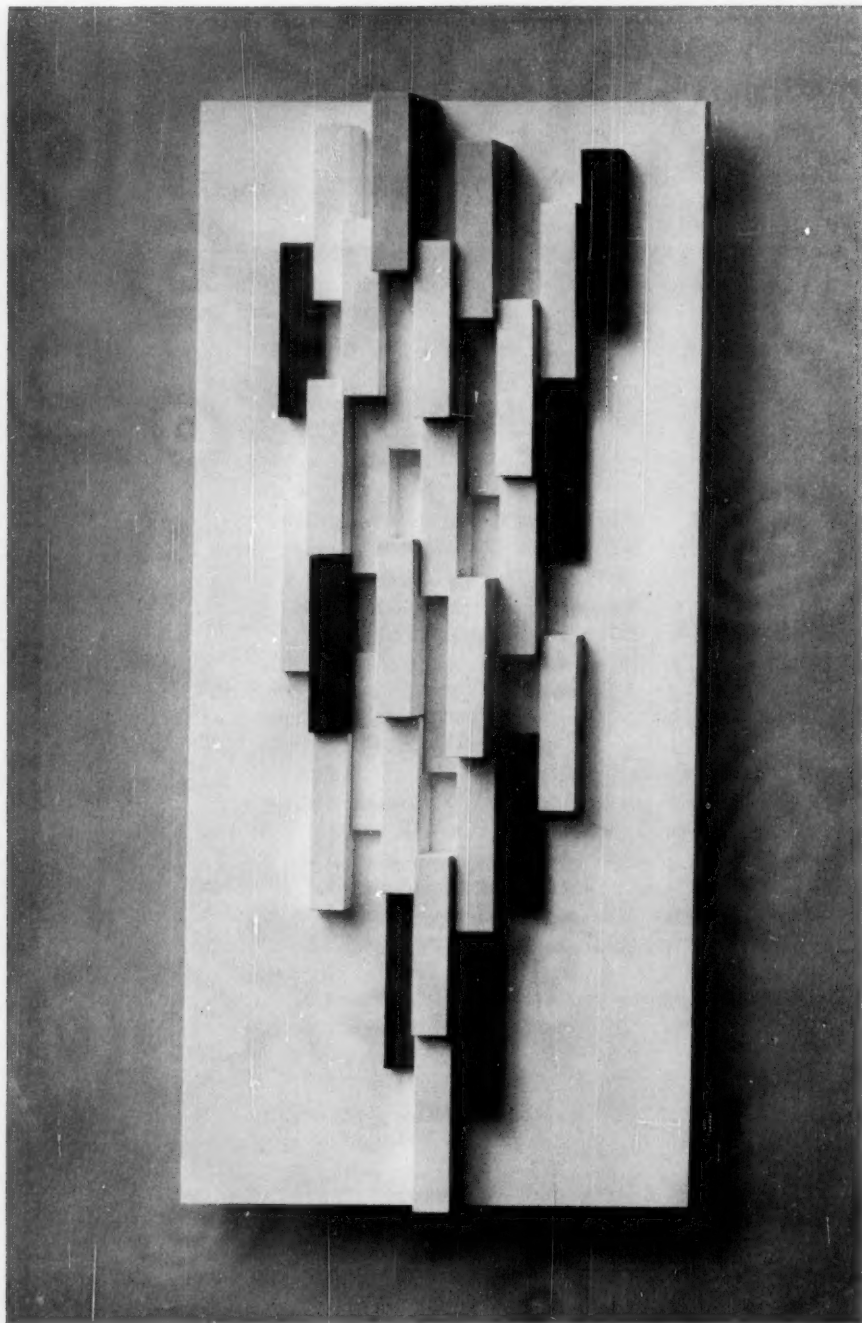
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Published by the Quarterly Committee of Queen's University, KINGSTON, CANADA,—
Entered according to Act of Parliament in the year one thousand nine hundred and
seven, by the Publishing Committee of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY, in the office of the
Minister of Agriculture—The contents of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY are listed in *The*
Canadian Index of Ottawa, Ontario.





STRUCTURIST RELIEF No. 16, 1958 by ELI BORNSTEIN
In the collection of Fred S. Mendel, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Nuclear Warfare And Morality

by

J. V. BASMAJIAN

"Nature has far surpassed in savagery the puny efforts of man to wipe out life on earth. Human beings exhibit a colossal and unwarranted conceit in believing that at last THEY have found the secret of complete destruction."

NUCLEAR warfare is undoubtedly brutal and inhumane but it does not spell the ultimate end of mankind. Nature possesses and occasionally uses much more potent weapons, and yet man has survived their effects so far. For example, no weapons as yet imagined have the frightening power of the several pandemics that have swept the world in recorded history and that may be upon us again at any time. As is well known, more people died of pandemic influenza immediately following the First World War than died in battle during that horrible conflict. The Black Death which swept Europe in the fourteenth century—ironically, spread by the lowly flea—decimated the population of the world, killing off 25 million people. Physical changes in the earth's crust have also caused many deaths. The Lisbon earthquake of 1755 killed 60,000 people, and the eruption of Mount Pelée in Martinique killed 30,000 in 1902. The death toll of the great earthquake that occurred in China only a few centuries ago approached one million. The eruption of Krakatoa, in Indonesia, scattered debris right across the Indian Ocean to Madagascar. This list of natural disasters could be extended indefinitely.

It would seem to be true, then, that Nature has far surpassed in savagery the puny efforts of man to wipe out life on earth. Human beings exhibit a colossal and unwarranted conceit in believing that at last *they* have found the secret of complete destruction. Let us imagine that the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., after exchanging insults and accusations, finally find that a new war is the only human solution.

We know that shortly after the one side has started a considerable number of bombs winging on their way to the enemy, just as many of the enemy's bombs will be on their predestined path of retaliation. Under modern conditions, it is estimated that, in the first exchange, most of the major cities in both countries will receive direct hits with improved hydrogen or thermo-nuclear bombs. Each bomb will demolish at least 50% of the buildings in a city the size, say, of Montreal. If the cities are occupied by an unsuspecting civilian population, the immediate loss of life will exceed 30,000,000 for each side. This happens to be a figure that is easy for me to remember because it is about the same as the *annual* population-increase for China and India combined.

Following the initial results of explosion in the cities there will be, for about a week, a large number of less dramatic but perhaps more gruesome deaths from the fall-out of radioactive dirt from the skies. This is not likely to exceed the initial loss due to explosion, particularly if the population understands how to escape fall-out. Civil Defence Authorities show that, with reasonable preparations in and out of the major centres, the number of deaths can be greatly reduced, perhaps to a very small fraction of the possible, and most pessimistic, maximum.

Graphic descriptions of the results of a bomb being dropped on various well-known industrial areas have been given to us by Canadian Civil Defence Authorities. One such picture of the results of a five-megaton bomb was painted recently at a survival exercise called Roentgen II (apparently in a misdirected tribute to the innocent father of x-rays, Konrad Roentgen). Nowadays, the usual estimates are based on the five-megaton thermo-nuclear bomb, which is a real superbomb. "Five megaton" means that the blast produced is equivalent to five million tons of TNT all going off together in one place.

If a five-megaton bomb were burst, for example, over downtown Detroit, almost certainly it would wipe neighbouring Windsor off the map as well. But, if the bomb were burst rather low in the air over a point five miles inland from central Detroit, the ring of total destruction would not reach the Detroit River which separates the two cities. Within this ring, encompassing much of Detroit, devastation would

be complete, and everyone, to all intents and purposes, would be dead. Beyond this ring and up to a distance of six miles from the point of detonation (or "ground-zero", as the professionals call it), damage would be very heavy but partial. In this second ring, the population, if unprotected, would suffer the same sort of injuries and death that follow full-scale conventional air attacks with block-busters and incendiary bombs. But beyond this second circle with its six-mile radius, the damage and slaughter would be comparatively light, tapering off to none at all at a distance of twelve miles from the blast. This of course would involve most of Windsor and suburbs.

For those caught right under the blast, radiation would be no problem as death would be in the nature of an instant vaporization in the intense heat of the fire-ball. In the areas of partial damage, however, direct radiation-effects of the initial blast would cause thousands of unprotected persons to sicken and soon die. Almost immediately, fall-out from the radio-active dirt which had been raised by the mushroom cloud would begin, and this invisible rain of death would persist in intense form for about a week. At the end of a week the problem of fall-out no longer would be serious because radio-active fission products quickly decay. However, prevailing winds would carry, in a matter of hours, a cigar-shaped trail of fall-out as far as several hundred miles. Fortunately, with a good Civil Defence set-up, people can be warned to escape from the path of this fall-out or to take proper cover, considerably minimizing its danger.

Now let us compare the modern tools of mass-destruction with those that have been used in the recent past to see if they are more efficient and more labour-saving. It soon becomes obvious that a ghoulisish version of Parkinson's First Law is operative. It still takes about as many man-hours of effort to kill off the same number of human beings as it did in former days. Nowadays, that effort no longer is so apparent as it was in the days of hand-to-hand battle and it is certainly less sweaty. Yet the many millions and billions of dollars of taxes that build each hydrogen bomb and its carrier rocket have come from your labour and mine. We have contributed our share in effort as surely as the bowman who loosed an arrow at the breast of a very visible enemy at the Battle of Hastings. Indeed, it is possible

to show that "progress" in warfare is illusory and that the "killer-killed ratio" has not changed materially since the dawn of history.

Do we, then, need a new morality in the age of nuclear weapons or will the old morality do? To answer this question we must first examine the old morality and see if it is serviceable. What exactly was this old morality? The devout amongst my readers may unwittingly blaspheme the name of Christ by invoking *it* as the old morality of warfare. Surely this is blasphemy. Who, after due thought, dares to mention the name of Jesus Christ as an arbitrator in matters of warfare? Surely He was the antithesis of all that war has always stood for. No, we cannot look to Christ for guidance in the proper conduct of a war, no matter how limited or how extensive it may be. Christianity must of necessity step off the stage, or at least turn its back, when the debaters open the argument about the moral codes of warfare. And when the shooting starts, as it always does, Christianity must surely weep in the wings.

Where, then, shall we look for our morality of battle, if we cannot expect it from our religion? Of course the all-too-ready pat answer is: in the Laws of Man and the Rules of Precedent. If we are to be guided by the past, it would appear obvious that such laws and rules have only been makeshifts, to be ignored by the adversary who thought that he could gain a decisive advantage. Gas warfare in the First World War is a case in point. No one, surely, can still believe that it was not used in the Second War simply because it had been "banned" by the League of Nations. And surely no one believes that the arbiters of fashion in war decided that being fried to a cinder by a flame-thrower or by a gasoline-jelly-bomb is less heinous than being choked to death by poison gas. No, poison gas was not used because it was not convenient and because each side was equally afraid of massive and severe retaliation. Moral questions could not and did not play the deciding part. Even Canada, you will be pleased or dismayed to know, had — and likely still has — a very substantial quantity of poison gases ready for use on the day that the politicians in charge considered the risk worth taking. It is only a matter of pure chance that the day never arrived. And if it had arrived or does arrive, who is to say that gas-poisoning is a particularly horrible way to die or to be maimed?

We have often heard a great deal of adverse criticism, even by many unhappy Americans themselves, of the unleashing of the atomic bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Sometimes the criticisms are well-meant but often they arise from the mistaken belief that these bombs suddenly were new and devilish machines that upset the normal course of a decent war with conventional weapons. The survivors of Hamburg, Berlin, London, Coventry, Warsaw, Stalingrad and Tokyo can be forgiven a wry smile when they are told that one way for their loved ones to be blown to bits is better or worse than another. Little do many of the critics who choose to condemn *only* nuclear weapons realize — and this is only one example — that during a three week concentrated programme of bombing of Tokyo by conventional long-range bombers more than the combined populations of Nagasaki and Hiroshima were killed.

Morality in war appears, in the total view, to be chimerical. Though there have been certain ground rules for behaviour, these could be — indeed, must be — ignored the moment a decisive advantage may be gained. In July, 1956, Marshal Juin, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces Central Europe, declared: "The principle of using atomic bombs has been accepted, come what may, in the event of aggression, since we are not and never will be the aggressors, and since the use of the atomic bomb is the only means of offsetting the overwhelming advantage of the opposing forces" No allied leader has disclaimed this point of view. Meanwhile, the Soviet leaders echo similar threats and sentiments. If this is the old morality of warfare, will it do in the nuclear age?

We must certainly all be agreed that our religious teaching, and, supposedly, our innate beliefs, dictate that war itself is actually immoral. It seems to follow that there cannot be a valid system of morals to guide an immoral undertaking. Therefore, to promote the idea that a new and apparently fancier technique of war requires a new and fancier morality is an empty undertaking. Even if it could be shown that the total effect of nuclear bombs is more horrible — which is very doubtful — no morality of warfare old or new can be satisfactory.

Any morality of war equated with religious conviction is wrong unless that religion specifically condones killing for one reason or

another. Our professed religion of Christianity, which asks us to turn the other cheek and to love our neighbour, surely cannot be implicated simply because we ignore it when we go to war.

Very often we hear that nuclear weapons are especially different and demand special action because of the long-range effects of radioactivity. Here, again, a strong pseudo-religious morality is invoked. Admittedly, the cancer-producing and genetic effects are impressive. They are a little frightening to contemplate, particularly if we ignore the fact that ordinary medical x-ray is actually more dangerous to the individual than all the accumulated results of all the bombs and tests that have been exploded to date. In fact a human being now alive will receive in his lifetime only as much added radiation resulting from all these explosions as he receives from one chest x-ray. But it is vital to remember that diagnostic x-raying by qualified physicians has never been found to have caused any serious injury to any patient or the population at large since x-rays were discovered.

I am not asking you to become complacent. None the less, in a world where the population increases by at least one person every second of every minute of every day, we should refuse to be panicked by the grim pictures projected by our well-meaning geneticists. They, like many other guilt-laden scientists, have decided to turn into quasi-religious criers of doom. Latter-day morality and genetics make strange bed-fellows.

Let us face the fact that the eventual and complete doom of the human race on earth, even if it could be accomplished by human resources, is not a question of morals at all. Rather it is a question of either God's will on the one hand, or man's instinctive desire to stay alive on the other. Man, the only allegedly reasoning animal, knows he is personally doomed to die. Incidentally, some philosophers, and even some biologists, have said that this knowledge is the main difference between man and his relatives. In spite of this knowledge of mortality, Mankind persists with its hope for the physical immortality of the species in a beautiful form of wildly irrational rationalization. None of us is immune from this crazy virus of hope for the unborn generations.

How can we be so perverse in concerning ourselves about the future of humanity on earth? Even our religions are essentially selfish and immediate, based as they are on the hope of personal spiritual salvation. Are we not dealing, in the final analysis, with a primitive paganism as old as human thought itself? Primitive pagan fears play an important rôle in the unreasoned panic that many unhappy persons show in discussing the imagined consequences of wholesale slaughter and plunder which will result from the next war. They shrink away from this reality as they do from the reality of their own inevitable death. Like the little boy who cannot imagine that he too must die, they say with simple incomprehension, "there just can't be another world war". Let us cease our pagan, uncivilized quivering in the face of the massive human carnage that will come in the almost inevitable, but not necessarily universal, holocaust. This, most emphatically, does *NOT* mean that we must resign ourselves fatalistically to being murdered. Let us take every sensible precaution commensurate with our religious or secular faith to keep our nation alive, our traditions alive, and perhaps even a large number of our race alive. But we must learn to do this without hysteria as all civilized men must learn to face personal death, knowing that it is a part of life itself — the *only* sure thing.

We can learn a great deal from Bunyan's Christian in the Valley of Humiliation, when he met the foul fiend Apollyon. Afraid, he debated whether he should turn and flee; but he had no armour for his back. "Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand." We, too, must make our decision sooner or later as to the best way to stand.

Morality divorced from religious faith — or even an honest secular faith — is closely related to, if not synonymous with, personal interest. Even if this interest be concerned only for one's descendants, none the less it is essentially selfish. And herein lies the main avenue of hope for those who are frightened of the immediate and long-range effects of nuclear war. We must accept nuclear warfare as a fact of life just as it is of death. It cannot be permanently abolished by legislation, or by professor-sponsored petitions, or even by solemn inter-

national agreements so long as morality replaces love and compassion as the guiding principle.

Morality by itself will never abolish man's alleged reasons for resorting to wars. If the reasons for war are always available, I see no hope for its final abolition. If nuclear war is formally "abolished", something just as bad will slip into its place. If, on the other hand, it falls into disuse because the world's politicians discover its military limitations as they did with poison gas, again history assures us that something will take its place. To point out to those in control the new moral implications of the possible long-range genetic effects is more than a waste of time; it is foolish and even stupid. Why? — because there are no inherently *new* moral implications.

We must conclude that the only hope of physical salvation for the frightened who just cannot face personal or general death with fortitude is the very same fear in politicians and rulers as well. These men, after all, are as human as we are and they seem to have the same selfish interests. They are afraid of being made to look ridiculous, of losing all they own and love, and of ruining forever their own personal hope of physical immortality through their progeny.

I fear that, however reluctant we are, we must agree with a great contemporary Canadian, Dr. George P. Gilmour, who wrote in 1953: "Man still cannot be trusted with power or ease; he can still make a garden a wilderness, a palace a prison, a home a cage, an education a polished veneer to hide an emptiness within or a bag of tricks to keep him usefully untroubled by thought. Thoughtlessness and selfishness do not die with prosperity, men at ease are not men at rest, and the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness may turn into a pursuit, not a possession."

Balance of Nuclear Terror

by

S. F. WISE

"The generality of men . . . seem unaware that they are living in a new age . . . the horror of the bomb has ceased to chill; the warnings and exhortations have become banalities drained of their emotional content."

FIFTEEN years ago, a single and terrible act marked the beginning of a new epoch in human history. Like all revolutionary events, its origins were ancient and labyrinthine; it could be seen as the ultimate consequence of the breakdown of an ecumenical ideal of governance uniting religion and politics; or as the outcome of Renaissance scientism divorced from ethics — the possibilities for historical exegesis seem endless. But there seems little need now to deny that it *was* revolutionary. Militarily, and for the relationships between states, it was obvious that a profound alteration had occurred though the precise meaning of that alteration remained unclear. The social, political and cultural implications of the bomb are still inchoate and nebulous, though they will appear plain enough to the future historian.

All possible schools of thought have joined the debate on the bomb's significance. Just as the Graf Zeppelin was for the Marxist a vulgar capitalist ploy to divert the masses from their misery, for the German nationalist a visible demonstration of *Deutschland über alles*, and for the Freudian a monster phallic symbol, so the bomb has appeared in many guises today. It has justified old forebodings; started new crusades; refurbished tattered old standards of the nineteenth century all but swept under in the twentieth. Among the pessimists there has been talk of *hubris*, of lemmings, of the dark Faustian urges of Western man; among the optimists, renewed hope for world peace and the Parliament of Man. There are the pacifists, their ranks swelled

by scientists with a new sense of responsibility and no sense of history, who call for unilateral disarmament and the abolition of war; the realists, Aron, Kissinger, Halle, Gallois and others, now engaged in the weaving of a politics of risk and calculation which promises to be as subtle and convoluted as the edifice of medieval scholasticism; and far, far out there are the total abstainers like Mr. Gregory Corso, the beatnik poet, who recently stated that "it won't be long before every one will sit in bed and eat big fat pies. They got machines now to do the work. People got to start thinking. That's what's going to save us."

While this confused and vital debate goes on, the generality of men, at least here in North America, seem unaware that they are living in a new age. It is true that statistically, at any rate, there has been something of a religious revival; one remembers that one of the side-effects of the French Revolution was to bring the English aristocracy back to church. Yet, though a deep undercurrent may well exist, the horror of the bomb has ceased to chill; the warnings and exhortations have become banalities drained of their emotional content. Despite the devoted advocacy of many earnest individuals, neither the Soviet nor the American government has embarked on the kind of civil defence programme which the nature of the new weapons logically demands, and their populations seem to share this atomic incredulity. Here in Canada, civil defence is either a political football or a joke, having foundered on the Canadian temperament, "half apathy and half ice". Still, the debate must go on, since by its nature only events will provide its resolution.

The terms of the debate must be founded upon a due appreciation of the nature of the new weapons. Unquestionably, there have been exaggerated statements, perversely flattering to human vanity, to the effect that the vaporization of the earth was now a possibility; at the same time, however, nothing is to be gained by underestimating the potentialities of nuclear warfare in order to correct blasphemous or overweening assertions of human power. It is not true that the destructive power of thermonuclear weapons pales into insignificance beside the forces of nature; it is rather of the same order as those forces. The energy unleashed by a volcanic eruption may vastly

exceed that released in the explosion of a thermonuclear bomb; but a nuclear war would multiply this single explosion many times over as well; and would not be haphazard in its incidence but guided by lethal intent towards a potentiality for the destruction of human life unmatched in the history of natural disaster.

There is no satisfactory analogy for atomic and nuclear weapons in the history of armament; and it is therefore difficult to take seriously such propositions as the absence of variation in the "killer-killed" ratio, or the equating of the "efficiency" of thermonuclear weapons with that of previous master-weapons. A good deal has been made, for example, of the medieval outcry against the supposedly efficient character of the longbow and other missile weapons. These weapons, proletarian in character, posed a threat against the established social and political order because they challenged the military monopoly of a warrior élite, and were therefore banned, quite ineffectively, by the Church. But the English fletcher's clothyard shaft was lethal only in the hands of an expert Bowman, and then only at a relatively short range and with a large measure of luck in chancing to strike home through some chink of chain or plate armour. Moreover, the fletcher himself need have no fear of exposure to retaliatory shafts from the enemy. But every weapon in a nuclear stockpile is a killer, whether launched accurately or not; it brings death not merely to regular enemy forces, but indiscriminately to society at large, including the fletchers.

If a "good" or efficient weapon is one that kills many people without undue expenditure of weapon resources, then weapon efficiency has varied enormously throughout military history. A good many considerations enter into the effectiveness of a weapon; the system of tactics which the nature of armament inspires, for example, may reduce or enhance its efficiency. Thousands of rounds of ammunition were required to kill a single man on the Western Front in 1914-1918; from this viewpoint the Brown Bess musket of the eighteenth century was a much more efficient weapon. Gas, during World War I, was in some respects a "good" weapon in that it did kill many people, and incapacitated many more, who then became a burden on the enemy's service organization. It was a "bad" weapon because

of its negative propaganda value and because it could not be used except under ideal weather conditions. But nuclear armaments have a total efficiency completely unlike that of any weapon heretofore produced, an efficiency so boundless that even the soldier no longer considers them as "good" weapons.

Survival of the species may well be conceivable in the aftermath of a general nuclear war, if only of a few proto-men on some Himalayan snow slope. But the efficiency of the nuclear weapon is such that for the first time a weapon is available that can destroy civilization. This is not to say that civilizations have not perished by the sword in the past. Rome subsided before the European folk-migrations, but left its legacy; a diminished Byzantium was engulfed by the Seljuk Turks, but lived on in a fashion in the "Third Rome" of imperial Russia; the Aztec and Inca civilizations, stunted politically and militarily, disappeared altogether from history. But our civilization, in the plenitude of its power, sits as its own executioner, toying with the idea of suicide. Western civilization is Mediterranean in origin; its kernel is the city. The city is the centre of politics, of production, distribution, and communication, of learning and the arts. Athens, Rome, Byzantium, Paris, London and New York and a host of lesser cities have been its nodes; the golden metwand and measure of civility in the provinces has been the degree to which radiations from the metropolis have been sustained by an adequate system of communications. Cities are the conservators and museums of our past traditions, the gauges of our present civilization, and the molds of our culture-to-be.

Given the present trends in weapon development, cities almost certainly must be prime targets in a general nuclear war. So long as delivery of nuclear bombs depended upon aircraft, the defence could concentrate upon enemy bombers and their bases, plus known centres of weapon production and supply. Even in such a case, damage to cities would have been inevitable and extensive, because many have military installations of importance close to them. But with the development of intercontinental rockets, hidden rocket bases, and reactor-powered submarines capable of firing nuclear missiles while submerged, and with sea-keeping ability long outrunning the probable

duration of any general nuclear conflict, the possibility of victory by destroying the enemy's retaliatory potential is disappearing, barring a development which might restore defensive capacity. Therefore, the road to victory now lies in destroying the enemy's will to resist by assaulting his centres of population, with the same end but not in the same manner as the saturation bombings of cities in World War II.

In such a war, victory — a hollow one, certainly — would lie with the state having the greatest nuclear stamina, the most determined will to resist in the face of the breakdown of the whole delicate structure of communications which makes up urban civilization. Such a conflict would destroy health and sanitation services, transportation facilities, light, heat and power sources, the means for rapid dissemination of information and for local and national governmental control, and throw upon the surrounding countryside, itself reverting to forms of agriculture of an earlier stage, mobs of terror-ridden survivors of the destruction of cities, unequipped for survival in a new age of barbarism. Whereas Angell and Bloch were derided as prophets of doom in the optimistic era before 1914, our own age has already seen the apocalypse in embryo many times — in Coventry, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Hiroshima, — and is so surfeited with warnings that the next war means the end of civilization that the phrase itself is a banality. Yet, though Western man might well survive, the intellectual and material artefacts which made him "Western man" would be destroyed, just as surely as if his seed had perished from the earth; and not in weeks or months, but in hours or a few brief days.

Is such a war, then, almost inevitable? The secular historian's assumption of the rôle of contingency in human affairs, and his professional priggishness in regarding the auguring of the future by a consultation of the entrails of the past as charlatanry, prevent him from doing more than drawing attention to similar, though never identical situations as a rough guide to the probabilities. In the present case, there is perhaps some value in this exercise, though little comfort. Morality has never operated as a satisfactory check upon warfare. Though war is savage and barbarous, it is not inhuman, but eminently human, having always been a normal accompaniment of

the relationships of people. Conventional morality has stretched itself to the concept of the "just war"; it goes without saying that no nation, in its own eyes, has ever fought an unjust one. Both camps today are convinced of the justice of their causes. Nor will the new weapons bring a healing tide of love and compassion through regeneration; the capacity of men for tactical adaptation and the building of psychological devices for continuing life under the most horrible circumstances seems closer to the natural bent of the species than the behaviour of saints, whether in the catacombs or Buchenwald. Danger can anesthetize, as surely the Sicilian peasants in their precarious villages on the slopes of Etna must be anesthetized. Violence has been deified; "humanized" in ashtrays made of shells or in anthropomorphic depiction of the H-bomb; glorified as part of the national myth, as with President de Gaulle's idiot cry of "Vive la France" on the occasion of the explosion of France's first atomic bomb.

Though war has been the sport of foolish kings in periods when it did not place too great a strain upon human and material resources, it has more often been employed either as a rational extension of diplomacy for the gaining of some tangible goal, or as a last resort when irreconcilable differences appear soluble only through ultimate violence. Its use, except when it erupts from the passions of deep antagonism, has always involved a calculation of the benefits which victory might bring, as against the prospect of defeat, or of the new tensions which wars invariably generate. The Byzantine emperors, for example, were able virtually to institutionalize warfare, subjecting it always to the needs of their diplomacy, and varying its form in accordance with the enemy they were engaging and the objects they had in view.

Today, diplomacy seems to have run its course. The two great camps are divided by violent antagonisms which cannot possibly, at least in our time, yield to negotiation. For Europe, and for many parts of Asia as well, history has come to a halt; a precarious and unsatisfactory status quo is preferred to the crisis which accompanies the slightest deviation from it. In past times, in comparable situations, war would have been highly probable. Now, however, that weapons endanger existence itself, war as a rational instrument of policy has

ceased to be feasible; and, given rational leadership on both sides, unlikely. It is to this simple and banal proposition that the realist must adhere, while recognizing that realism itself is a desperate wager, an affirmation of faith in rationality, which rests on nothing more substantial than the palace politics of the Soviet Union, the capricious democratic processes of the United States, and, in the coming time of nuclear plenty, on the political health and wisdom of a score or more of lesser states.

Can there be a general war between the two great power blocs without the employment of nuclear weapons? Current American strategic thought denies such an eventuality; Raymond Garthoff has shown that Soviet military thought also accepts the doctrine that general war means nuclear war. Can the two power blocs indulge their propensity for violence in limited wars, restricted to local theatres, and fought with tactical atomic weapons, as Kissinger has suggested? Even if popular pressure for a total solution could be kept down, such forbearance in the use of weapons would be little short of miraculous. The knowledge each belligerent would have of the other's military potential; the operation of the cold war atmosphere of fear, mistrust, and suspicion suddenly magnified in a shooting war; the temptation to cut at a stroke the umbilicus which locks the two power systems in a dreadful embrace of mutual hatred; these powerful motives would bring a swift progression of retaliatory escalation, until the arsenals were emptied.

Little hope can be placed upon the total solution of nuclear disarmament. The H-bomb is not the cause of antagonism, but only gives its expression new shapes. True disarmament could only occur in an atmosphere of trust, and would than be unnecessary; international inspection and control, even if technically possible, rests on mistrust. Are the great powers really prepared to give up their sovereign right to decide their destinies, and cede it to inspecting agents from other sovereign powers, masquerading as officials of the United Nations? As Salvador de Madariaga has written, "how can we expect agreement on the lesser and instrumental issue (armaments), when we cannot agree on the bigger and essential issue (struggle for power), which is the reason why nations are armed?"

The likelihood is that the United States and the Soviet Union will continue to prepare themselves for a war they do not wish to fight, while carrying on the power struggle with the now-familiar bluffs and counter-bluffs of nuclear blackmail. So long as the situation is roughly bi-polar, a balance of terror is possible (always assuming a fundamental identity of interest among the United States, Great Britain, and France). Its viability is founded on a careful reading of the enemy's intentions; upon an appreciation of the fundamental issues on which, if challenged, he would be prepared to commit suicide; and upon a tacit agreement that certain areas, like Berlin or Hungary, are outside the area of cold war competitiveness.

Such a power system obviously contains immense risks. For the Western powers to keep the middle way between catastrophe and capitulation, and meet the challenge of the Communist powers, will put to the test Western strength of will, social discipline, political aptitude, and the values implicit in the Western tradition.

What is Canada's place in this order? Proposals for radical changes of Canadian policy, such as a withdrawal from NATO, or a unilateral declaration of neutrality, appear to be based not only on a failure to appreciate the nature of the present crisis, and the identity of our interests with those of our allies, but also upon a gross error in estimating the efficacy of such actions. On the other hand, our interest certainly lies in restricting membership in the nuclear club. Caught as we are in a lunatic world, there is yet a certain rationality in the hope for the viability of a balance of terror until political evolution can bring reconciliation. But the prospect of the spread of nuclear weapons must shatter the last hope for a stable system of world politics, and bring us to the mad jungle of a general nuclear armament race. It is surely in our interests, not only to refuse nuclear armaments for ourselves, but also, as one of the powers judged capable of manufacturing such weapons, to take the lead in the formation of a non-nuclear association. Such a policy is doubtless open to many objections; but one can only hope that debate upon it, or upon comparable policies, will break into the present unreality of our politics.

Skull Beneath The Skin

by

DUNCAN ALLAN

"Agued once like me were they
But I like them shall win my way
Lastly to the bed of mould
Where there's neither heat nor cold." — Housman.

"There is no Fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn." — Camus.

MAN is flesh and blood and bone; he eats and drinks, sleeps and plays and loves, laughs and weeps, and he *dies*. Beneath it all I am a skeleton. I was born to die. . . . This is the 'human situation, the condition of mortality. I know and wish I knew not. I am that substantial shadow that moves across the stage, 'a flash of consciousness between two eternities of darkness'.

I am conscious. I know that I am in the world, that I exist, and that someday I shall cease to exist. I rationally recognize the condition of my existence but I irrationally refuse, I deny its validity. This is the paradox; out of it sprang man's first tears. Final inevitable doom is my lot but I protest. I must live, I must struggle, hoping it may not be so.

Man, alone, of all creatures has been blest with a spark of divinity, "the disease of consciousness" — I watch the creeping cancer chew my guts. My mother tasted the forbidden fruit and I am condemned to spitting out the seed.

"God's most deep decree

Bitter would have me taste; my taste was me;
Bones built in me; flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.
Self yeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see
The lost are like this, and their scourge to be
As I am mine, their sweating selves" . . .

The sentence is unto eternity. Prometheus chained man, forever tying the knot that ceaselessly chokes and finally strangles.

Yet herein lies the grandeur, the bittersweet misery. I know my situation, I confront my fate, I confound the universe, I protest. In the foetal kick, the genetic spasm, the dream of Olympus, in every genuine act I express my protest. I deny my mortality, I refuse to accept the nothingness of death.

Challenging man's acknowledged lot of impotent birth and pre-scient decay Miguel Unamuno champions our protest. The Spanish thinker immerses himself in this paradox, the paradox of man's destiny, the *wherefore* of his existence. Fearlessly, frankly, brutally, he probes to suck on the marrow, to penetrate to the roots of being. "The death of Death", his slogan; "All or Nothing", his battle-cry. Unamuno and all men crave immortality with an insatiable lust; we are driven by an appetite for the divine. This vital stirring of my bone, the drive to be, the will to live and live and live, this is the primal impulse. The longing never to die, the struggle to persist, the endeavour to continue to be, Unamuno heralds as man's essence. Doctor Montarco in his last hours of madness repeats over and over, "All or Nothing". To avoid becoming nothing, man strives to be all, to be God.

But what of that final journey, the journey to no end, my inevitable dissolution, the utter void that annihilates me? I feel myself imperishable. Absolute annihilation, the ceasing to be is beyond my conception. Extinction terrifies me. I want to play and laugh and love. If I die utterly, finally, inexorably and forever, then all my living is cancelled out, nothing has any real meaning for me. To leave a name and children, fame and fortune, to live on in the memory of others, these are mere shadows of immortality. All or nothing. If I must die, then, like Naaman, I become a leper, my life is meaningless, I am really nothing, nothing at all.

To be sure. Yet here lies the answer, the secret of immortality. For man is really nothing, nothing at all. Like insects trapped in a jar we stand upon each other's backs, generation upon generation, forever striving to escape, forever struggling, forever doomed. Such is man's condition. Yet I transcend my insect fate. I transcend it through the struggle, the perpetual struggle without victory or hope of victory. Life becomes a race; I must strive to lap my rival, Death. And what

is the victor's prize? One sweet moment's respite, a second wind, one terrible moment before the eyes of God when man judges his Creator: In that moment I taste "the butt-ends of my days", all the weariness and despair, all the burden of mortality crushes upon me, the absurdity of my struggle, the futility of my efforts bears me down. In that moment my spirit rebels. I defy my fate and curse my oppressor, I break out anew, I begin again. I struggle even harder because victory is impossible. All my life is compressed into that one moment — that moment is man's salvation.

Unamuno is a man of flesh and bone. He longs for "the substance and not the shadow of immortality" — in his heaven men eat and drink and love. They are whole men, complete men, body and soul indissolubly one and imperishable. This heaven is very appealing, I only wish that it be true. But Unamuno's faith is incommunicable. With Don Emmanuel I must be content to serve a god whose very existence and whose love and mercy I cannot assert. But I will serve, I will struggle, I will live, hoping it may be so.

Ancestor worship has a certain logic which merits more acceptance. I often wish that it were the custom of our society to cremate the corpses or preserve the skeletons in the homes. There the children could play with the bones and make mud-pies of the ashes. Life and Death slipping through the same fingers. Yes, man would be an immortal corpse. Until the very bone decayed he would not die inexorably and forever.

The prospect is before me. Some day I shall die and in dying become immortal. Welcome Dulcinea, welcome Death! Free my chains that the lover may kiss his beloved — "that last most intimate embrace is the most intimate sundering". The blind groping is over; no more shall I miss the mark. The insubstantial world becomes substantial, casual existence becomes concrete. The dull throb, the seared eyes, the stale dung in my throat . . . a numb peace chills my pulse — the hangover is over. I am resurrected from the living and walk in the land of the dead.

And the vision?

I see a gaunt skeleton walking the earth. In the desert it revels and begets, a primal echo mocks eternally, "Crucify him!" — and the gods quake to behold. Out of innocence was it born and nurtured, yet born with the Promethean brand; prematurely judged and eternally punished, only misery to soothe its lepered soul. But it exults, it shouts triumphant. The enduring bone walks transcendent; its brand becomes its boon.

Therefore I will live and live passionately until that final judgment, the last day when "even the dead shall die".

The Reformation In Scotland

by

W. E. L. SMITH

Four centuries ago this year the Reformation in Scotland entered its most crucial phase.

THE Reformation developed in Scotland through successive decades of the sixteenth century, but the year 1560, just four centuries ago, has generally been taken as its most significant point. The movement can be divided into certain phases:

1. Prior to 1560: tensions, political and religious.
2. 1560: the victory of the Congregation.
3. 1561-67: compromise and controversy.
4. 1567 ff.: merging of old and new churches.
5. Clash of Kirk and Crown, Presbyterianism established.

The principal documents are the *Confession of Faith* of 1560, the *First Book of Discipline*, 1561, and the *Second Book of Discipline* of 1578 which set forth the full Presbyterian system.

In the sixteenth century Scotland was more mediaeval than the rest of Western Europe. Feudal ideas were still strong and in the highlands where feudalism had not prevailed, the clan relationships of chief and follower were still potent. Most of Scotland was unaffected by the burgher civilization that had become so important a feature of Western Europe. The sophistication of the Latin Renaissance did not touch the people. Towns there were, but they were not wealthy, their municipal institutions were not developed and they lived under the shadow of great lords. Whereas in France and England the great nobles had lost their influence to the King, in Scotland they were powerful and could put private armies into the field. The

greater families considered themselves as good as the royal family and a series of regencies over two centuries when kings had been minors had given them opportunities to restrict the Crown and advance themselves. Rivalries and ambitions of the great lords were to be strong and complicating cross-currents in Scottish affairs.

Scotland's independence had always been fragile, threatened by England and France. The alliance with France, begun by the desperate leaders of 1295 as they sought to escape the clutch of Edward of England, had made Scotland virtually a satellite of its stronger ally. Time and again, as France and England went to war, Scotland had been required to send an army into northern England with results that were nearly always costly to itself. Fear of absorption by England kept the Scots in this alliance but in the century of the Reformation a considerable number were beginning to think that peaceful co-existence with England was possible without sacrifice of their country's interests. Military disasters at Flodden and Solway Moss, devastating raids of the English through the lowlands, made acute the question of political orientation. Among the ruling classes there were the pro-French and pro-English parties and nobles received pensions from France or England. James V married the French lady, Mary of Guise, and by her had a daughter who became Mary Queen of Scots.

The Church in Scotland was strong in wealth and politics. In a poor country where according to modern reckoning only one-fifth of the land was tilled, the Church held half the arable land. Kings and nobles had laid covetous hands on that Church. By agreement with popes the kings had the naming of bishops and heads of religious houses. Great lords likewise appointed abbots and abbesses. The pattern was like that in France: kings of Scotland took what they wanted from the Church by pensions, fees and grants of various sorts and the nobility followed suit. In Scotland there was no need for the Crown to suppress the monasteries because it controlled their wealth anyway. As for the great lords, no distribution of church lands was needed to make them stockholders in a reformation since they were already doing very well. The lesser landlords, the lairds, were also in it. Much church land was out in permanent lease called *feu*, which

meant that the occupant paid a lump sum of cash and then could never be removed.

Popes of the sixteenth century showed no interest in the spiritual or disciplinary state of the Church in Scotland. Having abandoned to the kings and great lords the responsibility of appointing those who should watch over the Church, they left it to decline. Good bishops were always to be found but too many others were worldly men and some dioceses had no bishop at all. The worst decline was in the parishes. For many years parish revenues had been engrossed by monasteries or cathedral churches. This meant that the little churches decayed, the spiritual purposes of local gifts were neglected and usually the cure of souls was meagrely administered by a part-time vicar on a pittance. By 1540 85 per cent of Scottish parishes had been absorbed by wealthy foundations and this was to have far reaching effects upon the character of Scotland's reformation.

The loose morals of so many upper clergy stultified any attempted reform of the Church from within. Cardinal Beaton, Primate and senior churchman, was the acknowledged father of eight bastards. Church councils, prodded by King James V, might pass reforming canons, but bishops and archdeacons and abbots disregarded their own measures, and since they neither observed the moral principles they taught nor heeded the spiritual sanctions of their church, the people could not be expected to take either seriously. If a conscientious bishop did seek to visit and reform his diocese he was frustrated by dispensations and exemptions. Through several centuries the operation of church law had been modified by procurable bulls of privilege. This ultimately undermined the force of canon law and encouraged the idea that exemptions from the moral law could also be arranged.

Reforming opinions were current in Scotland two generations before 1560. Lollardy had struck some roots in the Southwest in the fifteenth century and the Archbishop of Glasgow in 1494 had cited some thirty people for heresy but the King had let them off. More significant were the ideas of Luther, brought over to Scotland through trade and students' migrations. Indeed the approach to the Reforma-

tion in Scotland owed more to Luther than to Calvin and something of the warmth and evangelical fervour of the German passed into the Scottish Reformation that was missing from Calvin's more intellectual teaching. Events in England likewise had some influence. Henry VIII had commanded that the Bible be available in English; the Scottish Parliament in 1543 enacted that it be authorized in Scotland to be read in the vernacular. In intellectual quarters there were some stirrings but before 1560 no teacher had appeared in the universities to lead the students into the Reformation as happened on the continent. The humanism of Erasmus or Colet or Melancthon did not reach Scotland in measure to temper the biblical interpretations of its reformers.

There was a great hunger for preaching but preaching had been neglected in cathedral and parish church. People were looking for leadership in religious faith. No scientific discoveries and no philosophical systems had offered apparent alternatives to Christian belief. Clerics' inability to preach was in the calendar of ridicule by popular ballads. As the Reformation came to various peoples of Europe it was received according to the circumstances and moods of each. In no land did it meet with a more prevailing mood of religious seriousness than in Scotland and among no other people were the ethical teachings of biblical Christianity attended to more thoughtfully. Scotland's Reformation was to be subjected to political pressures as serious as those that bore upon the movement in other lands but as a religious movement it had a strength that carried it to its goal without compromising its principles.

George Wishart, popular preacher of the 1540's, was hanged on orders of Cardinal Beaton. Wishart's avengers killed the Cardinal in his own castle at St. Andrews and then stood siege by the pro-French government and a French naval squadron. John Knox, their chaplain, was captured with them and became a galley slave in one of the ships of the King of France that bore the name *Nostre Dame*. Henry VIII and then the government of his son tried to get a royal marriage between the young Edward and the younger Mary, child Queen of the Scots. Mary was sent off to the French court where she received the education of her formative years and in due course married the

Dauphin. Her mother, Mary of Guise, sister of the Protestants' bitter enemy, the Cardinal of Lorraine, became officially Regent of the Scotland that she had already governed for some years. Protestant preachers were placed under royal ban and heretics were burned and drowned at Perth, Dundee and elsewhere

In spite of repression, however, crowds still listened to preachers and in due course formed congregations. Influential men formed themselves into The First Band to defend the new faith and as the movement grew their group became the Lords of the Congregation. During a rapprochement between Protestant England and Catholic France an English request that Knox be set free was honoured. He did not establish himself in Scotland at first but spent some years on the continent, dividing his time between Geneva and Frankfort where he became minister to a group of English Protestant refugees from England's Catholic Queen Mary.

During the years of persecution the Scottish Protestants became completely set against Roman Catholicism. They saw it as cruel, corrupt and false. The mass was idolatry, man-made. Adoration of saints or of Mary was equally idolatrous. To thomist distinctions between *latria*, *hyperdulia* and *dulia* they gave as little heed as did the contemporary leaders of the Catholic Church in their land. They demanded a biblical Christianity and freedom of faith. They were not interested in institutional continuity from the Church of Rome to the Church of Scotland. Its art was corrupted by idolatrous misuse, and along with other symbols that represented accretions to the faith of the early church it could well be cast aside. As for clergy high and low, they were so discredited that there was no point in linking up the new ministry with them with a view to apostolic succession.

Mary, Regent of Scotland, was resolved to stamp out the Protestant heresy and strengthened her position by increasing French garrisons in the land and appointing Frenchmen as ministers of the Crown. The Catholic church looked to her for support. The Scots were now being touched where they were most sensitive — their nation's independence. The old church was appearing as an agent and partner in foreign domination. Was Scotland again to be used as a

pawn in continental politics? Mary of England married Philip of Spain; France and Spain had been at war repeatedly for forty years; Scotland's Mary was at the court of France.

When Elizabeth became Queen of England the political situation improved and for the reformers there was new hope. Knox came back to Scotland and preached the rousing sermon at Perth on May 11th, 1559, that launched the Protestant drive. Both sides took to arms. The pro-English group were ready to bar Mary Stewart from the throne in favour of the heir to the House of Hamilton. Mary had become Queen of France as wife of Francis II; the danger from France seemed greater. Her mother, the Regent, died in June 1560 and her cause collapsed. Leaders of the Protestant cause met in what might be regarded as the beginning of the Assembly. The Parliament met and declared the reformed faith to be the religion of the land and forbade the mass. This Parliament met by authority of Mary but without authority from her to treat of religion. This Act did not receive her assent.

The reformed faith was set out in the Confession with which John Knox was associated and differed considerably from the *Westminster Confession* of 1643. It was calvinistic but mildly so. It contained nothing on predestination. Its article on Election has this passage

. . . . it so behoved that the Son of God should descend to us and take to himself a body of our body, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bones and so became the mediator between God and Man; giving power to as many as believe in him to be the sons of God, as himself doth witness, "I pass up to my Father and unto your Father, to my God and to your God."

This Confession acknowledged empires, kingdoms, dominions and cities to be ordained by God and their magistrates to be "holden in most reverend estimation". To them most principally the conservation and purgation of religion appertained. Each article of faith was annotated with proofs from Scripture.

The reformers had prepared also their *First Book of Discipline* "for the instruction of Ministers and leaders". It was really a combination of doctrinal statement and church polity. Most of it would

probably have been acceptable to Parliament but it rejected the book because of Article XVII, "Rents of the Kirk".

The whole rents of the kirk, abused in papistry, shall be reserved again to the kirk that thereby the ministry, schools, and the poor may be maintained within this realm, according to their first institution.

It expressly forbade the old special levies of the mediaeval church it superseded. The landed members of Parliament had their own stake in church endowment and had no intention of giving it up. Their refusal was a blow to the plans of John Knox for a public school in every parish.

This *Book of Discipline* did not set out Presbyterian polity as it later came to be. The Church was not separate from the State but a partner. In providing of ministers "The kirk and faithful magistrate should compel such as have the gifts, to take the office of teaching upon them." Where parents were unwilling to give their consent to a marriage "the kirk and magistrates should enter into the parents' room and discern upon the equity of the cause". The Book contemplated superintendents who were to have their own "special kirks" and also supervise others. Their instructions required them to preach and to examine the doctrine, diligence and behaviour of ministers, readers, elders and deacons. The old neglect of parishes was to be corrected. Ministers should not be intruded into unwilling congregations. Elders should be elected for one year according to any procedure that satisfied the congregation. Every man was to vote. The embryo of presbytery was there in the provision for meetings by clergy and laity for Bible study and discussion—the "Exercise".

This book did not become the recognized constitution of the reformed kirk but it shows how its leaders were thinking. They assumed that the prince and the magistrates would be on the side of the Church so there was no need for the Church to claim a distinctive corporate place. They thought of the community as one, with the church representing its religious character. The magistracy had a part in the appointment of clergy. The responsibilities neglected by the former bishops were to be carried out by new superintendents.

Mary Stewart as a young widow came back to Scotland in August 1561. While still in France she had been approached by the Catholic earl, Huntly, who proposed that she land in his territory with French troops, accept his own armed men and by military action overthrow the reformers and take her throne. This she refused. Her half brother, Lord James Stewart, advised her to come in a conciliatory spirit. After she arrived her royal proclamation announced that the religious settlement was not to be disturbed but she and her attendants were to have their own mass. This mass was celebrated and John Knox declared in the pulpit that he feared one mass more than 10,000 armed men. His reference was no doubt to Huntly's plan.

For the next six years the two principals in Scotland's Reformation were John Knox and Queen Mary. She had heard of Knox. He was the prophet whose words kindled, encouraged or comforted as his party had need. His was the brain that recognized issues and strategems and his the voice that carried through the land. In France Mary had known Protestants who were political or religious. The former could be won over; the latter rarely could be. Both types were rebels and such as combined both interests were doubly so. Knox must surely be a political rebel as well as a religious one for had he not written his *Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*? Had he not in this declared that it was against nature for women who were rightly subject to men in the home to be their rulers from a throne? And had he not led the rebels who had opposed her mother as Regent?

There were five personal encounters between Knox and Mary. She would not have appreciated those modern writers who represent her as a frail woman reduced to tears by a bullying preacher. In every instance it was she who sent for Knox and did her best to bend him by her authority. She was endowed with those attributes that help a woman to get her way and she was used to Frenchmen. Knox saw her as the perfect instrument for the Counter-Reformation and with her French upbringing more dangerously potent as an autocrat than anyone who had ever worn the crown of Scotland. The dominant theme in their contest can be found in an exchange in their first inter-

view. Mary said to him, "You have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes can allow, and how can that doctrine be of God seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?" To which Knox answered, "Madam, as right religion took neither original strength nor authority from wordly princes but from the Eternal God alone, so are not subjects bound to frame their religion according to the appetites of their princes."

The six years of Mary's reign were uneasy. She had her Privy Council, which usually did her bidding although when she had Knox before it on charge of treason it refused to convict him. Parliament in Scotland never developed the independence that the English Parliament was to show. The nobles as a class had no interest in the Reformation except as it might give them church lands, and as a class they moved toward the Queen. The new Kirk failed to get the endowment of the old but it did get most of the churches. The withdrawal of the nobles and the absence of endowment actually fostered the reform movement, for the ministers came to rely upon the common people of the movement and were kept close to them. The elders became their collaborators rather than the nobles or political leaders, to the strengthening of the democratic character of the reformed church.

The antipathy of the Queen caused a change in direction in church polity. She and the magistrates of her appointment could not be trusted to care for the Church. Therefore the Church must strengthen its own agents of government; the Assembly must meet regularly and the kirk sessions must be alert and active. These could gather strength only slowly, however, and Mary with her formidable resources might well be too much for them. No help could be expected from Elizabeth: the Kirk was on its own.

Mary was a formidable agent of the Counter-Reformation but she was not single-hearted for it. She does not appear to have had a spiritual director who was himself directed by some strategy-making office in the Roman hierarchy. The devout quality of the Counter-Reformation that was to be influential in the French court in the seventeenth century had not impinged upon the court that formed

Mary's outlook on life. She was the child of the secular renaissance more than of the Counter-Reformation. By marrying Bothwell who had killed his own wife and was implicated in the death of her husband Darnley, she scandalized Catholics and Protestants alike and had to abdicate in favour of her infant son, James.

Her party continued to be active for some years. Knox died in 1572. The new leader of the reformers was Andrew Melville who had lived in Geneva for ten years and came back to his native Scotland as imbued with calvinistic polity as ever mediaeval churchman came back from gregorian indoctrination at Rome. Melville's programme was thorough organization of the Church on Presbyterian principles; between Kirk Session and General Assembly there must be Presbytery and Synod, especially Presbytery. Superintendents were to be controlled by presbyteries. The Church was to be distinct from the State and the General Assembly should legislate for the whole church of the realm. The new principles were written out in the *Second Book of Discipline* which the Assembly adopted in 1578. On the part of the government there was unwillingness however. Much of the old ecclesiastical structure remained parallel with the growth of the new. Rights of appointment, rights to revenues, these changed slowly. King James VI, becoming adult, was resolved to continue the office of bishop and suppress Assembly. He was withstood by a gathering force that had the commons behind it. His Privy Council was his own and parliaments were compliant. Sometimes he managed even to detach groups in the Assembly. But the lower courts of the Church, sessions, presbyteries and synods remained beyond his control and asserted their freedom to debate and declare their mind. In 1592 Presbyterianism as defined in the *Second Book of Discipline* was established by statute.

Much has been written about the influence of the Reformation upon the Scottish character. It has happened at various times in history that some new culture has come to a people who had a latent particular aptitude for it. When this happens there follows a flowering of spirit and mind. So Christianity affected the people of Ireland in the sixth and following centuries. New themes inspired their latent

talent in music, letters, art. It happens in modern times among primitive tribes. To the Scots there was something congenial about the calvinism that Knox brought to them. Above all other religious systems of the sixteenth century it gave scope for religious discussion and lay participation in church direction. It taught men that they were members of the commonwealth and as such had their share in its direction too. It was a preparatory school for democratic citizenship. Basic to this was the belief that Knox declared, "Before God all men are equal. In matters of religion God requireth no less of the subject, be he so poor, than of the prince and rich man."

Parish schools did become established, earlier in Scotland than elsewhere. To understand the Bible and doctrine the people must read. As a final footnote to these paragraphs it can be mentioned that the particular volume used in this writing in referring to the three main documents of the Scottish Reformation contains also the *Westminster Confession of Faith*, catechisms, and a collection of Acts of both parliaments affecting religion. This serious publication bears the printer's date 1761 and the original owner wrote his name in it, "Thomas Hamilton, Weaver in Hamilton, 1761".

The Plays of Bertolt Brecht

by

WENDY MICHENER

"Mere propagandist" or modern Shakespeare? Which of these judgements comes closer to the truth about the most controversial dramatist of our time?

UP until his death on August 14, 1956, Bertolt Brecht presided over his Berliner Ensemble in East Berlin with the effortless authority of a most honourable oriental sage. Living, he was doubly revered as the wearer of the mantle of Goethe, and as the successor to Reinhardt and Piscator by his innovations in theatrical technique. Brecht, who started his career when Gerhart Hauptmann was the Grand Old Man of German theatre, lived to become an even Grand Old Man. His death only served to increase his fame by geometric progression, particularly as it coincided with tours of the Berliner Ensemble to Paris and London. Very quickly he became the most controversial figure of Western theatre.

The controversy centres on three subjects: the extent of Brecht's allegiance to the communist party; his merit as a dramatist; and the value of his theories about the theatre. There are those who admire Brecht because of his social and economic outlook on the world; those who admire Brecht in spite of it; and those who reject him outright as a mere propagandist. There are those who see in his subject matter of man in relation to society a whole new direction for modern drama; those who find that his plays are in the great classic tradition of Western drama; and those who are bored by him because he does not treat primarily of love and psychological problems. There are those who preach his "epic" theatre with "distanced" acting and anti-realist

staging as the most effective theatre to change the world; those who argue among themselves over what Brecht *really* meant by epic theatre; and those who dismiss the whole thing as so much nonsense.

The theories of Brecht have been fastened on with the same fervour as were the theories of Stanislavsky, and have suffered the same exaggerations. "Epic" and "distancing" have become part of a new jargon which is used, like the jargon of the beats, so loosely as to have no meaning at all. The unfortunate part is that this kind of support turns Brecht into a fad, the hero of an in-group, and ranks the most durable playwright of the last quarter century with movie stars and other sensations of the moment.

At the same time, the arguments themselves testify to the vitality of Brecht's writing, of his ability to be many things to many men. He is now on the way to being the most internationally known playwright since Shakespeare, with plays performed in almost all the countries of Europe (the notable exceptions being countries of Catholic majority, Spain and Eire), in Australia, in North America, in Japan, Israel, Ceylon, and India. It is truly remarkable that one playwright should have something vital to say to countries of such widely diverging cultures, particularly when that playwright is associated with one of two hostile political camps.

In search of reasons for Brecht's ability to travel so well, I am struck firstly by the irony of his writing, an irony which goes all the way through, like the letters in rock candy. The result is an ambiguity which gives his particular view of the world universal implications, and a complexity which saves it from being simple propaganda. He remains faithful to the paradox of the human condition and thus avoids the obviousness of Ibsen, or the clanking third act resolution of the problem play, as inevitable as an Amen.

His *Leben des Galilei* is a wonderful example of what I mean by ambiguity. Nominally the play is anti-religious. It tells the story of how Galileo is made to recant his truth by the Inquisition. All this is perfectly acceptable to a communist régime. Yet at the same time the play manages to be a powerful statement of the dilemma of the artist within a communist society, and of the scientist in any society. For Galileo the Western audience quickly substitutes Pasternak or

Eisenstein, or Brecht himself, who was free and poor in the United States, controlled and subsidized in East Berlin. The moral situation of Galileo is so justly portrayed that it becomes true for all battles between the world changers and the preservers of society. The implications are both particular and universal.

Brecht chooses subjects for his plays that are susceptible to implications, whose significance reaches out in all directions. *Mutter Courage und Ihre Kinder*, one of his greatest plays, is an anti-war play based on a legendary figure of the Thirty Years War. To condemn war he deliberately wrote about a war that was infinitely less terrifying than wars of today, and about a war of "faith". When the information that over half of Germany's population was killed in this primitive war flashes on the half-curtains at the Berliner Ensemble, it is easy for the mixed audience of East and West Germans to follow the implications.

In Brecht's parable play, *Der Gute Mensch von Sezuan*, the good woman of the title finds it impossible both to be good and to survive. But her dilemma can equally well be interpreted either as due to the injustice of capitalist society or to the original sin in man. Brecht may never have intended to write about the Christian concept of evil, but in writing truthfully of humanity he leaves himself open to many interpretations.

Brecht was never able to see just one side of a question, or of a character. Hence his inability to create either villains or heroines. This applies even to his early *Lehrstücke*, plays written specifically for teaching purposes. One of these was called *Der Jasager*, he who says yes. The schoolboys who performed the play pointed out that the answer could easily have been no. Whereupon Brecht wrote a play called *Der Neinsager*, and stipulated characteristically that one play should never be performed without the other.

In his characters the dual view often comes out as a split personality. Herr Puntila is benevolent when drunk, and a tyrant when sober. The good woman of Sezuan masquerades as her own male cousin in order to save herself from ruin. But in *Courage* and *Galileo* he has integrated the dual view to make his two greatest characters.

Courage is both a great woman and a weak woman, and her greatness and weakness are mixed up together in all her actions, even depending one on the other. At the same time as she fights to preserve her children from the war, she is fighting to keep some free help in the business, someone to pull the cart. And when she drives a hard bargain with the desperate war-ridden peasants, is she not doing her duty by her family? True, she loses one son by bargaining too long, but she had to bargain so that her daughter would not starve. Galileo is similarly complex. The whole paradox of the play is to show how he was at once a very strong man and yet so easily broken; how both proceed from his physical passions: one, a compulsive curiosity and the other a love of bodily comfort. This is to put the conflict of the character at its simplest. In the plays everything is concrete, and so takes on the complexity of such problems in life.

This brings me to the second reason for Brecht's wide appeal: he writes of the things which concern us now, and he has given these seemingly abstract questions a truly dramatic expression. Without ever descending into journalism he has written about: war — the daily preoccupation since 1945 — and when, if ever, fighting is justified; about the conflict between Communism and Capitalism; about the responsibility of the individual in a free enterprise society; and about the problem of individual freedom in an organized society. And yet Brecht is not primarily a political writer, he is above all a moralist; his subject matter is the moral problems of humanity in the world of today. Therefore a social, not socialist background is essential to his plays. Brecht scorned the private little dramas of the naturalist theatre, but this does not mean that the individual gives way to a collective in his plays. Moral problems are, after all, most personal. For him all truth is concrete, all experience individual, but a man is always part of some social unit. His characters do love, but they also have to make enough money to eat, and to get along with their neighbours, particularly the powerful ones. The social setting is not a limitation of his plays but a richness since it offers further opportunities for revealing character. Social background is, after all, not a Marxist innovation: where would Romeo and Juliet be without their families, or Lear if he were not a king to begin with?

Shakespeare is always quoted as the prime example of a playwright with objectivity, as an author who is content to tell a story without judging his characters. Brecht is always trying to judge his characters, true, but his failure to do so brings him close to the Shakespearean kind of tragedy. And in many ways Brecht has more in common with Shakespeare than any playwright of the last 150 years. Brecht too was a poet, although he wrote few plays in verse. He too was attracted by historical subjects — Saint Joan, Galileo, Confucius — and profited from the "distancing effect" of the past to avoid being embarrassingly specific. He also shared Shakespeare's lack of compunction about reworking other people's material. Adapting Marlowe, Molière, Farquhar, Shakespeare, Sophocles, Gorki and others, was, for Brecht, a means of learning the playwright's craft, and of gaining irony by the contrast with the original work.

Brecht searched in the great plays of the past for a way out of the naturalistic formula of drama, and came up with a structure he called epic. It is very close to the Shakespearean structure of a series of short scenes, all very much to the point. By abandoning the surface realism of continuous action, Brecht gave back to plays all the scope and depth of the Elizabethans. Now it was again possible to leave the living room and travel freely in the wide world; to do away with all the plumbing in plays, the dozens of lines invented merely to have a glass or a person in the right place at the right time; to tell a person's whole life within the limits of an evening of theatre; to show that person in relation to a great number of different people, who bring flavour, variety, and above all scope to the play.

There is one very big difference between Brecht's structure of short scenes and Shakespeare's. The shape of a Shakespearean play is determined by the plot, by the winding and unwinding of complications. In Brecht, the pattern of climax is determined by the theme of the play. Plot, in the sense of complications, does not exist. Things do happen but each scene is more or less a separate incident, and the scenes are joined together by chronological order and by their relationship to the theme of the play.

Brecht maintained that this was the perfect form of playwriting for propaganda, because its lack of suspense and its choppyness left

the audience free from emotional involvement, free to think about the problems raised. In view of the communist support of "socialist realism", plays in the naturalistic tradition which Brecht disliked, this seems like an extraordinarily ingenious self-defence. He fought for years to have his epic theatre adopted by the Party, but in spite of his personal success with the Berliner Ensemble, Stanislavsky is still the number one model. To an outsider it seems obvious that his epic theatre does not make compelling propaganda. It might be well suited to inciting revolution, because its irony makes you question everything. But now that the time of revolution is past, the drama of unthinking emotional involvement seems to be what is needed. In rehearsals of *Galileo*, Brecht used to stop at the line: "My task is not to show that I've been right up until now, but to discover if I have been right," and say that this was the most important line in the play. Good propaganda is not made by such an attitude.

It is evident that the conventions of producing naturalistic drama would not do for Brecht's epic structure. Chekov's plays failed before Stanislavsky found a way to produce them effectively, and Brecht's plays had some notable failures before he had the means to work out his ideas of production. He never really wrote theories, and his ideas were never as systematic as Stanislavsky's. He was always reporting his working experience, so much so that what he has written often cannot be understood without the example.

He had two purposes in mind in seeking new stage means. First, to keep the audience from becoming emotionally involved in a physical way with the characters of the play. When this happens, the spectator *feels* the situation, but he is unable to think objectively about it. In order to keep the audience at a critical distance Brecht developed a technique in his actors which he called distantiation. His actors were required to rehearse in the third person, and to keep cool themselves. He also allowed his audience to see his lighting installations and to watch the scenery being changed.

The second purpose of his technical innovations was to make every part of a stage production — lighting, music, scenery, acting, words — work for the meaning of the play. The music was not to

create a mood, but to make a comment. The sets were not for atmosphere but to put the action into the context of space, time, and society.

Strangely enough it is impossible to imagine what the performances of the Berliner Ensemble company are like from these intellectually stated purposes. The effect of the acting is far from cold. You are involved closely in what is happening on stage, and you do experience emotions. But it is different. It is a very active, reasoning involvement, and the emotion proceeds precisely from your thinking; because you appreciate the difficulties of *Mother Courage*, because you fear for Galileo and understand his weakness. And the productions are surprisingly beautiful: rich with the greatest variety of stage means — mime, dancing, processions, music hall routines, movies, songs — all of them unified by their relationship to the theme of the play. The sets, of an extraordinarily high artistic merit, show the restraint of late Medieval paintings, combined with the tension of space to be found in Chinese and Japanese work.

Brecht could never have matured his ideas, or have fully realized his plays through production without the money of the East German government. It took a staff of 257 including a permanent company of 60 actors, and time enough (because money enough) to work slowly, patiently, photographing each stage and rejecting ruthlessly what was not right, to produce this sort of theatre, surely the finest theatre of our time.

Now that Brecht is dead the Berliner Ensemble may easily decline into a museum or even another socialist realist theatre. However, it has already served to establish Brecht as the most important influence on our theatre for some time.

BEATO FRA ANGELICO

by

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

You fain would paint your angels, lingered long
And lovingly upon those angel wings;
And wrought — appassionato! — that fair throng
Of heaven's orchestra, flute, trump, and strings,
All raising unison to the fair Child
Placid upon the knees of Mother mild.

Still, you could turn a trick with demons too!
Remember you that Final Judgement scene?
Those devils, black and red, ordering the crew
Of Hell's sad victims? Ah, the brush was keen
To limn satanic faces, and skill fails
To tell how nice you were about their tails!

There's fine, frank orthodoxy in it all.
Paint Heaven true, but why paint less so Hell?
Give me the artist wielding brush to tell
Of lasting glory but yet endless Hell.
At all events, my friend, no single minute
But, saint or demon, you saw something in it.

But back of Christ-child, Mary, Heaven, Hell,
Angel or demon, martyr, priest, or saint,
You always loved your colour, form as well,
Those subtle joys of him who needs must paint.
You smiled to do God service as He passes;
Yet first come, first served, devils or — just asses!

HENRY MOORE'S THREE STANDING FIGURES

by

K. W. MAURER

You stand like old Chinese ancestral figures;
Autumnal sunlight, flickers over you
Round and round; it is as if the stone
Smiled to itself over an old secret.

Your rhythms like the circulation of the blood
Flow round and round, returning ever on themselves;
But the flowing or not flowing is the difference between life and death.

Ancestral and prophetic . . . images
Of eternal stability containing all movement —
Are you the mystic Trinity of Past, Present and Future?
Are you the Mothers — with unimaginable faces,
Featureless, excluding nothing and including all;
The soil formed by a thousand transformations
Through which the Past has lived and dies to make the living Now —
Mould of humanity, matrix of the momentarily-emerging Future
Determining the infinite coming procession of generations?

As a tree grows up and spreads its branches fountain-wise in spring
And in autumn lets fall the leaves upon the earth that sucks them back into
itself

To raise again full circle through the sap;
And as the flesh decays through a yet wider circle turning
Travels, through the soil into the tree that bears the fruit
That builds up a new body, that returns and falls apart again to earth;
And all flows round and round returning ever on itself,
Even to the solar systems,
And only the flowing or not flowing is the difference between life and death —
Circle in circle turning, like a vast machine
Harmoniously ordered a maze of wheels in motion
From huge to minute expressing, reflecting a single idea —
So is prepared perpetually
The moral, transitory body of the immortal, universal soul.

So you stand, the Mothers, as if solemnly
 Watching the departing flight of the angel of the annunciation,
 No longer virgin, but far greater,
 Having received the Holy Ghost,
 And now in perpetual intercourse preparing
 The ever-changing garment of the Flesh to clothe the Word.
 You seem to stand in silent converse, communing
 In ways that would be understood upon the moon or anywhere
 Throughout creation; — primal, universal;
 Immediate and general as though
 Before it descends, like the Holy Ghost, to become incarnate in words,
 In the particular, the myriad variants of speech.

Your presence, like the pure rebuke,
 Purges away all passion from the soul
 Purges away all violence from love;
 As on the mountain-tops all colour is lost
 In the whiteness of the snow that yet contains all colours; —
 Even so, let us attempt the ascent
 To the cool, calm heights beyond personality.

In the presence of these Mothers then, in this supreme moment
 When lightly, lightly, I can rise
 Above the tragedy of pain and death
 And even calmly above happiness,
 I turn to you; and you become to me as a god;
 And Who confronts me through your eyes I do not know,
 Nor What you are; but I surrender, for it must be dared —
 Dissolution, and the loss of personality
 Will this be death, or life? Or is the answer: Both are one — ?
 A moment on this pinnacle
 Where the last enigma faces me

But the rhythm returns, returns for ever on itself
 Descending from the glacial heights into the warmth of the particular,
 Sweetly, sweetly into the flowing redness of the circulating blood,
 As the Holy Spirit must descend in a flame into the Flesh;
 Thoughts into words; a god to poetry;
 And unimaginable featureless perfection
 To images and cherished imperfections;

And this flowing round and round is Life.

Reason And Scientific Knowledge

by

HILLIS KAISER

Can the human reason give an exact account of the real unperceived character of the external world?

I

THE most important single event in the history of Western science was the discovery, presumably by Pythagoras, that the lengths of strings which produced the familiar consonant intervals of the musical scale possessed simple numerical ratios. Thus a string half as long as a given string produced a tone an octave above the initial string, one two thirds as long the fifth above, and one three fourths as long the fourth above. The ratios in fact were 2:1 for the octave, 3:2 for the fifth, and 4:3 for the fourth. These were obviously the simplest possible ratios.

The *fact* discovered is not the important feature of the discovery, although this is remarkable enough. Of far greater importance are the explanatory hypotheses which Pythagoras introduced to account for the fact. It seemed necessary to assume that the strings possessed an intrinsic numerical structure, and since the Greek mathematicians always regarded a number as a "multitude composed of units" (to use Euclid's phrase), it was natural to assert that the strings were composed of units. But since strings have no privileged status in the universe, why should we not say that everything is composed of units, that is, of numbers? According to Aristotle this is exactly what the Pythagoreans *did* say: All things are numbers. "Numbers compose the whole sensible universe." The assertion, "All things are numbers" is to be taken in the same sense presumably as Thales' statement that all things are water. Numbers are the stuff or material cause of sen-

sible things, to use Aristotle's terminology. Each unit or monad had magnitude and was of course indivisible, and this aspect of the doctrine made its own special contribution to the atomic theory of Leucippus.

But the Pythagoreans were mathematicians as well as physicists, and in developing the sciences of arithmetic and geometry they discovered and proved conclusively that there were certain quantities in geometry which could *not* be represented by numbers. Thus if one assumed that the side of a square could be represented by a certain number of units, no matter how large, the diagonal would *not* be represented by units. The side and diagonal, as we say, are incommensurable quantities. This was a shocking discovery for the Pythagorean brotherhood, and there is a story that one member of the society was drowned at sea for reporting this scandal to the outside world!

Shortly after this discovery, perhaps as a result of it, the Pythagoreans abandoned their arithmetical explanation of the nature of things and developed instead a geometrical explanation. They accepted the view, suggested by Empedocles, that all things were composed of four elements — fire, air, earth, and water — and then constructed a geometrical account of these elements. Fire was composed of tiny pyramids, each side of which was an equilateral triangle. Earth was composed of tiny cubes, and the cube is also a regular solid since the sides are identical in size and shape. From eight equilateral triangles we can construct a regular octahedron, and air, they said, was composed of tiny octahedra. They also knew that a regular solid could be constructed from twenty equilateral triangles, and it was natural to say that water was composed of these icosahedra, presumably because they were very nearly spherical in form. By Plato's time it was known that there was one more regular solid, the dodecahedron, which had twelve regular pentagons as its sides, and since there were only four elements, Plato suggested that God used the dodecahedron to decorate the whole universe. Euclid proved soon afterwards that there were no more than five regular solids, and the theory acquired thereby an internal perfection and completeness which was most persuasive. As Werner Heisenberg has pointed out,

it is the first example of an atomic theory in the modern sense, that is, the first example of a *mathematical* atomic theory.

In this new theory it could no longer be maintained that things are numbers, since the geometrical elements from which the regular solids are constructed could not be regarded as composed of numbers, and thus sensible things were not composed of numbers. What the Pythagoreans could and did say was that things were *like* numbers. But even in making this concession the Pythagoreans were making a distinction which was fated to have astonishing consequences for Western philosophy and science. This distinction was what Burnet calls "the fateful doctrine of two worlds, the world of thought and the world of sense". The world of thought was the world of mathematics, the world of arithmetic and geometry. The world outside of us was real in so far as it was constructed of mathematical elements. Genuine knowledge could be obtained *only* of this world. In the world of the senses genuine knowledge was impossible. The relation between the two worlds was left somewhat hazy: the sense world was "like" the real world or an imitation of the real world or a product of ideal motions in the mathematical world. More could not be said. Let us call this doctrine "the Pythagorean principle", and proceed now to an examination of some of its historical consequences.

One immediate consequence was the appearance of Plato's famous theory of Forms or theory of Ideas. John Burnet and A. E. Taylor have argued that the theory should be ascribed to Socrates rather than to Plato. I do not wish to express any opinion on this point, but it does seem to me that Burnet's account of the origin of the theory of Forms, whoever the author, is incontestable. Burnet's view is that the theory of Forms arose as a simple generalization of the theory of mathematical forms. If there were ideal Forms for equality, tallness, and threeness, why should there not be forms for beauty, piety, justice, goodness? Just as ideal equality can never be sensed, so ideal beauty, ideal justice, ideal piety can never be apprehended by the bodily senses. Burnet's view is confirmed by Plato's constant reference to mathematical forms in the *Phaedo*, which contains the fullest account of the theory. Equality, taller than, shorter than, oneness,

threeness are all mathematical forms. Thus the generalized theory of forms rests on the unquestioned assumption that there are certain ideal mathematical forms which can exist independent of the sense world and can be apprehended only by the mind. If this assumption is untenable, the general theory of forms as Plato propounds it is untenable.

The Pythagorean principle that what is real is mathematical influenced Plato in yet another way. As a good Pythagorean Plato was passionately interested in astronomy and by his teaching and encouragement in the Academy he exercised an enormous influence on all subsequent astronomical speculation. I am interested here, however, only in the principles which he laid down which should govern all astronomical inquiry. One of these principles is expounded in Book VII of the *Republic* in the discussion between Glaucon and Socrates concerning the education of the philosopher-king. Glaucon is discussing astronomy:

"For it is obvious to everybody, I think, that this study certainly compels the soul to look upward and leads it away from things here to those higher things." "It may be obvious to everybody except me," said I, "for I do not think so." "What do you think?" he said. "As it is now handled by those who are trying to lead us up to philosophy, I think that it turns the soul's gaze very much downward." "What do you mean?" he said. "You seem to me in your thought to put a most liberal interpretation on the 'study of higher things'," I said, "for apparently if anyone with back-thrown head should learn something by staring at decorations on a ceiling, you would regard him as contemplating them with the higher reason and not with the eyes. Perhaps you are right and I am a simpleton. For I, for my part, am unable to suppose that any other study turns the soul's gaze upward than that which deals with being and the invisible. But if anyone tries to learn about the things of sense, whether gaping up or blinking down, I would never say that he really learns — for nothing of the kind admits of true knowledge — nor would I say that his soul looks up but (rather) down, even though he study floating on his back on sea or land." "A fair retort," he said; "your rebuke is deserved. But how did you mean that astronomy ought to be taught, contrary to the present fashion, if it is to be learned in a way to conduce to our purpose?" "Thus," said I: "these sparks that paint the sky, since they are decorations on a visible surface, we must

regard, to be sure, as the fairest and most exact of material things; but we must recognize that they fall far short of the truth, the movements, namely, of real speed and real slowness in true number and in all true figures, both in relation to one another and as vehicles of the things they carry and contain. These can be apprehended only by reason and thought, but not by sight . . . ' (529 a-d.)

In this remarkable passage Plato is concerned to deny that the visible shapes and motions of the heavenly bodies are their real shapes and motions. The heavenly bodies have in fact precise geometrical shapes and exact numerical motions, and they only *appear* to our senses to be otherwise. These precise shapes "contain" the visible bodies and the mathematical movements carry the bodies along in their apparent paths in the sky. Plato adds that the apparent movements are changeable and variable, the real movements unchanging, invariable, eternal. This is Plato's application of the Pythagorean principle to astronomy, and together with his geometrical atomic physics constitutes his mathematical explanation of the whole universe. He assumes that the real motions are uniform circular motions or motions constructed by compounding circular motions. Thus it was permitted to assume that a planet moved in a circle whose centre in turn moved uniformly in a circle, and so on. Plato embodied this assumption in the famous problem he set for his students in the Academy: "By the assumption of what uniform and ordered motions can the apparent motions of the planets be accounted for?" The history of astronomy until the time of Kepler can most simply be regarded as the attempts of various "students of astronomy" to solve Plato's problem. But if Kepler rejected Plato's assumption that the paths of the heavenly bodies must be compounded of circles, he reaffirmed with almost apostolic fervour the old Pythagorean doctrine of the mathematical harmony of the universe. The Pythagorean principle as I have defined it remains unchallenged in the rebirth of astronomy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

We have noted that the Pythagorean principle was applied in Greek science, not merely to astronomy, but also to physics with the elaboration of the geometrical theory of the four elements. We may reasonably ask therefore whether the principle was also assumed in seventeenth century physics. My view is that it *was* assumed and that

it constituted in fact an implicit assumption in that whole body of scientific thought which we now call "classical physics". (May I add that I intend that classical physics should include the modern theory of relativity, but not modern quantum physics.) Some evidence for such an unorthodox thesis must now be presented.

I propose that we restrict ourselves to the views of Descartes and Newton on the assumption that classical physics was a direct outgrowth of Cartesian and Newtonian physics, an assumption which seems to me capable of independent validation. It may be, in any case, of some interest to search for Pythagorean influences in both Descartes and Newton. Those of you who are familiar with Descartes's distinction between the mind and body will remember that body in general possesses only the intrinsic attribute of extension in addition to the capacity to be moved and deformed in an endless number of ways. He is emphatic, however, that the attribute of extension cannot be apprehended by the senses. In the example of the wax discussed in the *Second Meditation* he asserts that the real wax as extended substance can be known only by an intuition of the mind (*inspectio mentis*) and not by the senses or imagination. So far this is in complete agreement with the Pythagoreans. But what is this attribute of extension possessed by the real wax? It is simply the extension "in length, breadth and depth" studied by the geometers. The following passage in part IV of the *Discourse on Method* makes it completely clear what Descartes understood by extension:

" . . . when I had represented to myself the object of the geometers, which I conceived to be a continuous body or a space indefinitely extended in length, breadth, and height or depth, divisible into divers parts which admit of different figures and sizes and of being moved or transposed in all manner of ways, (for all this the geometers suppose to be in the object they contemplate,) I went over some of their simplest demonstrations"

Of this unseen world of geometrical extension we can have clear and precise knowledge of the sort familiar to every geometer. Our knowledge of sensible things cannot properly be said to be knowledge at all. In this Descartes is in complete agreement with the Pythagoreans and Plato. His originality consists in asserting that the material world

is nothing other than the extensive continuum of three-dimensional geometry, rather than numbers or geometrical solids. Apart from thinking substances, whatever is real is mathematical.

When we turn to Newton we find a similar distinction between sensible space and real space. To real space Newton applies the adjectives "absolute", "true", and "mathematical". Aside from the use of the term "absolute" this is in complete agreement with Descartes. The difference is clearly due to the fact that Newton conceives of space as an empty receptacle rather than a bodily continuum. What is of equal importance is Newton's distinction between two sorts of time: absolute, true, and mathematical time on the one hand and relative, apparent, and vulgar time on the other. Sensible space is likewise relative, apparent, and vulgar, i.e. common. If we combine the two concepts we have the distinction between motion which is absolute, true, and mathematical and that which is relative, apparent, and vulgar. In all three cases the true is equated with the mathematical. But this is the Pythagorean principle. In fact Newton's association of true time and mathematical time had already been anticipated by Plato.

This bifurcation of nature (to use Whitehead's phrase) into an unseen, intelligible, mathematical, *real* nature on the one hand and a visible, inexact, apparent nature on the other is a characteristic assumption of all subsequent classical physics. Heisenberg has asserted that the goal of classical physics was the "construction of an objective spatio-temporal world which was independent of our powers of perception", a world, moreover, which was exactly describable by the formulae of mathematics. Einstein has given the following definition of physics: "Physics is an attempt to grasp reality conceptually as something which can be thought independently of its being perceived." If we interpret the word "conceptually" to mean "mathematically", then clearly Einstein is not only a classical physicist; he is also a direct descendent of Pythagoras.

II

These are some of the historical adventures of the Pythagorean principle. Let us look now at the principle itself, for our contemporary knowledge of the nature of mathematical truth, provided by the researches of mathematicians and philosophers in the past hundred years or so, requires a re-evaluation of the Pythagorean principle as a methodological principle of scientific inquiry.

Such an examination reveals that in one respect at least the principle is in complete agreement with modern views. The Pythagoreans were well aware that mathematical knowledge must be sharply distinguished from sensible or empirical knowledge. Mathematical knowledge was not obtained by the use of the senses nor did it apply exactly to the sensible world. It was, to use our modern term, "a priori" knowledge. But since it *was* knowledge and since it was not knowledge of the sensible world, it was, they said, knowledge about a world lying "beyond" or "behind" the sensible world.

The first problem faced by the Pythagoreans as a consequence of this belief was: How did we obtain knowledge if we did not acquire it by the use of the senses? The most convincing answer is given again in Plato's *Phaedo*: we acquired this knowledge before we were born; sensible things then merely reminded us of knowledge we already possessed. The plausibility of this view is undeniable. It was still held in a modified form by Descartes two thousand years later. Descartes says in the *Discourse*: "... I have also observed certain laws established in nature by God in such a manner, and of which he has impressed on our minds such notions, that after we have reflected sufficiently upon these, we cannot doubt that they are accurately observed in all that exists or takes place in the world". According to Descartes we are born with the laws of nature already in our minds; we discover them by the process of reflection. There is no doubt, of course, that these laws are mathematical laws.

What is our modern answer to the questions of the origin of our mathematical knowledge? Simply this: we obtain mathematical knowledge when we set up certain unproved propositions or axioms, containing certain undefined terms, and deduce theorems from these

assumptions. Thus, as Bertrand Russell has noted, we do not have to know what we are talking about in mathematics, since our terms are undefined, nor do we need to know that our axioms are true. In pure mathematics we never ask, is this theorem true? We ask, has it been proven? that is, does it follow logically from our assumptions? It is clear that if this is the nature of mathematical truth, then we do not discover it by using our senses, but merely by thinking, by using our reason. On this point we agree with the Pythagoreans, but it does *not* follow that the entities of mathematics have an existence independent of our thinking about them. We might deny in fact that points, lines, and surfaces exist, but this would not alter in the least the cogency of Euclidean geometry. Thus mathematical knowledge is certain because it is not knowledge *about* anything in the ordinary sense of this term; it is simply the discovery that certain statements entail other statements. Since this entailment is merely a logical relationship, we can assert that our mathematical knowledge is eternal in contrast to our sense knowledge which we can call transitory and contingent. Here again we are in agreement with the Pythagoreans but for quite different reasons.

But what shall we say of the other Pythagorean assertion that mathematics can never apply to the sensible world? This assertion is often denied by reason of the fact that since the time of Galileo we have grown accustomed to the practice of using mathematical concepts and formulae to describe sequences of events in the sensible world. This is quite contrary, however, to the Pythagorean principle which always distinguishes between the real world which is mathematical and the sensible world which is not. We have noted that the Pythagoreans began by asserting that things were numbers and qualified this by the later statement that things were *like* numbers. Sensible things, they said, were composed of geometrical solids and these were like numbers. Why did they not insist that the theorems of geometry could be applied *directly* to sensible things?

The answer is simple: the assertion that the propositions of geometry could be applied exactly to the sensible world had been refuted in their own time by no less a person than Zeno of Elea. The

point of Zeno's criticism can perhaps be made clear by discussing this problem from our own contemporary point of view. Whenever we wish to apply a system of pure mathematics to the sensible world, we must establish some correlation between the undefined terms in the mathematical system and certain sensible things. If we can find in the case of geometry some definition of such terms as "point", "line", "surface" which transforms our set of axioms into a set of true propositions about the sensible world, we then say that we have found an interpretation of our axiom system and in this case an empirical interpretation. We can therefore rephrase our question and ask: do the axioms of geometry admit of an empirical interpretation?

We are apt to feel that such an interpretation can be supplied if for the word "point" in the axioms we substitute "sensible point" where by "sensible point" we mean the "smallest magnitude perceivable by any of the senses". We can also replace "line" in geometry by "sensible line" and "surface" by "sensible surface", but it is easy to see that by this method we shall never construct an empirical interpretation of geometry. There is at least one axiom of geometry which will not admit of such an empirical interpretation. This is the so-called "axiom of density", which asserts that in any linear series of points, there is at least one point of the series which lies between any two given points of the series. Thus between any two points there is a third point. Let us attempt to give an empirical interpretation of this statement. We shall need to give an interpretation for "between". I suggest the following: of three sensible points, A, B, and C, B will be said to lie between A and C if we can adopt such a position with respect to these points that B appears to be to the right of A and C to the right of B. I also assume that the three points appear to lie on a sensible line. It is now clear why the axiom of density cannot hold of sensible points, sensible lines, and sensible betweenness. If it *did* hold, then between any two sensible points there would always be a third sensible point. But this is empirically false. We *do* observe sensible points which are next to one another with no sensible points between them. But in a dense series of mathematical points, no two points are adjacent. There is never any point

"next to" another point. Thus our suggested interpretation fails. Nor can this defeat be remedied by refining our powers of perception. Our powers of perception will still remain finite: we will still perceive adjacent sensible points. But since geometry would not be geometry without the axiom of density or some equivalent axiom, we can conclude that there never will be an empirical interpretation of geometry.

We can now understand the criticism of Zeno. If the propositions of geometry *were* true of sensible space, then we could never get to the end of a race course, since in order to get to the end we should have to go from one point to the next, but there *are* no next points by hypothesis. In fact, we could not even start. Likewise Achilles would never catch the tortoise, since the position of the tortoise would never be next to the position of Achilles. Similar remarks apply in the case of time. If time were composed of a dense series of durationless instants, then it would be nonsense to say that an arrow moves *during* an instant. We can only say that it is somewhere in space *at* an instant. But to be somewhere *in* space *at* an instant, is 'o be at rest at that instant. Thus at any instant the arrow is at rest. Clearly there is no empirical interpretation of this consequence for the simple reason that we can never perceive a dense series of temporal instants. However acute our perceptions of sensible instants, we shall always find some which are adjacent to one another, but this is impossible if they form a dense series. Thus the statement, "At any instant the flying arrow is at rest" is false if interpreted empirically, but it is quite compatible with the assumption we make in analytical mechanics. Even when we use the familiar equation for a freely falling body: $s = \frac{1}{2} g t^2$, we assume that *at* any given instant the body is *at* some point in space. The equation merely correlates instants of time and points in space. It does not describe the *motion* of the body.

But geometry is not the only mathematical discipline which is founded on the axiom of density. Ordinary calculus, that is, the theory of functions of a real variable, rests on the notion of the real number continuum, but this continuous series of real numbers is also a dense series. Between any two numbers of the series, whether rational or irrational, there is always a third number. Not every dense series is

continuous, but every continuous series is dense. But if we can find no empirical interpretation for the axiom of density and if this is an axiom of the calculus, then there can be no empirical interpretation of the calculus. For the same reason there is no possible empirical interpretation of the theory of functions of complex variables since this branch of mathematics likewise assumes the existence of a continuum of real numbers.

What is more to our present purpose is the consequence that there can be no empirical interpretation of the propositions of analytical mechanics. Analytical mechanics assumes that every instant of time can be represented by a real number which is itself a member of a continuous series of such numbers. It assumes likewise that every point in space can be represented by a set of real numbers, each of which is a member of a continuous series. To these series of real numbers the familiar propositions of the calculus can be applied, and we derive the laws of motion of analytical mechanics. But a continuous series is a dense series, and there is no empirical interpretation of a dense series. Therefore there is no empirical interpretation of analytical mechanics.

In the preceding argument I have confined myself to the demonstration that there can be no empirical model of geometry, calculus, or analytical mechanics, since they all make use of an axiom of density. It is natural to ask, however, whether similar remarks apply in the case of arithmetic. If we confine ourselves to the arithmetic of the natural numbers or integers, then the set of all such numbers does *not* form a dense series, and our preceding arguments do not apply. It is not true that between any two integers there is a third integer. But in constructing an axiom system for this simple arithmetic, we are forced to introduce another axiom: the so-called axiom of infinity. We can see the need of such an axiom by the following argument. Let us begin with the number "1", which we do not define, and the relation of "successor of" which we also do not explicitly define. We can then define "2" as "the successor of 1", "3" as the "successor of 2", and so on. But how do we know that the numbers defined in this way are not identical with some number *already* defined? Clearly

we do not "know", and we are forced to introduce an explicit assumption that they never are identical. But this implies that our set of numbers is an infinite set. Is there any empirical interpretation of such a statement? Clearly not if our empirical interpretation includes the physical operation of counting, since in our finite lifetime we cannot count an infinite number of times. Nor do I see how any empirical interpretation of arithmetic could be given which did not involve the act of counting. If this is the case, then any empirical interpretation of the arithmetic of natural numbers is impossible.

III

The preceding argument that there is no empirical interpretation of arithmetic, geometry, and analytical mechanics may be regarded as a justification of the Pythagorean doctrine that exact mathematical knowledge of the sensible world is impossible. But what shall we say of the other assumption that the sensible world is merely the apparent world and that behind this world lies the real world which can be exactly described by mathematical propositions? We may say, first of all, that it is not necessary that a system of mathematical propositions have *any* interpretation, whether empirical or metaphysical. All that we require of the axioms of a mathematical system is that they be consistent, independent, and complete. Let us suppose, however, that we *assume* that the mathematical propositions of our physical theory do describe an independent real world and then from this assumption discover that we can deduce certain propositions which can be empirically verified. Can we then conclude that such a real mathematical world exists? Clearly we cannot without committing the elementary logical fallacy of affirming the consequent. It is always possible that the propositions we use in mathematical physics can give us satisfactory empirical predictions and yet *not* be descriptions of a world existing independent of the senses. This is, in fact, exactly the assertion of contemporary quantum mechanics, or more precisely, that interpretation of quantum physics which has been elaborated by Bohr and his followers and which Heisenberg has called the "Copenhagen interpretation". According to the Copen-

hagen interpretation the mathematical formulae of quantum mechanics predict merely the *probability* that certain empirical events will occur, given the fact that certain other empirical events have occurred. But the equations which compute the probabilities do not have any physical or metaphysical interpretation. They are *merely* devices for computing statistical probabilities.

This interpretation is now accepted by the majority of practising physicists and is sometimes called the "orthodox interpretation". It was not accepted by Einstein, nor by Schrödinger and de Broglie, the creators of wave mechanics. More recently it has been contested by David Bohm. So far as I can see the controversy turns on the philosophical issue: can the human reason give an exact account of the real unperceived character of the external world? Einstein asserts that it can; Bohr denies that it can and therefore we should not try. Einstein embraces Pythagoreanism, Bohr rejects it. There is no doubt in my mind that Bohr's position is correct. While the Pythagoreans were right in their denial that mathematics could be applied directly to the sensible world, they were wrong in their account of the origin of mathematical truth and concepts. Pythagoras likewise was wrong, as quantum mechanics demonstrates, in his assertion that the world about us *must* be assumed to have an intrinsic mathematical structure because it obeys mathematical laws. We may express our conclusion in Plato's picturesque language by the observation that it is no longer necessary to believe that God is a mathematician.

To be or not to be: The Literature of Suicide

by

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

Though obsessed with thoughts of death and dissolution, few protagonists in modern literature commit suicide. Paradoxically, they curse existence yet refuse to abandon it.

ONLY when the spiritual health of a culture declines does the suicidal obsession, as voiced in its literature, grow strong. A vital culture produces a literature that joyously affirms the will to live; it may create a tragic but never a suicidal art. It is only when energy ebbs, when a society loses its reason for being, that its literature reflects a neurasthenic condition; it becomes enamored of death and dissolution. The will that was once fed by instinctual sources of energy, rooted confidently in the womb of Nature, turns negative and destructive, tired of a life that is not supported by a sure foundation of meaning. What was once Dionysiac ecstasy and intoxication, a creative upsurge of animal faith, a capacity born of immense courage to face the ultimate Ground of Being in all its mysteriousness and terror, degenerates into a morbid preoccupation with the metaphysics of death. Today the popular sport of the intelligentsia is to condemn existence. Like Ivan Karamazov, they are prepared to return their passport, but their gesture has only a symbolic import. Like Ivan, despite their nihilistic logic, they cannot take their life. Sickly and disillusioned, they hold in contempt the precious gift the gods have bestowed on them. Intellect overrides instinct.

Not completely, of course. Literary suicides are not to be taken too seriously. They are really cases of what might be called psychic or symbolic suicide; the writers express the wish to die but fail to end their own life. What they betray is the bankruptcy of the will.

Novelists like Celine, Paul Bowles, Sartre, and Camus betray all the symptoms of philosophical neurosis. Fortunately the creative imagination, as in tragedy, provides its own method of cure and redemption. Regardless of what the work seems to say, its whine of distress, its poignant cry of alienation, its indictment of the gods, its savage disgust with the sound and fury of existence, it serves a therapeutic purpose. Through his gesture of rebellion and repudiation the writer somehow manages to make his peace with life. The more gravely he contemplates the dialectics of suicide, the more surely does he come to perceive the absurdity of death that is self-sought and self-imposed. To die by one's own hand — that is obviously as absurd as to go on living. In moments of creative sanity he realizes the impotence of reason, its powerlessness to unravel the Gordian knot, to solve the riddle ever propounded anew by the eternal sphinx.

The will to live triumphs over all obstacles, all suffering, even the absolute of despair; it is indestructible. When Raskolnikov, in *Crime and Punishment*, delirious with fever, tormented by the thought of the murder he had committed, faces the idea of suicide, he is held back by this infeasible will to live.

"Where is it I've read," he broods, "that some one condemned to death says or thinks, an hour before his death, that if he had to live on some high rock, on such a narrow ledge that he'd only room to stand, and the ocean, everlasting darkness, everlasting solitude, everlasting tempest around him, if he had to remain standing on a square yard of space all his life, a thousand years, eternity, it were better to live so than to die at once! Life, whatever it may be!"

How can the mind cast off this illusion, if illusion it be, that clings so desperately to life? The fundamental premise that governs all mankind the world over is that life, despite the buffeting seas of adversity, is good. That is the categorical imperative which no species of rationalism can conquer — to live life, whatever it may be. Here is the manifestation of animal faith that confounds all the demonstrations of logic. Whereas the Buddhists can, by austere self-discipline, tame the raging fever of the will to live and embrace the goal of Nirvana, for the intellectuals of the West such a consummation is not only repugnant but inconceivable. They must find metaphysical sanctions

for their negation of life. On one condition only can they justify self-murder: that life becomes unbearable. In recommending suicide as salvation, it is thus not death that they are celebrating; it is not Nirvana they seek, escape from the coil of Being; they are energetically protesting against a form of life that fails to satisfy their expectations. Paradoxically, symbolic suicide, is an act of affirmation.

In discussing the literature of suicide, we are not referring to characters who, driven by failure or disease or mutilation or extreme pain, decide to make their exit from the stage of life. There is nothing either heroic or tragic in such an ending. It may, as with Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*, communicate a deep sense of the pathos of existence but not the specifically tragic emotion, which is exalted and liberating, springing as it does from a flash of insight that transcends the illusion of time and the world of appearance. The tragic hero who resorts to suicide retains his dignity to the very last. He may reach a point not far removed from madness, but the justification he gives — and there must always be present an imaginatively convincing principle of justification — is never paltry or pitiful. He is imbued with a spirit of greatness as he prepares his own doom. In his decision to die he implicates all of life, God, the whole universe. Because he refuses to compromise, because he is willing to die for the sake of an ideal which he realizes can never be achieved on earth, because he thus passes judgement on life, he enables the living to identify themselves with his fate and thus, strange as it may seem, intensify and enrich their sense of life. For he dies as a rebel, not as a whimpering coward.

Suicides that reach the tragic heights in literature are thus never either psychopathological or purposeless. The suicide of a madman, for example, would lack tragic meaning. Even Kirillov's suicide, in *The Possessed*, is not a gratuitous act; it is a defiance of God and a promise of salvation for mankind. Septimus Smith, the deranged war veteran in *Mrs. Dalloway*, awakens our compassion, but he remains at best an inarticulate, pathetic figure in the background. It is what he suffers that awakens our sense of pity, not the quality of his insight or the stand he takes against life. The suicides who climb to tragic heights are those who know, or think they know, what they are doing

and why. They are the metaphysical suicides, those who relentlessly question life and find it utterly lacking. What it lacks is the nourishing bread of meaning, a nobly sustaining purpose, a pattern of justification. It is their perception of cosmic absurdity — a vision that fills them with "nausea" — that leads them to seek death. Unable to endure a life that is meaningless, they can either go mad or commit suicide. Perhaps their decision to commit suicide is in itself a form of madness.

In Gide's fiction, the gratuitous act is a deliberate violation of law and morality. The protagonist murders not for profit but without reason. In Dostoevski's fiction the gratuitous act leads to suicide, only it is blended with a religious motive: the mythic self-crucifixion of the hero as a means of saving mankind from the enslaving illusion of God. It is the man-god who is exalted. What is of signal interest in this strategy of motivation is that the discovery of the absurd culminates in absurdity. The suicidal act is shown, by both Dostoevski and Camus, to be as much a matter of faith as the Pascalian wager or the Kierkegaardian leap. Were it not so, were these sacrificial heroes not actuated in their suicide by some humanly meaningful motive, it is doubtful if they could be fruitfully handled in literature. Characters who die because of grief or financial loss or a psychosis are not of tragic import. They die and are forgotten. The writer who with imaginative power portrays a metaphysical suicide has added a new value to the life of literature. He has brought the gods up for trial, he has passed judgement on life, he has undermined the foundations of faith, he has overcome the tyranny of the flesh, the despotism of instinct.

Our thesis holds that literary suicide is tragic only when it is rooted in a metaphysical or "principled" rejection of life. Not that this needs to be reasoned out in logical terms; logic is not the ruler of life. It is the internal "logic" that counts, the battle the protagonist fights within, the motives that finally prompt him to say no to life. Like Stavrogin in *The Possessed*, he finds life not worth having and (after having experimented with all the drugs, all the pleasures, all the perversions) gives it up in disdain, knowing as he does so that even this final gesture is futile.

This is the nihilism that dominates a large part of Existentialist literature. Once God disappears as the creator and controller of the human drama, once existence is infected with the cancer of absurdity, then death, like life, becomes irremediably absurd. The modern hero expects to achieve nothing by his act of suicide. His protest is without consequences; it is useless. That is why Kirillov is fundamentally an unheroic, if fanatical, character. He is obsessed, and yet convinced by his obsession that he is eminently sane in his messianic ambition: he will emancipate humanity from the lie of religion, their craven, infantile dependence on God. By killing himself, he will prove that man is God. His suicide will be the first revolutionary demonstration of godlike freedom, a blow directed against the will of God.

Kirillov is, from the beginning, searching for the underlying reason why men are afraid to kill themselves. Two prejudices, he feels, restrain people from leaping into the vast indifference of death: one is the fear of pain, a small prejudice; the other prejudice stems from the fear of what will happen in the other world. Furthermore, there are two types of suicides: those who kill themselves out of passion, sorrow, or revenge, not deterred by anticipation of pain; the metaphysical suicides belong to the other type, those who kill themselves as the result of reasoning. Kirillov has worked out what he considers a perfectly logical theory of salvation. "There will be full freedom when it will be just the same to live or not to live. That's the goal for all." Once this truth is grasped, then no one will care to live. To the sensible objection that if man fears death it is because he loves life, a powerful instinct implanted by nature, Kirillov, the demented philosopher of death, has his answer ready. That is the very deception he is determined to unmask.

Kirillov declares that he has always been surprised at the fact that everyone goes on living. He has found his faith: "If there is no God, then I am God." If God exists, then He rules with an iron hand and no one can escape from His Will. If not, then Kirillov is free to assert his self-will. That is how he can defeat God. He is resolved to manifest his self-will, and the highest manifestation of self-will is to kill himself, without any cause at all. Here is the Promethean rebel who will be the first in the history of mankind to disprove the

existence of God. "What is there to live for?" The laws of Nature, he points out, did not spare Christ, who died for a lie and thus made clear that all of life is a hideous mockery. It is belief in the old God that is responsible for all the suffering of man. Kirillov's religious mania emerges most clearly when he defends the logic of his proposed action:

"I can't understand how an atheist could know that there is no God and not kill himself on the spot. To recognize that there is no God and not to recognize at the same instant that one is God himself is an absurdity, else one would certainly kill himself. If you recognize it you are sovereign and then you won't kill yourself but will live in the greatest glory. But one, the first, must kill himself, for else who will begin and prove it?"

By this act of proof he will abolish the fear of death. By asserting his self-will, he is bound "to believe that I don't believe". This is the terrible new age of freedom he is ushering in.

The contradictions in Kirillov's position are all too apparent: he is a religious fanatic, a mad mystic, who has dedicated himself to the task of annihilating God. He is fond of life, even though he has decided to shoot himself. He does not believe in an eternal life after death, only in eternal life here on earth. He believes that the new Saviour will come and his name will be the man-god. Kirillov's suicide is a ritualistic act of sacrifice. The next stage in the evolution of the race will witness the extinction of God, but first someone must act as the assassin of God and reveal the mighty, liberating secret that there is nothing to fear, not even death.

Dostoevski contrasts Kirillov's suicide with that of Stavrogin. The latter suffers from hallucinations — the fate Dostoevski reserves for the nihilistic rebels like Raskolnikov and Ivan. Stavrogin feels homeless on earth, without close ties of any kind, incapable of giving himself in love or in faith. He has tried his strength everywhere and has not learned to know himself. He does not know what to do with his energy, his time, his talent. He derives pleasure from evil though he desires to do good. What troubles him intensely and at last drives him to suicide is the discovery that his desires are too weak to guide him. He is a man without hope. He cannot feel and therefore cannot

believe. He cannot share the utopian dreams of the revolutionists. He has lost connection with his country and his roots. He is nothing. From him, as he realizes toward the end, nothing has come but negation, and even this was without greatness, without force. Kirillov could at least be carried away by the passion of an idea and take his life; Kirillov was a great soul because he could lose his reason. Stavrogin declares: "I can never lose my reason, and I can never believe in an idea to such a degree as he did. I can never, never, never shoot myself." This is the punishment he must bear: he blew neither hot nor cold; he could not transcend his analytical, ironic mind. He is afraid of suicide: the supreme act of absurdity in a drama of life that he regarded as inexpressibly absurd. Even the act of killing himself will be, he knows, another sham — "the last deception in an endless series of deceptions". Yet he returns home and hangs himself in the loft. Despair has conquered his titanic pride.

Dostoevski has prophetically anticipated many of the trends of modern fiction. Once the religious sense was banished from fiction, the human being ceased to possess any genuine importance. Nietzsche, in *The Genealogy of Morals*, brilliantly shows how the growth of science resulted in a loss of individuality, the reduction of the human being to atomistic insignificance. If the novelist were to accept this scientific version of human nature, his art would be severely damaged. To escape the trap of determinism, he focuses on dreams, introspection, the unconscious, the inner world of man. A Catholic novelist like Graham Greene, instead of portraying a gray, neutral universe of energy, draws a vivid picture of the struggle between good and evil, the efforts the beleaguered soul makes to save itself from damnation. But though his characters are saved or damned by their thoughts, their state of grace, they lack the depth, the haunting complexity, the metaphysical passion of Dostoevski's *dramatis personae*. In a personal essay, "The Revolver in the Cupboard", Graham Greene describes his early obsession with suicide and his scheme for carrying it out. Like Stavrogin he was perpetually bored; freedom bored him. When his attempts at killing himself failed, he became bored with these pseudo-suicides. But the problem of suicide is not delineated in his novels except in *The Heart of the Matter*, where it is tied up with the religious issue.

It is Existentialist fiction that projects with intense imaginative pessimism the realization of man's nothingness. Man's existence contains its own negation and is headed inevitably toward death. Man is oppressed by the sense of his finitude, his involvement in death. As he contemplates his own mortality, he achieves the gift of freedom, but out of it springs the feeling of dread: the perception that he hangs precariously over the abyss of nothingness.

Hence he comes to face the question: why live? The Existentialist concerns himself of necessity with the problem of the meaning of life. Thus we come back to the ontological and religious contradictions that tormented Dostoevski's principal characters. It is in the inaccessible privacy of the heart that the energy is born to make an end of it all and that man leaps out of the circle of time. That is where the determination to commit suicide has its inception. When man glimpses the blinding truth of nothingness, he is plunged into eternal night. Somewhere, at some point in his journey to the end of darkness, he breaks his attachment to life and arrives at this fateful decision. What does such a decision reveal if not that life is too much for the man; he no longer considers it worth the trouble to go on living. By consenting to death, he recognizes the absurdity of all attitudes, even this habitual love of life. Why suffer? Why strive? For what purpose?

Suddenly he is overcome with the feeling that he is an utter stranger in a universe which is not only indifferent to his needs and ideals but completely incomprehensible. Deprived of all consolatory illusions, he regards himself as an alien on earth, whose life — and all of life as a matter of fact — is absurd. Once he apprehends this shattering truth, what is he to do? Is suicide, Camus asks in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, the only logical alternative? Yet many who negate the world still cling tenaciously to life. Rare indeed is it to find a perfect consistency between theory and conduct. The will to live is not to be broken by dint of philosophical argument. Life surpasses thought; the body, by a perverse, unconquerable logic of its own, triumphs over the mandates of reason. Hence man tends to flee from the consequences of his thinking, to evade the ultimate issue; he builds up high the tower of hope — the hope of immortality, redemption through faith in God, devotion to some cause that will fill his life with meaning. This is the biological illusion that betrays him.

But if he is actually convinced that life has no meaning, does it follow that it is therefore not worth living? Why do people commit suicide? Does the perception of absurdity infecting all of existence necessarily lead to suicide? As Camus phrases it, "Does the absurd dictate Death?" What does logic reveal when it is pursued inexorably to the end? Do human beings obey the principle of logic even to the absurd climax of death? The reasoning is in itself highly absurd. The fountains of feeling are not to be overlooked; they flow from mysterious subterranean sources and they disclose more, much more, than the language in which we attempt to clothe them. And these feelings are made known to us in fitful glimpses by our actions and commitments, by what we believe or think we believe, by our illusions as well as our sincerity. Feelings thus disclose themselves by the actions they motivate, the state of mind they support. Hence Camus maintains that true knowledge cannot be achieved; that is why it is so difficult to define the feeling of absurdity. How shall one deal with this aberration of absurdity? The main thing is not to compromise, not to draw back in fear from the implications of the truth. The absurd man — that is the phrase Camus uses — seeks to discover if it is possible to live *without appeal*.

Again the problem of suicide arises. The absurd man knows that in living he keeps the sense of the absurd alive. Camus then proceeds to demonstrate — by no means convincingly — why absurd experience is remote from suicide. Whereas the suicide accepts existence, the man in revolt refuses to do so. The former anticipates his end in the future and thus settles the problem of the absurd, whereas the absurd man rejects death. He confronts the Gorgon-face of reality without illusion. In short, revolt is the opposite of renunciation. Suicide is repudiation. The absurd man, exhausting the limits of experience, relies on his ultimate weapon — defiance.

Like Kirillov, Camus asks if man is free or is subject to a master. If God exists, then man is not free and God must stand condemned as the originator of evil. If man is free, then he must bear full responsibility for his actions. What kind of freedom, after all, can God confer on man? To have freedom — that means freedom to think and to act. The philosophy of the absurd, while it abolishes the kingdom of

eternity, restores freedom to man. But even this is an illusion. The numinous encounter with the absurd destroys all possibility of meaning. Death is not only the sole reality but the supreme absurdity. Nothing in this condition of man can be changed. But without the assurance of eternity, what value can freedom possibly have?

Once the double illusion of freedom and of a high purpose to be fulfilled in life is destroyed, man is truly free, for he has been liberated from the myth of the future. The absurd man finally accepts a universe which is incomprehensible and built on nothingness; he finally accepts a life that is without hope and without consolation. Rejecting the solution offered by suicide, Camus stresses the importance of being aware of one's life to the utmost, to see clearly, to refuse the temptation of suicide.

Camus therefore concludes that the novelist must keep faith with the absurd and renounce every illusion. He points to *The Possessed* as a classic example of the absurd. If life is indeed absurd, then why not condemn Nature and make an end of it all? Logical suicide, however, is an act of revenge. Kirillov takes his life because he is possessed by an idea. His suicide is an act of revolt; he behaves absurdly but his action is dictated by an overweening ambition. If God does not exist, then he is god. But God does not exist; therefore he must demonstrate the truth of this redemptive meaning by killing himself. He illustrates the tragic dilemma of the intellectual who confronts life in a universe that has no God. That is his besetting madness and yet he is not mad. He refuses to serve any master. By slaying God he usurps His power. He kills himself in order to liberate man from the thralldom of hope. Strangely enough, it is out of love for deluded mankind that he takes his life. He is the first Existentialist hero, the personification of the absurd.

The modern fictional protagonist, living in an age of Freud, global wars, atomic bombs, and genocidal manias, is thrust into a reality and a world of time that is radically different from the one in which the Dostoevskian hero lived. The modern "hero" who debates whether or not to commit suicide is passing judgement on the quality of life in the twentieth century. It is society he is condemning as well as the universe at large. If he cannot believe in the Second Coming,

if there is no God, if time stretches out meaninglessly to the crack of eternity, then being alive is a useless privilege. Like Quentin in *The Sound and the Fury*, the modern "hero", before he commits suicide, is obsessed with the burden of time. It is this obsession with time that adds a new dimension to the metaphysics of absurdity.

The twentieth-century literary obsession with time is psychologically linked with the awareness of death. Man cannot reverse the movement of time, since each moment lived draws him closer to the end. Time is his burden and his doom because it brings vividly before him the knowledge of his own death. Here is the existential contradiction that overshadows all of life: time the creator and destroyer, womb and tomb. All that man strives for so earnestly may be cut short by the coming of death. This is the spectre that haunts the imagination of modern man — the realization of the futility of life dominated by time. But few of the characters in contemporary fiction who utter an Everlasting Nay ever commit suicide. They seem to have no intention of bidding this farcical world good-bye. Why die and thus give up the opportunity of condemning a world which is steeped in absurdity? They curse existence, these rebels, at the same time that they refuse to abandon it. If there is a lack of logic in the rôle they play, this is the fault of logic, not of life. If man dies, he loses everything. It is the threat of death, not the suicidal compulsion, that is the recurrent motif in contemporary literature.

The modern literati have achieved an uneasy truce with the finality of death. Absurdity drives out the logical necessity for dying by one's own hand; if it is absurd to live it is even more absurd to die. Camus voices the singular courage of the humanist who, having disposed of God and the question of immortality, is resolved to live as fully as he can while he protests against the universal injustice of death. But it is difficult, if not foolish, to argue with a literary philosopher of the absurd. The logic of the race is rooted in animal faith. As long as one decided to live on — and the writer has already decided that by composing a book — then the only conceivable purpose of life is richness of experience, the fulfillment of the self. The creative man may, like Dostoevski or Camus, question the ultimate meaning of existence, he may even perceive the essential absurdity of the universe

and man's place in it, but he will never look upon his own productions as absurd. To recognize absurdity and to live productively in the face of it — that, too, is an affirmation of the courage to be. The writer has gazed into the heart of being and he is under an inner necessity, that transcends the metaphysics of absurdity, to deliver an imaginative report of the truth of his experience. The supreme absurdity of the twentieth-century writer is that, believing in many cases neither in the man-god nor in the God-man, he still goes on living productively. That is how the creative life-force surges up in him and triumphs over the death-instinct.

The Conversion

by

GÉRARD BESSETTE

LAST Monday at about eleven o'clock, just as I was getting ready to go to bed, I was called to the telephone: my old friend, Etienne Beaulieu, had had a sudden and violent attack of paralysis. I dressed quickly and, without even stopping for my hat, I hurried over to his house which was a ten-minute walk away.

I had known Etienne for a very long time. We had studied together at college and later at university. We had taken our degree in law in the same year and had set up an office together on St. James Street in Montreal. Two years ago we had both retired from practice, but we still saw each other regularly two or three times a week. Poor Etienne, yesterday still so vigorous, and now perhaps at the point of death. How empty life would be without him!

His daughter and son-in-law, with whom he lived, received me distractedly. The doctor, who had arrived just ahead of me, was already examining the patient in his room, from which he presently withdrew.

"Well, Joseph?" I asked him.

The doctor, also an old friend, shook his head.

"It's the end, old man . . . only a few hours more."

A heavy sadness oppressed me as Emilie fell sobbing into her husband's arms. Then suddenly she stopped crying and said:

"We must call the priest."

We all looked at one another with some embarrassment. I had been expecting this proposal, but could find no reply. The problem seemed insoluble. Like most French Canadians, Emilie and her husband, Julien Brasseur, were fervent Catholics, belonging to almost all the pious societies in their parish and bringing up their children in the strictest orthodoxy. Needless to say, Etienne's atheism had been one of their greatest worries. Always hoping he would be converted

on his death-bed, they had preferred to forget about it, placing their faith in some providential event. Now, death was pressing them. It was now or never. But how?

Etienne was not one of those wavering and frivolous free-thinkers, always ready to change his opinion and refusing to discuss religion seriously. Nor was he one of those fanatics who continually insult God and Providence in an effort to hide their doubts beneath the violence of their attacks. He remained what he had been ever since his college days: a cold, reasoning, systematic materialist, absolute in his conviction.

Though he rarely entered upon religious subjects himself, it did not displease him to argue when attacked. He would then reason coldly, quietly, without any hostile feelings, sincerely desirous of convincing his opponent, because, as he said, he felt sorry for all those people who deprived themselves of the good things in life for the sake of a myth. He never insisted beyond measure and would hold his peace as soon as the discussion threatened to become violent or if he felt that his listeners were impervious to his arguments.

When he chaffed his daughter for her piety, it was without malice, to tease her, as he would for her dress or her hat. He even numbered among his friends several priests—former colleagues for the most part—with whom he would spend long evenings of discussion over a pipe and whiskey. I remember his reply when one of them predicted that at the approach of death he would do like all the others, and seek conversion:

"It's possible, my friend, quite possible. But, then, I would not be normal, I would not be entirely myself, my thoughts would not be clear and calm as they are now . . ."

"You'll do it just the same, you'll see!"

"Possibly, possibly, though at the moment I don't think so. But even if I did, it wouldn't prove anything. What sort of glory would it be for the Church to triumph over a sick man whose suffering weakens his judgement and whose irrational fear forces him to perform actions which he would disavow if his mind were entirely clear?"

All these factors contributed greatly to my embarrassment when Emilie asked me in a suppliant tone:

"You are his best friend, Monsieur Dorval: won't you try to convince him, prepare him for the priest's arrival? . . . I am afraid to go myself . . ."

I hesitated a moment, then took refuge in polite refusal, murmuring something to the effect that religion was a personal matter and that any effort would be useless anyhow. Then I entered the sick room.

As I drew near the bed, I noticed to what extent the hemiplegia had already wasted his features. The left side of his face, pale, smooth and shining like tissue paper, seemed to be pulled downward by a heavy weight, presenting a pitiful contrast to the right side, strong and alive, wrinkled and ruddy as in normal times.

He must have heard me enter, for as soon as I approached his pillow, he opened his right eye, lifted the left eyelid with his forefinger and looked at me. I was aware that he recognised me and that in all probability his mind was still entirely clear.

"How are you, old fellow?" I asked him, ashamed of not finding anything better than this trite phrase.

"As you can see: it won't drag on very much longer . . ."

I did not dare answer him with the sort of trivial and lying words of encouragement that one usually dispenses to sick people, for I knew they would be wasted on him.

"Do you need anything?"

"No . . . nothing, thanks. I would only like to be left alone for a while, if you don't mind. I'll ask for you later . . . When you came in, I was in the process of reviewing my life and I was trying to think as intensely as I could . . . A wonderful thing, the human mind . . . We are so accustomed to having one that we pay no attention to it as a rule . . . But when we feel it will soon come to an end, that it will leave us any moment . . . then we try to take advantage of what is left . . ."

He was silent. I was about to leave when Emilie, followed by her husband, opened the door suddenly and walked towards the bed with an air of decision. The violence of her effort led her to forego any diplomatic preparation:

"You are very sick, Papa," she said . . . "Would you like us to send for the priest?"

Etienne, who had closed his eyes, calmly proceeded to open them again, as before. He had been expecting this question, as well as the ensuing battle, for a long time. He seemed just a little annoyed, a little pained to see that even his last few minutes were being stolen from him, that he could not devote them to thought and meditation, as he would have liked.

"No," he answered simply, doubtless judging that it was unnecessary to add more, and wanting to save his strength.

"But, Papa, you might die . . . Aren't you afraid?"

"Wouldn't you like to confess? You would be more at peace afterwards," added Julien. "The priest will be here in a few minutes . . . we called him just now . . ."

The patient had closed his eyes again and, apparently unconscious, remained motionless. The left side of his poor distorted face, smooth as though it had been ironed, seemed taut as the skin on a drum.

"Papa, do you understand us?"

"No," he answered in exactly the same tone as before. And everyone knew that this "No" was not in answer to the last question but to his daughter's initial proposal.

At this moment, the doctor entered the room. "You are tiring him," he said softly. "Leave me alone with him. You may return in about fifteen minutes."

I saw my friend sigh with relief as I went out with the other two.

We had just sat down in the living room when Etienne's two other children, his younger daughter, Lucile, with her husband, and Gustave, his son, a widower, came in.

After the usual questions about the state of the patient and the details of his attack, Gustave anxiously asked Emilie:

"Did you call the priest?"

"Yes . . . it's no use. He doesn't want one."

"Are you sure?"

"Naturally I'm sure! I asked him twice and he stubbornly refused."

Gustave seemed completely dumbfounded. He was a fat, paunchy man with a red face, who spoke with violent gestures and in a thundering voice. Being president of the *Société Saint-Basile*, a patriotic and religious organization which included about 100,000 members in Montreal and throughout the province, he was thinking of the harm his unrepentant father would do to his own political ambitions if he were refused Christian burial.

"Bah! What does it really matter anyhow?" asked Lucile's husband. Lionel was an agnostic who attended church only to be obliging — to "please the family"—and he never missed an opportunity to attack his brother-in-law.

"What does it matter!" exclaimed Emilie.

"Exactly," he replied. "If he is sincere with himself he will be *saved* just the same!"

He detached the word *saved* as though it were placed between quotation marks, to show that he used this *technical* word only for the understanding of his listeners.

"But he is baptized! He is a Catholic!" cried Emilie.

"We're not free to believe what we like, my dear Emilie. It's just as impossible for an unbeliever . . ."

"And me, me, what happens to me with all this? Do you realize all the harm his stubbornness is going to cause me?" shouted Gustave.

"I must admit I had forgotten about your considerable self, my dear," replied Lionel. "I was wrong: this evidence of unselfishness is really touching!"

"We'll have to give it a last try," Gustave went on, pacing back and forth in the living room, without deigning to notice his brother-in-law's insinuations.

At this moment, the door-bell rang. It was the priest, a young curate with a pale, ascetic face. Emilie had preferred him to Etienne's friends who, knowing him too well, would perhaps not have been insistent enough. In a few words she informed him of the situation. He seemed at a loss, uncertain, unused to such complexities.

"I shall go in just the same," he said at last; "it's my duty."

"Will he be refused Christian burial?" asked Gustave anxiously.

"If he does not confess, if he shows no repentance . . ."

"You could always say he showed some and admit him just the same," objected Julien. "Once he's dead, what does it matter?"

"It's impossible . . ."

"It will cause a scandal, Father, a scandal which will reflect on the entire Church."

"The Church cannot take such considerations into account . . ."

As he was finishing this sentence, the doctor came out of the room.

"Nothing new," he said in reply to the questioning looks which were directed towards him. "He will last a few hours more . . ."

"We'll go and see him first, Father, to prepare him for your visit," declared Gustave, fearing that the curate would spoil everything through his zeal and inexperience.

And everybody tip-toed into the room while the priest fell into an arm-chair and started to invoke the Holy Ghost.

Etienne had not altered his position. He remained on his back, motionless, eyes closed, half of his face distorted by the paralysis.

"How do you feel, Papa?" asked Gustave.

He opened his unparalysed eye. "Well enough, I hardly feel any pain."

A long silence followed. The same thought was in every mind, but no one dared utter it. At last Emilie found strength: "The priest is here, Papa. Do you want to see him?"

"No."

The ice was broken: now all spoke at once.

"Have you thought it over carefully?"

"You can't die like this, like a pagan . . ."

"The curate said you could not be brought into the church . . ."

"Think of all the embarrassment it will cause us . . ."

"My career will be jeopardized indefinitely . . ."

Etienne remained stolidly silent before all these arguments, eyes shut, as though deaf. Not a muscle in his face moved.

"Then it's understood? We'll tell him to come in?" asked Gustave in an uncertain voice.

"No!" (A firm, convinced "no", leaving no shadow of a doubt).

They shrugged silently at each other and went out with bowed heads. And once more I heard Etienne give a sigh of relief. I approached the bed again.

"Do you need anything, Etienne?"

"No, nothing, thank you . . . just a little peace and quiet . . . but that, apparently, is the only thing in the world they won't give me . . ."

"It's all over, now, old man. They won't dare return unless you call them. At any rate I'll speak to them about it."

As I entered the parlour, the priest said:

"Very well, I shall go in by myself."

"Father, Etienne wants to be alone . . . I believe it would be better for you not to go in . . . he wants to rest . . ."

"The repose of his soul is more important than that of his body, Monsieur Dorval . . . perhaps God will help me find the necessary words . . ."

"But don't you understand, he won't have it! He wants to be left alone!" I cried angrily.

"He might change his mind. God's mercy is infinite . . ."

"He's right," approved Emilie. "Let him go in. We must try everything."

I sat down, defeated and dismayed, not daring to object further. Only Gustave broke the silence, pacing the floor like a caged beast. The others sat with bowed heads, absorbed in their thoughts.

Several minutes passed. Suddenly the curate, paler than usual, his eyes bright, opened the door and said in a heavy voice:

"I think he has lost consciousness . . . he does not hear me . . ."

We all sprang up and Emilie ran to the patient's side crying:

"Papa, Papa, are you unconscious? Answer me! Did you understand what the curate told you?"

"NO!"

This time, a certain exasperation was perceptible in his voice.

"You see: it's no use," she said to the disconcerted young priest.

Silently we returned to our places in the parlour where the priest proposed the recitation of the prayers for the dying.

"Go ahead; it can't do any harm," answered Gustave.

"It won't change his mind, though," added Lionel.

And the monotonous voice of the priest, more dismal than silence, filled the room. I shivered with horror, reflecting that soon it would be my turn to die and that people would pray like this for my salvation. I would have liked to scream, to rush out, to escape this oppressive atmosphere.

Suddenly Lucile cried, interrupting the priest:

"But why don't you send in Monique? You know that Papa could never refuse her anything . . ."

Monique was Emilie's daughter, a child of ten whom Etienne doted on and spoiled frightfully.

A new hope shone on all faces at this suggestion. The curate, uncertain whether he should continue his prayer or not, looked a little abashed. Gustave stopped pacing the floor and, clapping his hands:

"By golly, that's an ideal!" he cried.

Emilie and her sister ran upstairs to wake the child.

"You never know, it might work," said Gustave.

"It's an inspiration from heaven, brethren," declared the priest, regaining his confidence. "I am sure that God, hearing our prayers, has taken pity on this lost sheep . . ."

The two women soon came back with the child in her dressing-gown between them, her hair tousled, rubbing eyes that were puffy with sleep and dazzled by the light.

"You know what you must do, Monique?"

"Yes, Mama."

"Show him that you feel very badly about it . . . implore him . . . tell him everybody is sad . . ."

"Yes, Auntie."

"And don't forget to pet him like you do when you want some presents!"

"No, Uncle."

"Permit me to bless her, Madame, before she makes the supreme effort," the priest said solemnly. And the child knelt, awed and trembling, grave and a little frightened at the importance of the mission confided to her.

"Don't forget anything I told you," repeated Emilie.

"No, Mama."

And they led her towards her grandfather's room . . .

She remained there a long time, half an hour perhaps. We hardly spoke, absorbed as we were in the drama which was going on in the adjoining room. Gustave had begun pacing again. From time to time Emilie rose worriedly and put her ear to the door of the room, then came sighing back to her seat.

The sudden sound of the opening door made us start in our places.

"Mama, Mama, he said yes!"

Without a word, Emilie dashed into the room closely followed by the rest of us:

"Is it true, Papa? You said yes?"

"Yes," he replied in the same tone with which he had said "no" a few minutes before.

"You want to confess?"

"Yes."

The priest ran to fetch his stole and we left him alone with Etienne.

This time, the conversation was quite lively, each one making comments and trying to guess how the sudden conversion had happened.

"By golly! We've done it!" said Gustave happily.

"You see, Monsieur Dorval," Emilie told me, "one must never despair. If we had listened to you he would still be impenitent."

"Well, what do you think of that?" Lucile asked her husband. "Do you still think it's a fake?"

Embarrassed, Lionel shook his head without answering.

Soon the curate came back, his face shining.

"Brethren, we must thank God and need no longer fear: Monsieur Beaulieu has made an exemplary confession. I have never seen such an edifying conversion."

"Thank God, thank God," sobbed Emilie.

"Bravo, Father," cried Gustave. "You did a wonderful job. You'll have a glass of whiskey now, won't you?" he asked, walking towards the bar.

"No, thank you, I never drink," replied the priest.

Then, turning towards me:

"The patient has expressed the desire to see you, Monsieur Dorval."

When I entered the room, I thought Etienne's breathing had become more difficult. Drops of perspiration hung on his forehead and a vague flush coloured his paralysed cheek. But still he had not moved.

"You asked for me?"

"Yes, come closer," he said, "closer . . . I have a confession to make . . ."

"Ah!"

"Yes. The others, I don't mind; they may think what they like . . . but you, I want you to know . . . I have been a coward . . ."

"A coward?"

"Yes . . . I have not changed my opinion, you know . . . I am as unbelieving as ever . . ."

"Were you afraid?"

"Afraid? . . . No, no, not at all . . . What should I be afraid of? No . . . but I could not resist . . . the poor child was so put out . . . she cried so pitifully . . . And I, I didn't mind the actual confession so much . . ."

"Don't worry your head about it now!"

"No, no, I am not worrying . . . it is permitted for the dying to have some weaknesses, I suppose . . ."

A vague smile lingered on his lips and I could not tell whether it was due to this last whim, or whether it was at the thought of the joke he was playing on the others, on the "Philistines", as he sometimes called them.

As I left the room, the priest, followed by his assistants, was entering for Extreme Unction.

THREE RIVERS

by

ANNE MARRIOTT

Three rivers run night, day-long in my mind —
Skagit, Skaist, sweeping Similkameen
rush through dark valleys deep inside the bone,
roar in the ears' shells like remembered seas;
frantic with thaw, bursting from swelling hills
welter of mud and snow, gouge sand and stone,
rip timid sapling, atrophied root from bank —
to slide through freed channels all sweet summer long.

Three names, three springs, ran day, night in my mind —
joy and pain, locked, tumbled in freshet flood,
unblocked stiff courses, hurtling loose to sea.
Three rivers flow secret, dark, inside my head.

Music And The Iron Curtain

by

MURRAY SCHAFER

A Canadian with first-hand knowledge of life behind the iron curtain discusses the rôle of music in cultural exchanges between East and West.

THOUGH politically East and West can never be reconciled, there is much to show that, as far as culture goes, the rift is becoming less conspicuous. In time, all but that art which is politically provocative may well come to be regarded as common heritage. The present cultural exchanges between East and West will tend to wear down mutual antagonism and will stimulate the appetite of each side to share the artistic advantages of the other.

Of the arts, music, the most binding, should play a leading rôle in any such coalition of cultures. It knows no language barrier. Its power over the human soul is legendary, and cannot be lightly dismissed even by a Lenin, who expressed his secret regret to Gorki that music should make him feel tender just when he wanted least to feel that way. No society, however tough or restrictive, has been able to do away with it completely.

Some suppose music has a moral purpose; others think not. Whether a man is any "better" for listening to Beethoven has never been determined. The unique feature of music is its abstractness which theoretically renders it amoral. Since its language describes neither events nor ideas, it betrays no loyalty to "causes". Of course it is often given this imputation. For centuries the Church, for example, employed music successfully in the distribution of holy "messages". Still, any "message" that music is expected to communicate must be indicated by non-musical means — by texts or other

associations. One may advocate that painters and poets preoccupy themselves with certain themes, or one may bowdlerize their work of those passages felt to be indecent or out of sympathy with one's way of looking at the world; but one cannot say that a melody or harmony has a "bourgeois" ring or a "socialist" modulation. One can simply say that "socialist" or "bourgeois" composers are fond of certain musical characteristics.

Only in such a way could the famous socialist definition of "formalism" and "socialist realism" in art be applied to music. Formalism implies that a creative artist concerns himself too much with the form of his work to the detriment of its content. Obviously this distinction cannot be made as easily in music as in the other arts, since in music material and design are one and the same thing. Is, for instance, a melodic phrase or harmonic progression form or content? Nevertheless, many Soviet composers have been accused of "formalistic deviation". In 1948, during the First Congress of Soviet Composers, a sudden tightening of policy made life uncomfortable for the whole Pantheon of Soviet giants—Prokofieff, Shostakovich, Khachaturian, Miaskovsky—and overnight their names were replaced with those of lesser-known, but more compliant composers who became the new heroes of Socialist music. Ironically enough if the principle of "formalism" is applied uncompromisingly to all music, Mozart appears to be the greatest malefactor. Nowhere else does one find such delicate concern for orderliness as in his music. Yet Mozart's music has, of course, never been banned in communist countries.

"Socialist Realism" was defined by the First Congress of Soviet Composers as "the fundamental task of Soviet composers, the expression of the chief ideas of our time in a simple, natural musical language which can be understood by the People". This meant clinging firmly to the music which had its roots in the masses—to folk music. Such a tendency hardly needed to be encouraged in Eastern European composers who, under the stimulus of the past, from Dvorak to Bartok, were anxious to reap still more of the rich harvest of folk music extant in all East European countries from Russia and Poland to Bulgaria and Albania.

With the more liberal approach to art since Stalin's death, much of the former preoccupation with defining and defending communist aesthetics has been dropped. During a recent trip to four communist countries I was not once able to extract a satisfactory definition of "formalism" from any of the many composers, critics and musicologists I met. I got one dogmatic definition: "Formalist music is the music of Bartok, Stravinsky and Schoenberg". In actual fact these composers, or at least two of them, are receiving many performances in most Eastern European countries today. The same informant said the roots of "formalism" could be detected in Debussy. I asked him if he liked Debussy. "A great deal," he replied, "but he is dangerous if we take his aesthetics too seriously." His anxiety was exceptional. Others present disagreed with his definition, but no one attempted a more satisfactory one.

"Socialist Realism" has a wider practical effect. It implies not only an abiding devotion to folk music, but also that music should have an ethical purpose—that evoked by the same words in their political sense. Despite music's abstract nature which renders it the least effective of all the arts as a vehicle for propaganda, a serious attempt is being made to secure at least as much loyalty from it as the church enjoyed in former times. The most articulate way in which it can be employed for the dissemination of messages is by wedding it with a text. In communist countries therefore, vocal music — cantatas, operas and songs — flourishes. The texts, according to principles laid down on numerous occasions, may fall into two classes: they may be based on "modern themes", that is, those concerned with socialist life, its struggles and victories; or they may be based on "historical themes" drawn from suitable historical epochs of the past. It is here that composers are allowed many liberties to "go modern". I have often thought that, if one were to study a history of dissonance in music, one would find that vocal and operatic composers have made the most significant contributions, for often the text calls for an underscoring of exceptionally bold musical gesture.

In Romania, for example, I listened to a striking cantata by the young composer Iuliu Olah. Musically it was most up to date. Had

it been conceived as "pure" music — as a symphony perhaps — I am sure it would not have met with as much critical approval as it did in the form of a cantata. As a text the composer had chosen an historical theme, a rather bloodthirsty incident from mediaeval Romanian history. It concerns a peasant insurrection, the leader of which, George Doscha, was caught and tortured in a hideous manner. He and his followers were starved for a week, at the end of which Doscha was roasted alive on a throne of red-hot iron. His followers were ordered to eat his carcass, being informed that those who did would be set free and those who refused would be killed. This incident, intoxicating with possibilities for the dramatic composer, was treated with great musical skill by Olah; and, as it dealt with the hero of a peasant revolution, critics thought twice before condemning the work.

This is one extreme. On the more popular front there are the "Socialist Realist" musicals, much in vogue with what would be the Eastern European equivalent of the American glee club. One extreme example I encountered lasted well over an hour. The scenario, set to snappy tunes in a quasi-folk idiom, went roughly like this:

Curtain. Shepherd on stage playing flute. Song about sheep. Enter chorus of young men and women in modern dress with construction tools and loads of bricks. They begin to build and sing partisan song. Shepherd, in consternation, tries to shoo them off his pasture. Chorus replies that they are building penicillin factory, and that with the industrialization of the socialist state, penicillin is more valuable than sheep. Song about glories of penicillin. Shepherd still objects but is gradually won over, and in fast recitativo is persuaded to give up his sheep and go to university to become chemist. Song about glories of socialist universities. Two men arrive in white smocks and rubber gloves. They are scientists sent from the Soviet Union to aid in the establishment of the laboratory. Brotherhood song. A bourgeois couple in Edwardian dress, man with top hat and cane, scoff at the penicillin factory. They are chased off-stage. Song about bourgeois imperialism and Foster Dulles. Music works to climax as red star is placed on completed factory. All join in singing the "Communist International".

To those accustomed to commercial advertisers employing music to dramatize their products, the novelty of encountering it in state

propaganda causes much reflection about both kinds of patronage. And why do these patrons always content themselves with such bad music?

But there are dedicated socialist composers whose music purposely avoids all audacity and hauteur without becoming "kitschig". These are reactionary composers in the better sense of that word. One of the most interesting of these reactionary composers is Ljubomir Pipkow whom I met in Sofia. He was a pupil of Ravel and Nadia Boulanger and had been a member of the *avant-garde* in Paris during the twenties. "A whole nation is lifting itself up," he said. "It is no longer a question of writing music for an educated periphery. We are humanists and are ready to sacrifice our pride, even our individuality, for the sake of writing music that will inspire the people." I protested that, if one arrests art at a comfortable or comprehensible point, there will be little chance of getting beyond it. One's appreciation of art only increases through a liberal and constant association with new art. "You misunderstand our country," he replied. "For us this is new art. Before 1945 we were a nation of illiterate peasants. Most of us had never heard a symphony orchestra, let alone a composition by Schoenberg. The process of education will be a long one and we must start at the beginning."

In Hungary I had several conversations with the celebrated composer and folklorist Laszlo Lajtha. I asked him why he was against recent developments in music, and particularly the twelve-tone system of Schoenberg. He replied: "There are many different tone-systems in existence in the world today and there is no point in discussing whether they are good or bad. The pentatonic is neither better nor worse than the septatonic one. All systems are good if they suit their purpose, are useful to the cultures for which they were developed, and are able to express in the most satisfactory way the artistic aspirations of those cultures. European music after Wagner became progressively chromatic until this chromaticism was ultimately organized systematically by Schoenberg. The question is: was the time ripe? The international interest in folk-music is not only a demand for nationalism, but more a desire and need to have music that can

be sung. This brings audiences closer to the music they are hearing; in their minds their voices are participating. When we lose touch with the human voice we begin to lose touch with the human soul too. It seems to me that twelve note music and electronic music should exist in a separate category from Mozart and Beethoven and Bartok."

I asked him if he did not feel electronic music was an inevitable development. "I don't want to be misunderstood," he replied. "I don't believe flocks of people went to see Cimabue's first non-Byzantine Madonna in the beginning either. But isn't this the point; it was still a madonna, not a robot!"

As yet, the only communist country to experiment officially with electronic music is Poland. In fact, artistic conditions in Poland appear to be much freer than in any other country. Still, it is difficult to determine just how long the authorities will continue to tolerate and patronize art if it progresses to the point of being hostile and inimical to their own ends.

A few atonal composers can be found in most countries and the scores of Boulez and Stockhausen are circulated among the interested. Many of these, such as the brilliant young Bulgarian composer Konstantin Iliev, are former pupils of the Czech Alois Haba, the first occidental composer to experiment seriously with quarter-tones, as well as one of the first to advocate athematic composition, (i.e. music in which no element, rhythmic or thematic, is repeated, thus producing a mosaic of unrelated sounds). Curiously enough Haba has recently renounced his former theories. But his pupil Iliev has not. His twelve-tone music receives no performances in his native land, although fortunately this composer is gifted enough to provide in addition a kind that meets with official approval. Is he bitter? No more so than the Canadian composer who, after composing a symphony, has to wait five years for its performance, and then has to spend \$150 to get the parts copied in order to gain a performance fee of \$25.

The affairs of the composers in all communist countries are managed by the Composers' Unions. They are his publishers, performing rights society, club, chief critic and only benefactor. These organiza-

tions, though they vary from country to country, strike one immediately by their prestige and affluence. In Romania, for example — which I take arbitrarily not so much because it is typical, but because I had a chance to study the administration and financial organization of the Union there — a composer may receive as much as \$4,000 for the composition of a symphony. This is only the "creation fee" and must not be confused with the performing rights fee or publisher's dividends, each of which comes on top of this. The creation fee is simply a financial tribute for having made a symphony. Moreover, an artist may, if he has an idea for a work, draw an advance on his creation fee and retire to one of the several state-operated "creation houses" (the term has its own special paradox, but I translate literally) where he can work in peace. There is little doubt that, with such magnificent compensations for acceptable music, the resistance of many composers is worn down. There are also many state prizes (with financial complements) for those whose music wins exceptional public favour. The conformist composer can live very well indeed!

As for the performing musicians, they are all civil servants with the benefits of hospitalization and holidays. Instrumentalists receive pensions at sixty; singers, five to ten years earlier. In many countries their wages are computed on a double scale of talent and seniority, so that a young instrumentalist with much talent may earn, at the beginning of his career, as much as an older one with little talent though many years' service.

During my trip I was constantly asked whether I thought Canadians would be interested in cultural exchanges. People were eager to hear Canadian performing artists and hoped that some would have the initiative to visit them in the not too distant future, adding that they also expected Canadian artists to give them a taste of Canadian music.

The major obstacle to the success of cultural exchanges between East and West is that for the communist art is not and cannot be a matter of aesthetics alone. It must be a positive and continual source of inspiration to the masses in the accomplishment of their reform. For example, Mr. Zukhov, the director of the Russian Ministry for

Cultural Relations, in a recent article in *Mezhdunarodnaya Zhizn* (November, 1959), attacked those who attempted to substitute for the question of cultural ties that of the so-called "free dissemination of ideas". With this fundamental difference in our approaches to art, cultural exchanges might be a lost cause were it not for music. Music, the only art capable of being appreciated with or without moral values, is the art we can and must exchange as much of as possible.

Epic Design And Meaning In Michail Sholokhov's *Silent Don*

by

DAVID H. STEWART

A perceptive study of the epic qualities of "the first great portrayal of rural Russian life from the viewpoint of rural Russia itself".

The Silent Don is an epic in a fairly exact sense of the word. It is an epic not only because it embodies the standard motifs of heroic poetry, love, revenge and personal bravery; it is an epic because of its subject matter and language as well. *The Silent Don* is strongly reminiscent of the universal folktale about the wanderings and return home of a husband. It is a book about war, prowess and fame generally; its hero's ambition is to achieve glory through the material defense of his home. His creator, the epic singer Sholokhov, infuses the entire work with an impassioned patriotism. In language, the fixed epithet appears with distinction, although it is overshadowed by frequent and memorable epic similes.

That Sholokhov conceived of his work from the beginning as an epic is indicated by his initial title, *Donshchina*, which he may have discarded because it invited a too literal analogy with the old Russian epic-fragment *Zadonshchina* and because its archaism is somewhat affected and ostentatious. The title *Silent Don* (or, more correctly, *Quiet Don*) retains the required national and regional flavour and adds to it a quality which announces both the dignified tempo of the work and an implicit thematic attitude. The fourteen year period during which the book evolved explains another of its epic characteristics, namely its appearance of being the product of many hands, a kind of accumulation of narratives bound together not so much by its style as by its vast rhythms and harmonious themes. *The*

Silent Don may therefore be examined by a strict application of epic criteria concerning action, characters, language and thought. Here, however, the limitation of space obliges me to omit consideration of language and to reduce the discussion of thought to a few concluding remarks.

The Silent Don is the story of the fall of a people, witnessed specifically through the parallel fall of a hero whose rising fortune is dramatically reversed as a result of his fatally vacillatory nature. The central action provides unity for the discursive subject matter and elevates the whole above the level of a mere chronicle. It is richly anagogic because the "fall" can be taken in several senses: it is an Adamic fall as a result of pride, a Cain-ite fall as a result of fratricide, a Christian fall (probably unredeemed) through renunciation of divinity.

The book depends structurally upon a combination of two complementary principles, incremental repetition and symmetrical parallelism in the treatment of action and character. This explains partly the paradoxical response by readers who sense at once the sturdy continuity within the lives of Sholokhov's people yet also the tumultuous historical chaos seething around them.

To assist in the difficult task of ordering the historical events which occupy the decade that he treats, Sholokhov availed himself of a series of symmetries. First, he places the revolution between periods of relative peace, thus achieving a natural increase and decrease in intensity. Second, he resorts to the standard social class divisions for some of his subplots by delineating on the one hand the story of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie in coalition and on the other the story of the impoverished people, native and alien, who subsist on the lower verge of Cossack society. With the passage of time this symmetry is imperceptibly transmuted into the harsher dialectical triad of revolution when the Cossacks stand squarely between the White forces and the Red.

Another source of secondary narratives is the parallel treatment of individuals within a family. We find frequent references to the similarities and differences between Gregor Melekhov and his father.

We have the linked but very different lives of Gregor and his brother, of the sisters-in-law Dunia and Daria Melekhova. Gregor is flanked by a mistress and a wife, each pursuing independent paths through life which are alternately attractive to him. Beyond the family come friends and relatives: Gregor's boyhood chums Koshevoi and Korshunov typify the impoverished and the prosperous extremes within Cossack society; and beyond these are the Communist Stockman and the gentleman Listnitsky whose contact with Melekhov is tenuous yet ultimately of greatest importance since they symbolize the great forces which first collide in the revolution.

The numerous parallel and symmetrical subplots are in every case simple—that is, they contain no reversals except in the case of individuals who share the fate of a larger group—and Sholokhov picks them up or drops them as he needs them for comparison or contrast with the central action.

In the early volumes parallelism and contrast are often mechanical, hence restrictive: for example, the Communist Bunchuk's hands are black, aristocratic Eugene Listnitsky's white; the letters that pass between Gregor and his father are fumbling, troubled, half-literate compositions, those between Listnitsky and his father are pompous, decisive and stilted. These juxtapositions are simply too blunt and artificial. Sholokhov misses the eminently natural Tolstoyan ebb and flow of existence that he was apparently striving to achieve. Moreover, his handling of class conflict is at times too schematic, too visibly dependent on academic Marxism.

In the last parts, however, class appears only through living relationships between men and in this way becomes a more dramatic and effective determinant of behaviour. In addition, even when Sholokhov deliberately builds a situation externally comparable and parallel to one earlier in the book, the impression conveyed is not of repetition but change: for example, the sun darkens twice for Gregor and Aksinia Astakhova; thrice they meet by the Don and each meeting is crucial; time after time they are separated and each parting is more poignant, more powerful than the last. Here is the simple juxtaposition of objects and events from the passing stream of life, but we see them

only long enough to recognize the pattern; then they blend back into eternal flux.

The major plot, dealing with the Cossack people and specifically with Gregor Melekhov, is not complex in the usual sense of the single reversal of fortune; rather it reveals a number of turns, each one inspiring first hope and then despair, so that the general movement of the story is comparable to that of *Oedipus Rex* which rises through a series of minor revelations and obfuscations to a climactic understanding of man's fate. *The Silent Don* at the end crosses the line between epic and tragedy.

As in all epics, the improbable as well as the probable appears. Because Sholokhov works constantly with historical fact, the probable bulks large; indeed he at times abandons his fiction and incorporates journalistic accounts of events and reproduces documents in such profusion as to be objectionable because they interfere with the flow of the narrative. The improbable occupies a smaller place. We see it in two ways. Since he cannot implicate traditional gods, pagan or Christian, Sholokhov turns instead to nature and allows natural phenomena either to foreshadow events or miraculously to participate in and influence them. Thus steppe fires in the summer, vast accumulations of snow upon the land, or the spring thunder of ice breaking on the Don prophesy coming events or dramatize their meaning. Thus also a storm collaborates in Natalia's curse upon her husband, and Gregor himself actually enters and wins a race with a sunbeam during the battle of Klimovka. Most spectacularly, the sun grows dark when Aksinia Astakhova dies.

In the second place, Sholokhov uses folklore and superstition to suggest the miraculous. As the witches in *Macbeth* do not cause events but rather foreshadow them, so in *The Silent Don* the flight of an owl to the graveyard or the abnormal howling of wolves or the black magic practised by a village crone only anticipate future calamities instead of causing them, though some members of the community assume the opposite. So Homer has Zeus send the two eagles to tear themselves while hovering above Telemachos and the suitors. An additional note of mystery sounds in the prophetic melodies and lyrics

of the folk songs which occupy such a large place and invariably supply events with a contrapuntal musical accompaniment.

Appropriately, the tempo of events in *The Silent Don* changes. In the book's final form, action does not begin *in medias res*, although Sholokhov actually began writing at the exact middle point, namely the narrative of Kornilov's rebellion and attempted *coup d'état* in Petrograd, an event that properly introduces the long sequence of revolution and counter-revolution.¹ Instead, however, of placing background material in second place, Sholokhov, clearly imitating Tolstoy, puts it first because it contains information indispensable to an understanding of the subsequent behaviour of the Cossack people. Without the early parts of the work, dealing with their history and culture, the Cossacks' unique performance during the civil war might seem at first unintelligible. It will be remembered that Sholokhov's "fable" is not as universally known as Homer's or Virgil's.

In addition, by placing his study of the pastoral violence of old Cossack life first, Sholokhov is able to contrast its relatively slow and regular tempo with the veritable whirlpool of war and revolution under which the stable Cossack social structure disintegrates; and finally, having passed through the maelstrom, he can introduce the stately, muted movement at the end of the work when the tempo itself amplifies the sense of exhaustion and emptiness which characterizes post-revolutionary affairs.

What we have, then, is the slow rise and fall of an action whose dimension and variety give it considerable force. The little decade which *The Silent Don* covers everywhere erupts into eternity and flows along channels of time which seem centuries long instead of months. The book carries us from a world of semi-feudal collectivism through modern individualism and up to a new collectivism, thus representing

¹ "I began," Sholokhov wrote, "with a description of Kornilovism, with the beginning of Volume II of *The Silent Don*, and I wrote quite a bit. Then I saw it was impossible to begin with this and laid aside the manuscript. I set out anew and began with the old Cossack order, with the pre-war years; I wrote the three parts of the novel which comprise Volume I. . . . And when the first volume was finished and I had to continue writing on Petrograd and Kornilovism, I returned to the earlier manuscript and used it as Volume II. It was a shame to throw away the work already finished." From a letter to Isaak Lezhnev in his *Mikhail Sholokhov, Monograficheskii ocherk* (Moscow, 1941), pp. 28-9. The complete text of this interesting letter appears for the first time in Lezhnev's *Put' Sholokhova* (Moscow, 1958), pp. 228-31.

the entire historical shift which the West has experienced over the past five hundred years but through which the rest of the world is passing precipitously in the present century. This is what Sholokhov's symmetrical structure communicates; for the parallel events or situations, while they provide a sense of coherence and continuity, serve mainly to emphasize the incredible passage of time and the immeasurable changes wrought by it. Flux is the sole constant.

To the charge that *The Silent Don* is too long and contains too much literal history or too many superfluous episodes (the editors of the original English translation clearly believed this, as their abridgment shows)², one may admit that "interpolations" appear here as they do in any popular epic; yet they usually possess an intrinsic interest which justifies their inclusion. Witness, for example, Panteleimon Melekhov's drunken journey, the Old Believer's tale of the cruel commissar, the diary of the dead Cossack who lived with Liza Mokhova. To be sure, in the early volumes detailed accounts of the deployment of troops and virtual transcripts of conversations between commanders of armies concerning strategy may seem obtrusive to some readers and indicate a servility on the author's part to historical trivialities. One must, however, remember that *The Silent Don* was written for participants in the "Great October Revolution" and their descendants, just as the *Iliad* was sung for those Greeks who wanted the heroic record of their ancestors preserved.

A more important justification for the work's length appears when we note that a seemingly irrelevant episode often helps communicate the important sense of passing time; or it renders indispensable service by altering briefly the mood or atmosphere, relieving the tension of endless scenes of violence—for example Gregor and

² *The Silent Don*, tr. Stephen Garry, Knopf, New York, 1946, 2 vols. For a further discussion of editorial mutilation, see my essay, "The Silent Don in English", *The American Slavic and East European Review*, XV (April, 1950), 265-75. A new English edition has recently been made available by the Foreign Language Publishing House in the Soviet Union: *And Quiet Flows the Don* (Moscow, n.d. [1959]), tr. Stephen Garry, revised and completed by Robert Daglish. This will probably remain definitive in English, though it gives no variant readings to illustrate the numerous changes made in the Russian text over the past twenty-five years. For a discussion of these changes, see my essay, "The Textual Evolution of *The Silent Don*", *The American Slavic and East European Review*, XVIII (April, 1950), 226-37. In preparing the present essay, I have used the 1956 edition of Sholokhov's *Sobranie sochinenii* (Collected Works), vols. II-V.

Prokhor's goose hunt, Gregor's meeting with the happy, depraved woman with the ox cart. The directness of the central action permits one, digressions notwithstanding, to retain a comprehensive view of the whole, to contemplate the beginning, middle and end in a single purview.

II

We are accustomed in Western literature to extreme characters: on the one hand they are exquisitely sophisticated, disembodied intellects; on the other, they are mindless brutes living sensually with the meagerest spark of awareness. This of course is inevitable when writers and the intelligentsia for whom they write are alienated from general society and constrained to seek satisfaction either in their own elaborate cogitations or by frantic reconnoitering into the social nether regions where alienation is equal, though for different reasons.

It was Sholokhov's good fortune to write *The Silent Don* in and for a society which retained at least a degree of homogeneity and still tolerated the union of art with life. Thus one feels that his work, like Homer's, is an expression of the national life and culture, that it is simultaneously great and popular, that its aesthetic and ethical components are largely indistinguishable — a coincidence almost never achieved by Western writers in the twentieth century. Reasons for this may be found in many features of *The Silent Don*, but I think its characters explain most clearly the book's wide appeal.

The hero Gregor Melekhov, for example, although his contemplative faculty is rudimentary, comes perhaps closer to conveying the divisive force which makes Hamlet great than do comparable Soviet or Western literary heroes, despite their superior intellects. I cannot imagine anyone's claiming for the divided hero of *The Road to Calvary* or *Doctor Zhivago*, let alone the split personalities in the works of Faulkner or Camus, a more potent sense of agony suffered by individuals caught between colliding social systems or between historical-cultural contradictions which utterly devastate men's allegiances and loyalties. The explanation for this is that Gregor actually *lives* the contradictions that comprise his world, while others only think about them. His scars from the revolutionary trauma are physical as well

as mental and spiritual; theirs are psychic. Thus Gregor is not only fully realized, he is the most human figure of all, including even those who confront comparable revolutionary situations, as for example in Malraux's *Man's Fate*, Silone's *Bread and Wine* or Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Sholokhov has succeeded in drawing a hero who is profoundly moving not merely to the intelligentsia but to every man, as the millions of copies of the book in all languages testify.

The characters of *The Silent Don* divide queerly into three groups: the hero, his adversaries, and women. Since we know that women "took sides" in the revolution along with the men, this division is all the more difficult to explain; yet it is clear that the ladies, whatever their social class, are totally apolitical. This is practically true even of the young Jewess, Anna Pagoodka, whom we remember primarily as a woman, while her lover and comrade-in-arms is always the Communist Bunchuk. The Cossack women, possibly because native tradition barred them from political activity and other "men's business", seem to lack any sense of ideological commitment; therefore, although they exert a tremendous conservative influence, they are never condemned for it on political grounds. Daria Melekhova's murder of Ivan Kotliarov is an outrage against human decency, not a political crime. Perhaps this explains why Sholokhov's women are among his liveliest creations, though, of course, since they are women, their highest sentiments never accompany their greatest actions, and they remain intrinsically less interesting than the hero.

Of the many women in *The Silent Don*, three are monumentally drawn: the mother, the wife, and the mistress of Gregor Melekhov. They form a brilliant constellation around the hero. Ilinichna Melekhova is the traditional Cossack mother whose prototype we have met in Gogol's *Taras Bulba* where she is less intimately and fully portrayed.

The quality of Ilinichna which makes her a triumphant character is her reserve of inner strength—which is only partly revealed in overt action. To be sure, she is strong to accept the privations and responsibilities of the farm when her husband leaves to fight; her physical labour alone requires incredible stamina. Yet a power hitherto unseen begins to manifest itself toward the end of her life when we listen to her memories of youth or of the first days of marriage and

realize that beneath the burden of cruelty, injustice and exhausting labour which constituted her entire adult life, she has retained the joyous vitality, the effervescent and tempestuous passions and illusions of a girl. And more than this: reduced by the extremities of suffering in her last days to a life verging on despair when her sole sustenance was an agonized longing to see her son, still she finds the strength and wisdom to acknowledge the claims upon him of his mistress who had destroyed his marriage; still she finds fortitude to accept as her only daughter's husband the man who had slain her first-born child.

Russian literature has always been distinguished for its heroines, women of extraordinary perseverance; yet none surpasses Ilinichna Melekhova in this quality since none suffers greater adversity with more equanimity.

There is something regal in Gregor's wife Natalia, which emerges slowly as she matures. A proper daughter and wife, she masks her feelings behind a girlish decorum, until under the pressure of her husband's mocking indifference passion bursts forth and she attempts suicide. It is after this that we begin to witness the flowering of her rich, abundant nature: we watch her discover a mature indulgence of the flesh in order to please her children's father; we watch the growth of her love for her family, a love so potent that it seems almost tangible; finally we see her destroyed by the discovery that in spite of her adequacy, she is insufficient for Gregor. Realizing in her own chaste way that her mind and character have developed greatly, that she has become a noble woman, wife and mother, that experience has not contaminated her as it does so many but left her pure; realizing that all this is not enough for her man, who cannot or will not be satisfied, she first curses him but then relents and dies obsessed with the desire to be cleansed, to be purified of and in her own blood which her husband had somehow tainted. Her death, like Ilinichna's and Aksinia's is a terrible judgement upon Gregor who is in a sense their executioner.

Aksinia Astakhova's development is limited. Her character seems fully formed by the time that she, as a girl, was raped by her father and then promptly given into the hands of a brutal husband. She is a person made for passion and willing to endure all misfortunes in

order to fulfill her capacity for it. For this reason she is at times rather obtuse, and Gregor rightly calls her diseased with love. The sole motivation in her life is an intuitive quest for emotional satisfaction, and for this the mind is not a relevant organ. What grandeur she has comes from the incredible depths to which illusion and passion carry her, indeed to which she wilfully follows them. In her, passion is a subterranean conflagration. Her strangely magnetic love for Gregor draws him downward, step by step to new levels of savage, sensual delight and momentary oblivion. Even Listnitsky, whose illicit affair with her was brief, felt a life-long craving for the heavy, numbing passion in which she wrapped him. She is, in short, the kind of heroine who has found so much favour among our frightened twentieth century romancers, for example Orwell, Faulkner or Durrell.

So limited in mind, so accustomed to scorn and insults, so frequently driven to live in darkness following the fierce impulses of her nature, so loyal to the urgings of her own love-destiny, she is cut down almost by accident when her blind will has too long countered the equally blind movement of history. The magnificently sombre irony of her life reveals itself fully when Gregor buries her on the steppe, for she lies face-down with blank, half-open eyes still searching the sky, though the sky and the sun have turned black to mark her passing. As Natalia is associated with daylight and sunshine, so Aksinia is associated with darkness.

Of the other women in the Melekhov family, Daria is moved by lust rather than passion, though even she is redeemed by an unselfish desire to share her gross pleasures with men. Dunia is all laughter and music. Moved by the same gaiety and innocence that moved her mother, she is the one character in the book properly equipped to participate in the newer and better life of the future, since she is utterly selfless and therefore utterly free.

The category which I have labelled "adversaries" differs sharply from that used by Soviet critics who invariably distinguished between protagonists (Reds and their sympathizers) and antagonists (Whites and their sympathizers) and then place the hero in between. While this division is legitimate when applied to the first half of the work, and while it assists greatly in any socio-historical interpretation, it distorts what I take to be the book's central meaning in its final form.

The male characters of *The Silent Don* seem to retire into secondary positions because the hero is so imposing. Unlike Othello, Gregor has no Iago to act as counterpoise; instead he has three women, and the male foils come not singly but in groups, as if Gregor's prodigious figure requires several men for balance.

This is not to say that the book lacks well drawn male characters. The portraits of Gregor's father and brother, his friend Koshevoi, and the comical Prokhor Zykov are impressive, and of course there is a gallery of fascinating minor figures: for example the Korshunov men, Bunchuk, Fomin, Listnitsky, and others.

Pantaleimon is probably the most memorable of all. Erratic and irascible, he makes a sturdy but uneasy patriarch. He typifies at once the headlong strength, the vainglory, and the injustice of the old Cossack order. Lacking the first vestige of refinement, he hurls himself upon life with the ferocity and determination of a sly bull. And as long as his society retains sufficient coherence to supply secure standards of behaviour, he succeeds admirably. To his confusion, however, the society collapses. He stands bewildered, scratching his fleas, no longer an obeyed father, no longer the head of his house, no longer brave and clever, no longer anything at all but a pitiful scrap of humanity swirled down the river of defeat and left dead in a backwater. Almost unremembered, Pantaleimon's death is unique in the work, the sole example of death presented as finality rather than as a necessary prologue to rebirth or revival.

In addition to Pantaleimon, there are other characters who stand for the old order and function together as a gravitational field drawing Gregor toward the warm comforts of a secure past and providing meaning and coherence to his life. Initially his brother, Petro, plays a leading rôle.

Of greater importance is Izvarin. Because he is better educated than most Cossacks, he embraces the relatively sophisticated concept of a middle-road between the Whites and Reds, advocating Cossack autonomy. Gregor is instinctively moved by this specious doctrine and tries to embrace it until it betrays him by evolving into the unprincipled brigandage of Fomin's renegade band.

At the opposite pole is a constellation of characters embodying the revolutionary alternative which at times stirs Gregor's sympathies. The most important figures are Garanzha, a Ukrainian conscript, whose burning faith converts Gregor to the Bolshevik cause and sets him on his pursuit of truth; and Mishka Koshevoi, Gregor's friend, tempered hard by unjust treatment during his youth and by an implacable viciousness engendered during the Revolution. He follows the logic of his destiny to such extremes that his cause becomes as obnoxious to Gregor as that of Mitka Korshunov on the other side. Indeed, Koshevoi appears to symbolize everything factitious and fulsome in the Bolshevik promise—as well as everything worthy and strong.

What distinguishes all of the prominent male characters is their partisanship. Each has his own ideological and social cause, his own convictions, his own commitments. All represent one or more of the attitudes which men can entertain and live by during a time of revolution. Even Prokhor Zykov, the prankster and buffoon, lives consistently—by laughter if not by faith. What separates them from the hero is that he shares all attitudes but accepts and lives by none.

Gregor Melekhov is the *bogatyr* of the book, the Hamlet of the steppe, the eternal Rebel. His epithet is "wolf". If, as Aristotle says, the great action should be accompanied by a hero who is good and occupies a mean between saintliness and depravity, then *The Silent Don* is singularly blessed. Gregor, beginning perhaps as an errand boy and a fractious lad, gains in stature and dignity as he pursues his destiny until he reaches a position unrivalled in modern literature for valour, endurance and magnanimity; yet in no quality is he so far beyond the general man that emulation is discouraged.

The stages of his career are instructive. At first Gregor's life is instinctive, almost animal. Physical satisfactions alone answer his inner needs, though a craving for freedom and individuality presently reveal to him his capacity for a tumultuous and erratic emotional life. His suspicion of inequity and injustice in Cossack social life, dramatized by the dichotomy between desire and duty when he is torn between his mistress and his wife, is transformed into conviction under the pressures of military service; and war rips away the social masks, exposing the contradictions between illusion and reality. Influenced

by Bolshevism, the most radical diagnosis of society and the most radical doctrine for curing social ills, Gregor discovers hope; and his inarticulate longing for freedom and justice is temporarily systematised and given direction. He consciously searches for "truth".

But the pursuit of truth leads him into untried, alien ways. His Bolshevik faith demands that he befriend the Jew, the peasant, the outlander, demands that he transfer his allegiance from a rural to an urban life, demands finally that he betray his own family, his nation and most of the traditions absorbed during childhood. Disillusionment sets in. His wife, his home, his bullocks, the epaulets and medals won with his own life's blood all draw him back toward the old illusory peace and contentment of an instinctive life. Under the pressure of Bolshevik vindictiveness he abdicates from his search for truth, tries to deny the contradictions in Cossack life, and seeks consolation in the idea of Cossack exclusiveness, homogeneity and continuity. Just as each man has his own "truth", so the Cossack people have theirs, apart from Russia, apart from humanity. But of course, as Gregor, against his own better judgement, retreats into animal individualism seeking oblivion in sex, alcohol, and even death, he is periodically overcome by ennui and a sense of purposelessness. His characteristic vacillations become almost crazed, compulsive. Like Cain, he and his people wander across their broken paradise searching for meaning. Expiation is granted only when Gregor understands that all causes are false and that the one truth is existence itself, made meaningful by human sacrifice and suffering, and dignified by the individual man's submission to the inscrutable course of human life. Physical reality has hounded him through the valley of the shadow, without, at last, even hope for the comforting rod and staff. Not god-given shrift but man-given amnesty is all that can be expected.

The highest compliment that can be paid Gregor Melekhov, the quality which places him above other twentieth century literary heroes, is that he is a man, mature, imperfect, and complete. He has nothing in common with the diseased little creatures who populate so much contemporary fiction. Because his own sickness, his own split personality, is presented as a tragic flaw rather than a badge of honour, his vision transcends the pitiful despair of the stereotyped romantic

hero in contemporary Western literature. He invites men, as it were, to take up their burdens and follow him since there is neither dignity nor hope in passive complaints against the weight that must be borne.

III

If my description of the action and characters is correct, what thought do they impart to the reader? We may note, first of all, that Sholokhov gradually raised his work above the level of pedestrian realism and progressively altered its meaning over the fourteen year period of its composition, especially by deleting or rewriting earlier passages. Destroying an old civilization and building a new one according to Communist or any other prescriptions is not, as he first imagined, merely cruel and costly but always liable to perversion by men dehumanized in the process.

But *The Silent Don* is not a book about Communism in the first place; it is not a treatise but an epic dramatization of man's quest for meaning and happiness. As we learn from the central action, the search leads inevitably from an objective rational attempt to define "truth" to a subjective and catastrophic attempt to define "self". From the moment when the question "Who am I?" displaces "What is right?" the hero's fortune is reversed and his glorious cause gradually degenerates into criminal brigandage. Admonished by the very people whom he sought to defend and forewarned repeatedly through dreams which he cannot heed, Gregor comes at last to the revelation that "truth" is not particular but universal, that human dignity is reserved for those whom suffering has taught to submit to the exigencies of life.

Man's lot is incredibly hard. Having asked the question about man's rôle, Sholokhov approaches an answer slowly, reluctantly. His question is posed during the ominous pause between the end of the war and the beginning of the Revolution before the Cossacks must make, one by one, their fateful commitments to the future.

Who goes to meet death? Who can guess the end of the human road? With difficulty the horses moved away from the village. With difficulty the Cossacks tore sorrow for their dear ones out of their chilling hearts. And over that road many returned in thought to their homes; along it many heavy thoughts were pondered. And maybe tears as salt as

blood slipped down the saddle, down from the stirrup to the hoof-marked road. And will the gold and azure flowers spring up in this place during spring time?

Time eventually answers these questions for men. Ultimately every man goes to meet death; Gregor is but the tardiest. The gold and azure flowers spring up eternally but have little meaning for men occupied with negotiating their destinies. Less simple than a flower's life, a man's is all entangled with concepts of crime and punishment, sin and redemption, action and responsibility. And the end of the human road is precisely human accountability for it.

Sholokhov seems vexed with Gregor because he naïvely expects an easy peace, an easy way out of the historical dilemma and because he tries to dodge responsibility for his actions. But nowhere is it suggested that Gregor could have behaved differently. He does only what he can, all that he can. For this he must be held accountable, but to say that he is wrong, to defend or condemn him is beside the point. His life, for which he must bear witness and punishment, is its own justification just as life itself is its own justification. Being is all.

But "being" is meaningless unless it is translated into human terms. "Being" alone, in art as in science, is "naturalism"; and Sholokhov, while he might have been liable to the charge of naturalism and objectivism and even, therefore, inhumanity in the early books of *The Silent Don*, is in the end not liable. "Being" experiences a gradual accretion of human meaning precisely in proportion to the stripping away of human illusions in the last volume of the work. The false illusions of Cossack pride and exclusiveness and individuality fail and vanish so that Gregor's life is absolutely devoid of meaning. The old meanings are visibly delusive, the new alternatives visibly fraudulent. What then is left? Endurance and perseverance. More important, submission. A lifetime of endured suffering brings Gregor at last to the sole gesture which has meaning. He learns at last what his mother and sister somehow knew instinctively. When his rifle and cartridges fall into the Don, all the illusions of individuality and exclusiveness which nourished and perhaps deluded man for five hundred years, all the illusions which sustained an entire society fall with them. Henceforth there is only one meaning: a man must live out his life

fully; he must endure, which means he must ultimately stand and face the wide, glittering world; he must, in short, achieve a consciousness of necessity, which is, I think, equivalent to the tragic vision of life. Not "being", finally, but ripeness is all.

In summarizing Sholokhov's achievement, it cannot be claimed that his invention is of the highest order or that he is a major innovator in form and technique. Inadequately educated, he had to learn as he worked; and the extraordinary improvement between his clumsy and imitative first compositions and the final sections of *The Silent Don* testifies that he learned much. Clearly his early stories, which are often surprisingly sentimental, and his two uncompleted novels do not rival it. His genius is best seen first in his judicious selection of detail and sense of proportion, second in the compassion which suffuses his work and animates his characters, third in his poetic diction and the decorous vigour of his figures and descriptions, and last in his syncretic power and his unusual breadth of vision which permit him to contain Dostoevskian contradictions in a single, steady conception that is Tolstoyan but without Tolstoy's mechanistic justifications. In addition, his is the first great portrayal of rural Russian life, from the viewpoint of rural Russia itself rather than from the viewpoint of the aristocracy or intelligentsia.

Party Images In Canada

by

J. M. BECK AND D. J. DOOLEY

The vote-catching appeal of a political party is significantly affected by the composite "image" of itself which it presents to the public. What sorts of party images have Canadian voters found attractive?

IN the perspective of history, we can now recognize how optimistic the democrats of the late eighteenth century were when they imagined that the people themselves could decide all major issues and that their elected representatives met simply to implement their will. This classical concept of democracy overemphasized, on the one hand, the possibility of initiative by the electorate, and underemphasized, on the other hand, the importance of political leadership. It is far more realistic, as R. T. Mackenzie has shown in his *British Political Parties*, to say that the essence of the democratic process is that it provides a free competition for political leadership. The British voter seldom makes up his mind on single issues; instead he simply determines which of two competing teams will make the decision. Basically the function of British parties is as Mackenzie says, to "sustain teams of parliamentary leaders between whom the electorate is periodically invited to choose".

When the voter makes this choice, he is probably less influenced by specific issues or by the quality of the candidates than by the image which a party has created of itself. Peggy Crane, writing in the *Political Quarterly*, remarks that the expression "party image" is today one of the most popular among the politically sophisticated. The *London Observer* recently pictured both major British parties as being always on trial; though the average voter is usually doing little more

than observing them out of the corner of his eye, he is building up "a cumulative impression of the competence of the rival teams, of their intentions, and of the consequences of their policies." British voters, Miss Crane says, tend to be loyal to an image which their party has built up by annexing a limited range of sloganised issues. Moreover, they carry polarized images in their minds—an attractive picture of their own party and a repellent one of their opponents'.

The Tories' successive election wins may be explained, it is said, by the fact that they have had better success than Labour in softening the repellent features of their party image. The *London Times* said on October 7, 1959:

The images of all parties have so changed that their own fathers would not recognize them. An average Conservative of the past who died even as recently as 20 years ago would be astonished if he came back to life by contemporary Toryism . . . The Tories can no longer stand up as the champions of an Empire on which the sun never sets or of a Britain that must keep the lead in naval or any other strength. . . . Patriotism is taken for granted. So is the fact that the welfare state is here to stay. Conservatism has come to terms with the modern egalitarian society so completely that the general run of candidates and agents has forgotten its aristocratic and plutocratic past.

The repellent image has faded; a new image has been created and it has been accepted by a broad cross-section of the electorate. The Conservatives have been successful in creating the impression that they are a party of young people, that they give youth a chance, and that their program favours the ambitious. In contrast, even some Labourites now admit that their party possesses the maiden-auntish look of a "timid, excessively cautious association for the middle-aged", or, as the *Times* put it, "the damaging image of a party that is excessively rigid in doctrine, out of date in its . . . economic policies and stultifyingly class conscious".

In the inquests into Labour's failure which began after the last election, some of Mr. Gaitskell's intimate associates warned that the party could never again be successful unless its policy was reshaped. *The Economist* called on Mr. Gaitskell to prepare his party for the long process of "building up a total impression that will commend it

to the British public". To what extent Labour will change its face still remains to be seen. But obviously if it is to regain office it will have to stop reminding voters of somebody's maiden aunt and will have to summon up more desirable associations in their minds.

By the very nature of things, image building in Britain and Canada presents interesting contrasts. In Britain, until recently at least, the major parties have stood for recognizable and distinguishable principles, and both the favourable and the repellent images of the parties have reflected these principles. Also, the principles themselves have effected a division based largely on class. To be sure, the images had to appeal to more than one class, since Labour could not be successful unless it secured votes from outside the working class and the Conservatives in turn required some working-class support. Nevertheless, voting in England manifests a greater class distinction than it does in Canada, and it follows a more rigid pattern; the gains by the British Conservatives in 1959, for example, were accomplished by a shift of only 1.11 per cent in the popular vote.

In Canada, with its divergent racial, religious, and sectional interests, the creation of a favourable image which is generally acceptable is impossible except on the vaguest of principles. At any one time there are likely to be many impressions of a party, some attractive and some repellent, according to how that party has dealt with the claims of specific interest groups. For a party to be successful, it must be skilful in performing the brokerage function; through compromise, it must seek to adjust the differences between the significant interest groups in the country. The successful party leaders have been the ones most adept at minimizing the differences between Canadians and emphasizing what Canadians have in common. Sometimes they have persuaded the people that their party is the instrument through which the economic expansion of the country is to be secured; such an image involves little danger, since Canadians are generally agreed on accelerated material development through governmental paternalism. But sometimes the successful leader has not built up a clear image of his party; he has concentrated on avoiding offense to any significant interest group, keeping his fences mended, and creating the

impression of efficient, business-like government, while relying on the unfavourable images associated with his opponents to assist him to victory. Sometimes, again, the party leader possesses such a commanding personality that his image supersedes that of his party; sometimes, in fact, it is to the party's advantage to call as little attention as possible to its traditional policies and to put as much emphasis as possible upon its leaders.

These three kinds of images are of course not the only ones which we can distinguish in Canadian political history; but perhaps they are the predominant ones. Our analysis of them cannot be exhaustive here; but we can give some indication of how they have been produced and employed. We can observe how each of the two major parties has tried at various times to present itself as the party of economic expansion, the party of national unity, or the party which rejoices in a leader whose greatness dwarfs all other considerations.

* *

Under John A. Macdonald, says Professor Creighton, the Conservatives pictured themselves as the nation-building party: "They kept their original conception of a strong Dominion, which would be economically integrated and politically united. They stood by their national policies, political and economic." Politically, they used the power of disallowance to protect the interests of the Dominion. Economically, they relied on three policies: the protective tariff under the resounding title of the "National Policy", western settlement, and all-Canadian transportation. They had few scruples about giving capitalists a free hand to exploit the country's natural resources.

Blake and the Liberals, for their part, were fearful of the moral as well as the economic costs of such a programme. Professor Underhill shows that "this attitude of sober and rather mournful criticism made it easy for Government leaders to taunt the Liberals with lack of faith in their country . . ." The party became stamped, as a result, with "little Canadianism", and the repellent image was in no small measure responsible for its being relegated to opposition until 1896. Yet the Conservative vision of a nation integrated politically and economically could not be realized, as depression, the reappearance

of racial and sectional strife, and unfavourable court decisions thwarted their intentions. The Rowell-Sirois Commission reported that in 1896 "it was by no means clear . . . that the equilibrium necessary to a working federalism could be reached."

The sequel is an interesting one. After 1896 Laurier and the Liberals took over the three national economic policies of the Conservatives, and, in the altered circumstances of world-wide prosperity, the Macdonald dream became a reality. "Canadians became conscious of themselves as a nation," says the report of the Commission. "The growing sense of community was accompanied by increasing interdependence." Under these conditions Laurier had no trouble convincing the people that Canada was to be "the country of the twentieth century". The Liberal experiment in face-lifting paid large political dividends—victories at four successive general elections.

The techniques of Macdonald and Laurier, however, were unsuited to Mackenzie King. When he came to office in 1921, he was the evangelist of a forward-looking liberalism. But by the fall of 1923, the *Canadian Forum* was suggesting that the leaders of the two major parties should switch; while Mr. Meighen was a bit too radical for the Conservative financial magnates, Mr. King had the outlook on life of a comfortable Tory clubman: "he will never willingly venture upon untrodden paths or blaze new trails of economic innovation." It was frequently observed that he was reluctant to stimulate public discussion of economic and other issues, and that he preferred to await events rather than to force them. Indeed, a major criticism of him by Professor Underhill at the end of his long career was that he had presented to the country no positive, constructive nation-building policy: "Liberalism in his day has not meant any concrete positive program which could stir the enthusiasm of the young and the energetic."

In the war years and after, however, under King and St. Laurent, the Liberals were able to create an image of themselves as the party which was bringing the material prosperity of Canada to undreamt-of levels through good management. The remarkable development of Canadian industry during the war and the skilful transition to peace-

time prosperity were almost entirely due, it was widely felt, to one man—C. D. Howe. The nation shared his own image of himself as a builder, a plain-speaking, two-fisted business executive who was interested in getting a job done. He was the kind of person, wrote J. B. McGeachy in May 1957, about whom it can be asked, "How could the country have managed without him?" The Liberals, for most voters, were the party which had the executive ability and the personal contacts in Washington and London to keep that prosperity going.

And then, in 1958, the Conservatives turned again to the nation-building image. John Diefenbaker, never so happy as when he is re-enacting the rôle of Sir John A. Macdonald, conjured up "the vision". Arthur Blakely described it in this way:

A vision of Canada's future. A great future. A future which is all bound up with Canada's great northland and its untapped riches. It is a vision which contemplates the building of roads, the construction of rail lines, the building of dams, the establishment of great new cities, the creation of new wealth. And all of this in our generation. Oh yes, he admits, with a fine scorn, there are the scoffers, the cynics, the unbelievers. Those who suggest, among other things, that roads in the north will run "from igloo to igloo." But those imaginative Canadians, those who make this a land flowing in milk and honey in our own time, they will have a chance to deal with the scoffers on March 31.¹

Most of Mr. Diefenbaker's audiences must have felt that they too had seen the promised land; they proceeded to mete out to Lester Pearson the same kind of treatment they had accorded to Edward Blake in the 1880's.

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Only when conditions are right can a party resort to the nation-building image; at all times it must attempt to appear as the party of national unity, the party of all Canadians. It can do this only if its leaders are skilful group diplomats; they must be adept in the brokerage function of reconciling the disparate elements within the community. This way involves, instead of a positive course of action, a policy of avoiding offence to any significant group.

¹ Arthur Blakely, *Montreal Gazette*, March 25, 1958.

The modern master of this technique was, of course, Mackenzie King. He came to power after a period unique in Canadian history, because during it an attempt had been made to govern Canada without Quebec's cooperation. "Mr. King's life," wrote Professor A. R. M. Lower, "has been devoted to the restoration of a working national harmony of the two races through a revived Liberal party." He came on the scene as a crusading liberal, but the image quickly faded. The Liberal platform of 1919 emphasized policies of social welfare; when it became apparent that these had little appeal to Sir Lomer Gouin and the other Quebec Liberals, they were quietly dropped. However, Mr. King had to conciliate Quebec while not offending other sections of the country; in time, he arranged the growth of Canadian autonomy so cleverly that he did not antagonize even the Anglo-Saxon element in Ontario. The *Canadian Forum* complained in 1944 that he succeeded because of the Canadian preference for living in a mental haze: "We never make issues clear to ourselves. We never define our differences so that they can be understood clearly or resolved." In Mr. King's view, a Canadian political leader could not be doctrinaire; he had to balance one pressure group against another, and he had to prevent issues becoming so clearly defined that they caused deep divisions. No clarion calls to action from him, but instead pronouncements so complicated and qualified that no one knew exactly what they meant. Consequently, in J. R. Mallory's opinion, he made the party system a subtle and sensitive instrument: "Under him the Liberal party became the master pattern for a Canadian political party. It became an instrument for the accommodation of reconcilable differences rather than a vehicle for a coherent set of ideas." And he restored Quebec's confidence in the system; as Professor Lower points out, the image which French-Canadians had of Mr. King was that of a reasonable man, a man who would hold the balance even between the two jealous, suspicious peoples, a man who could be trusted to act in the interests of the whole country and not of his race alone.

He was helped, of course, by the mistakes of his opponents:

First there was Meighen, the lean and hungry Cassius, the bitter fanatic who lost votes all across the country every time he won a debate

in the House Then there was the preposterous Bennett of the booming voice and the beetling brows, the lord of the iron heel. Mr. King had only to sit back quietly in opposition for five years and let Bennett hang himself. Then there was the lightweight Manion, followed quickly by the old muzzle-loading blunderbuss from New Brunswick. And nervous and just when the strain of a long war seemed to make it certain that even a government of archangels could not survive the next election, along came the two Georges from Toronto.²

Meighen, described by the *Canadian Forum* in 1923 as "the most arresting and capable personality in our public life," and by Grattan O'Leary as an orator in a class beyond even Lloyd George, Roosevelt, and Churchill, never could overcome the public impression of him as a cold and austere man whose spiritual home was Toronto. His stand on conscription enabled the Quebec Liberals to picture him as a man who had filled the cemeteries of Flanders with Canadians, and the picture of him as a fanatical imperialist was reinforced by his statement that Canada should have said "Ready, aye ready" when Britain became involved in the Chanak dispute with Turkey in 1922 and asked for Canada's support. At the same time his inflexible support of protection went a long way to alienate western Canada.

Bennett, who succeeded him as Conservative leader, did not evoke the same initial feelings in Quebec, and the party won twenty-four seats in that province in 1930. However, the Conservative success throughout Canada in that year was clearly attributable to the depression, which dwarfed all other issues.

By the time Mr. Bennett was through, the fortunes of the Conservative party had sunk to a new low. Canadians have never exhibited the same fascination with the millionaire in politics as have their American cousins; it was easy, therefore, for the Liberals to picture the prime minister as a rich intolerant despot. Mr. Bennett made a desperate effort to blot out the unfavourable picture, but his proposed reform of capitalism through a so-called "New Deal" was regarded by many Conservatives as unbelievably radical and by many others as a form of death-bed repentance in the face of defeat. His govern-

² "The Close of an Era," *Canadian Forum*, XXIV, (Sept., 1944), 126.

ment's failure, understandable though it may have been, to deal effectively with unemployment created an impression among Canadians generally that the Conservatives were bumbling incompetents. That image took years to erase.

In the next two decades, the Conservatives sought by a variety of devices to broaden their appeal. At their leadership convention in 1938, they even changed their name to "National Conservatives". At the same time a group headed by Georges Héon insisted that the party must make an all-out effort to appeal to Quebec; this group had its way in the choice of Dr. R. J. Manion to succeed Mr. Bennett. To expect that Mrs. Manion's being a French-Canadian would help the party's chances in Quebec is understandable; to consider that her husband—an Irish Catholic who had deserted Laurier on the conscription issue in 1917—would be equally acceptable is inconceivable. The fact that the next election came when Canada was at war made the miscalculation particularly disastrous. Also, Mr. Manion's campaigning for a "National Government" in that election reinforced a popular opinion that the Conservatives did not have enough men of calibre to form a ministry.

Under King, the Liberals experienced none of the same difficulties in appealing to Canadians generally. At their leadership convention in 1948, the basic question which the delegates asked themselves was: "Who can maintain the Liberal tradition of a truly national party, the party of Canadian unity?" The answer they found, of course, was Mr. St. Laurent; but even they were astonished at his success as a vote-getter outside the province of Quebec. Like Mr. King before him, he made few pledges and promises; when Mr. Drew promised to cut taxes by five hundred million dollars in 1953, Mr. St. Laurent's simple reply was, in effect, "We shall do as well for you in the future as in the past." J. A. Stevenson wrote that in the 1953 campaign, Mr. St. Laurent was the image of a "benevolent elder statesman, who has shed all personal ambitions for himself and is anxious to spend his closing years in improving the lot of all classes in our community." "It may be," wrote *The Economist* after the 1949 election, "that Canada has found a man who can really unify and

lead her . . ." This was a tribute to Mr. St. Laurent's ability to convince even independent observers that he was a reasonable man who would never attempt to impose upon any section of the Canadian nation policies which were offensive to it.

George Drew, Mr. St. Laurent's opponent in 1949 and 1953, found it impossible to soften the repellent image which his party conjured up for many Canadians. Orthodox Conservative he was, pro-British and pro-Imperialistic, and this outlook was of doubtful value in a country whose proportion of Anglo-Saxons was shrinking. He had other disabilities. Even before he had assumed the federal leadership of his party, the *Toronto Daily Star* had stereotyped him as in favour of big business and against labour. In contrast with the corporation lawyer who was his opponent, Mr. Drew had never had any ties with big business; but the label stuck.

In one respect, Mr. Drew led his party to unaccustomed channels with disastrous results. The Conservatives took over the old Liberal rôle of defender of provincial rights. They alleged that the tax-sharing agreements with the provinces destroyed provincial autonomy and weakened Canadian federalism. But this new direction of the Conservative party was badly taken in the have-not provinces, where the agreements enabled a higher standard of provincial services than would otherwise have been possible.

Theoretically this new orientation ought to have improved the popularity of the Conservatives in Quebec; in this and other ways Mr. Drew sought the support of Mr. Duplessis and his Union Nationale machine. But both in 1949 and in 1953, his efforts produced anything but the desired effect. It would have required something more substantial than the provincial rights issue to make Quebec abandon its compatriot, Mr. St. Laurent. Mr. Duplessis, not willing to risk his prestige for a hopeless cause, took no part in either election, although he allowed his supporters to participate as they pleased. Nevertheless, Mr. Drew's opponents were able to express moral indignation over a Drew-Duplessis alliance, and all observers agree that this hurt the Conservatives in Ontario. Mr. Drew's campaign shows clearly

how an attempt to create a favourable image in one section of Canada may create an unfavourable one elsewhere.

After Mr. Drew, it was again the turn of the unorthodox; in December 1956, John Diefenbaker became the Conservative leader. To some observers the choice appeared to be a mistake, because Mr. Diefenbaker, despite his name, gave "every indication of possessing the annoying Anglo-Saxon faculty of being oblivious to any other group." The Conservative party, A. Vixen alleged, was still "by nature intuitively Anglo-Saxon. Its reflex actions are automatically British . . . [Its] tragedy is that it cannot free itself from its inherent Anglo-Saxon personality, try as it will, and this inhibition is slowly fossilising it in a country becoming less Anglo-Saxon all the time." The conclusion was that until the party could "branch out beyond its present inhibited character and develop a personality that grows and changes with the times, it is unlikely that it will be able to attract anything better than a second class leader." Thus the party was still thought of as a sectional one, based primarily on Ontario.

The Conservatives realized that they could not contend successfully with "Uncle Louis" in Quebec in 1957; hence they allocated a minimum of their resources to it. But, as Michel Brunet has pointed out, Mr. Diefenbaker possessed all the qualities required of a "principal interpreter" for English-speaking Canada. His Dutch origin won favour among many of the New Canadians. His deep British convictions appealed to citizens of Anglo-Saxon descent. His modest beginnings were admired by the mass of little people. He had served in the armed forces, and could appeal to the veterans of two wars. He had lived in Ontario, and he was a westerner. He possessed a vitality which could impress youth. His evangelistic eloquence awakened familiar echoes among many Protestants. Mr. Brunet considers that still another factor may have been at work: English Canada—without being fully aware of it—may have been looking for a leader belonging entirely to itself. Mr. Diefenbaker's detachment from French Canada would have rendered him acceptable in this respect.

On June 11, 1957, the Liberal party, which had long considered itself Canada's only national party, awoke to the fact that, if re-

presentation in the Commons was the criterion, it had become largely a French-Canadian party. The Conservatives were equally surprised to discover that their representation made them a party of all the races. Their ranks included a Jung, a Jorgenson, a Mandziuk, a Kucherepa, and a Martini; they had a larger number of non-French Catholics than for many years past; and they had more French-Canadians from Quebec—even if they numbered only eight—than they had elected since 1930.

By appointing a Ukrainian to the cabinet, elevating an Indian to the Senate, and choosing a Canadian of Chinese descent as president of their young people's organization, the Conservatives reinforced the idea that they were the party of a united Canada. The repellent image of the party collapsed even in Quebec in the 1958 election. As usual, the Liberals painted the Conservatives as enemies of the French-Canadian race; they brought out all the allegations they had been making since 1917. But they could accuse Mr. Diefenbaker of no specific anti-French actions or policies. The Conservative newspaper advertisements had their effect; they forecast a shattering triumph for Diefenbaker and they pleaded, "Let us not isolate Quebec." And so Quebec climbed on the bandwagon too.

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If the successful Canadian party is sometimes the party with a national policy and usually the party which reconciles differences, it is also at times the party which is distinguished chiefly by the personality of its leader. This is to be expected when the parties and hence the voters are not divided on basic principles: the absence of principles tends to exalt the leader. In the case of Macdonald, the "Old Man" and the "Old Party" became one and the same thing; Conservatives never thought of separating the two. In time, the same development occurred in the case of Laurier and the Liberal party.

Mackenzie King re-created the Liberal party in his own image, which was hardly that of Macdonald or Laurier. Surprisingly, we read, on the authority of such a good judge of oratory as Grattan O'Leary, that there was something of Bryan's "Cross of Gold" impact to King's final salute to Laurier. The early King pictured himself as

a liberator and unifier; he had come to free Canadians from the black night of Conservative oppression, from "an unholy combination of political autocracy and industrial plutocracy", and he had come to put an end to the period in which Canada was ruled without the effective cooperation of Quebec. This image of a decisive and positive figure did not last for long. By 1923 there had arisen an image which never faded from some people's minds—that of King the opportunist, the conciliator, the bargainer, the man who was willing to compromise as long as he could stay in office. "The truth is," declared the *Canadian Forum's* political correspondent in 1924, "that our present Prime Minister has less qualifications for the very complicated task of governing Canada than any of his predecessors since Confederation, and whenever two or three Liberals are gathered together they proceed to lament his deficiencies and quarrel about the allocation of responsibility for his selection." In 1926, the same journal reported that Ottawa teemed with tales of King's vanity and pomposity, his predilection for strange and unworthy favourites, and his old-maidish obsession with petty problems of etiquette. The Liberals were delighted at the coming of Charles Dunning to the national scene, and it was expected that he would soon assume the leadership; never again would the anti-Conservative forces in the country be asked to rally around this "absurd and preposterous person . . .".

The image of King as an absurd and preposterous figure never left some people's minds—even some of those who voted for Liberal candidates in election after election. Yet a number of political commentators have ascribed his success to his presenting an image of mediocrity with which Canadians could identify themselves. Only the national mental haze, wrote the *Canadian Forum*, could explain him: "Mr. King is obviously the most complete personification of this national Canadian characteristic who has ever appeared in our public life. He is the typical Canadian, the essential Canadian, the ideal Canadian, the Canadian as he exists in the mind of God." Professor Lower wrote, "His appeal was consciously to the head, rather than to the heart. And the qualities of 'head' to which he appealed were those of the average man of good, plain intelligence. There was

nothing fancy about his electorate. He spoke as the plain man did—with all the repetitions, the painful elaboration of the obvious, the turgidity of the ordinary man—only more so! He was “the ordinary man projected and modified.”

It is to be doubted, however, that the ordinary man identified himself with Mr. King. The Prime Minister was thought of as a frosty bachelor, neither a man's man nor a lady's man, surrounded by ceremonial etiquette, a man of mystery. In fact, it was often necessary for his followers to protest that the public image was not really correct; Norman Rogers, in the biographical account of King which he wrote in 1935, went to some lengths to stress his boyishness, willingness to listen, and charm of manner. But, in the view of most Canadians, he remained an aloof and inscrutable personality.

Yet the associations his name summoned up were sufficiently favourable for his party to secure election time and again. If he was not a great orator, if he did not summon up visions of Canada's national destiny, if he could not give friendly fireside chats like Roosevelt, if he did not in any way fulfill the popular image of a democratic politician, he was still felt to be the right man for the job. What the political commentators with greater sophistication call his awareness of or identification with the inarticulate feelings of the people, or his concept of a national destiny which most Canadians could accept, was probably part of the image of King seen by the average voter: probably the general public would have agreed that he had a remarkable flair for assessing how far the Canadian people were willing to see a particular course of action pursued at a given time. Perhaps the picture of him which was generally held was that of a man who, by methods far from clear, did succeed in giving Canada the kind of government it wanted.

Mr. St. Laurent is a noteworthy example of how quickly a man can come to represent a party. A remarkable change took place within ten months of his selection as Liberal leader at the convention in August 1948. At that time, he was still an unknown quantity; he was described as an able corporation lawyer, though a bit hard and a bit sharp-tempered; as quiet, scholarly, and courteous; and as a man

with "a cold look to his eyes, for all their Irish-French sparkle". Less than a year later he had won a decisive victory in an election which was clearly a personal triumph for him; he was being credited with qualities of leadership such as Mr. King had never possessed; and "Uncle Louis" had been born.

Ian Sclanders has related in *MacLean's* how the austere image was replaced by the benevolent one. As Mr. St. Laurent travelled westwards on his election campaign, he began to shed his starchy formality; he still gave uninspired speeches which drew only polite applause, but, remembering his boyhood days in a Quebec village, he began to chat easily with the voters about the crops and the weather. Then at Eden, Alberta, he faced an audience in which schoolchildren outnumbered adults; he talked to the schoolchildren, in a grandfatherly way—and the adults applauded. After this he spoke extemporaneously and familiarly; on one occasion, he said, "After all, I am among friends, and, well, I can speak to them as I can speak to members of my own family." By the end of his tour, he had become a kind of universal father image. Finally when his train was stopped at Field, B.C., Norman Campbell, a reporter for the *Toronto Telegram*, made the remark "I'm afraid Uncle Louis will be a hard one to beat" and Mr. St. Laurent had received the nickname which was to cling to him.

Saturday Night described this campaign as more like a presidential election in the United States than a parliamentary election in 262 separate constituencies: the new methods of advertising and publicity made the party leader all-important and the individual candidate in the constituency relatively insignificant. In the 1949 election, it was the Conservatives who brought up issues; Mr. St. Laurent said there were no major political or economic issues, the voters agreed with him, and the contest became one concerned with the personalities of the two leaders. The same was true of the 1953 election, in which Mr. St. Laurent proved himself the greatest vote-getter since Confederation. The *Globe and Mail* said that "the Liberal platform is Louis St. Laurent." The Liberal strategy was simply to display their leader as the image of a kindly father of a family. As *Saturday Night*

found by making a survey, the image did not have to be precise or filled in; few people could say more about Mr. St. Laurent than that "He's a fine gentleman" or "He was born in Quebec, he used to be a lawyer, and he's got a large family." The image, however, had its effect even in the House of Commons; in 1955, when Mr. Fulton delivered an attack upon the Prime Minister, the Liberals treated it almost as *lèse-majesté*, and the *Ottawa Journal* had to protest that there was no parliamentary tradition by which Prime Ministers were regarded as immune from criticism and that even Sir Wilfrid Laurier had not been treated with such deference.

Sometimes a party seeks to abandon its own identity and even its name in favour of an "attractive" leader, hoping thereby to get rid of a repellent image. In 1942, under Mr. Meighen's urging, the Conservatives tried another of their experiments at face-lifting. In an obvious effort to woo the West, where the party had almost disappeared, they turned to a man who had never been identified with the Conservative party — John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba. He exacted his own pound of flesh for accepting the thankless job, and the party became the Progressive Conservative Party. The *Canadian Forum* was not impressed:

So the old lady has gone and had her face lifted again!

The Canadian Tory party changes its name as often and as easily as the Canadian Communist party changes its line. Plus ça change . . .³

Once again, the result was failure: the local factors which made Bracken a success in Manitoba could not be translated to the federal sphere, and Bracken's attempt to sell the Conservatives as a progressive party was unsuccessful. The McKim advertising agency's attempt to touch up "the pale personality of their leader in a series of advertisements that treated him 'like a new breakfast food'" (as Mackenzie King put it) got nowhere. And so in 1948, the party turned back to orthodox Conservatism and George Drew.

Mr. Drew was the image of typical Conservatism, and the Liberals were delighted. The convention which chose Mr. Drew as leader ought perhaps to have thought a little more of his past history. In

³ "The Pro and Con Party," *Canadian Forum*, XXII, (Jan., 1948), 298.

the provincial campaign in Ontario in 1948, the Conservatives had used the slogan, "Make Ontario strong with George Drew." Later in the campaign, they became doubtful of the popularity of their leader and made less use of the slogan; the Conservatives were elected, but Drew was defeated in his own riding. *The Round Table* was probably correct in an estimate it made in 1953: "in the eyes of the numerous plain folk, who live on the farms and in the small towns of Canada, Mr. Drew is the perfect pattern of the prosperous urban citizen, who in their view gets too large a share of the national income, and they look askance at him as a Curzonian type of 'most superior person'." This image he was never able to efface.

It was not clear, when John Diefenbaker succeeded Mr. Drew, that he would have any greater success in winning over the Canadian voter. His opponents were, of course, suffering from continued success, and their high-handed treatment of Parliament made them vulnerable to attack by the Diefenbaker platform method. "He is reminiscent sometimes," said *The Economist*, "of a Hollywood small-town lawyer, with a smile of bitter sarcasm, a wagging forefinger of accusation and a short scornful laugh. But he does it all rather well, and it is proving effective."

In these circumstances, Mr. St. Laurent was unable to captivate his audiences to the same extent as in 1949 and 1953: "Like many fading actors, Uncle Louis started overdoing the act. He kissed too many babies, patted too many little heads, propounded too many platitudes. The press and the crowds began to complain that a prime minister should have something positive to say about current problems. Latterly, Mr. St. Laurent has been trying to use more arguments about specific policy, but it is hard to elbow Uncle Louis's soothing platitudes off the stage." So wrote *The Economist* in the middle of the campaign.

When Mr. St. Laurent complained that the Conservative party was concentrating on selling its leader rather than itself, the complaint backfired: it convinced the high command of the Tory party that they were on the right track. By the admission of Allister Grosart, the party's national director, they concentrated on this technique. The

Conservative party became, in fact, the Diefenbaker party. The Liberals charged that it was the height of deception for a party to seek to increase its chances of success by looking as little as possible like itself. But their criticism was all in vain: the Diefenbaker party won.

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From this survey, it would appear that certain types of party images have had profound effects on Canadian politics. The exact kinds of political images which obtain in Britain are not to be found in Canada; a North American political party is by nature considerably different from a European political party, and the image a Canadian party conjures up must respond to the peculiar needs of the Canadian nation. As in Britain, however, once a party has created a bad impression upon a significant interest group it may take years for the repellent picture to disappear. Yet the evidence of recent Canadian elections is that the change can take place with astonishing rapidity. This is particularly true when the third type of image, that in which the personality of the leader overshadows or supplants the traditional concept of his party, is dominant. We have observed a trend towards greater emphasis on the party leader, and, if the influence of the professional manipulators of images becomes more important, this trend is likely to continue. But we can only speculate on the rôle which the admen are going to play in future elections—and on the function as well of that seemingly all-pervasive projector of images, the television set.

Buffalo Trails And Fur Posts

by

FRANK GILBERT ROE

Did trails made by "a dumb and not particularly intelligent animal" determine the location of the historic fur posts? A leading authority on the buffalo scrutinizes this popular theory.

AMONG many problems of interest which present themselves in the pioneer history of our North American continent is what may be termed the geographical strategy of the fur trade. On its broader and more dominant lines such scholars as Harold Innis and A. S. Morton have familiarized us with the general policies which suggested or dictated the selection of Hudson Bay in the case of the "Great Company"; and of their lake-and-river route from the headquarters at Montreal and their "field base" at Fort William to the western fur grounds, in the case of the "Nor-Westers". But as the two rival concerns worked their way westward, establishing their competing depots here, there, and everywhere, the reasons for placing a post at this or that particular spot and not somewhere else have given rise to much speculation.

Why were the historic fur posts planted where they were? Were there any actual principles governing their foundation, such as might be applied at various locations in succession and thus be regarded as fixed maxims; or did it just happen so? As with so many of these problems, questions that are of immense historical interest and value to inquirers to-day were purely humdrum, routine, commonplace affairs to the only ones who could really have settled the matter once and for all. In the competitive era between the rival companies it seems to have been the case that sometimes the one and sometimes the other was the first on the ground in this location or that; and con-

ditions being then what they were, the second arrival dug himself in as conveniently near to his opponent as might be. Under these genial conditions "twin posts" (on a Romulus-and-Remus basis, however) were to be found in many regions along the great Saskatchewan route to the West. But the historical *crux* still applied to the original pioneer of the two. Since we cannot call upon the Hearnies, the Mackenzies, the Henrys, or the Rowands for their direct testimony, perhaps we may reach some approximate truths by the negative route, finding out what they did *not* do.

A great deal has been said, sometimes in very dogmatic fashion, about these posts being placed at such "strategic points" as the junctions of great Indian trails. Some writers have not even been satisfied with this. They do not object to the Indian trails; but they insist that these routes were themselves first broken out by the buffalo, and that the "strategic sites" were actually the selection of the buffalo, long before either fur-trader or even Indian set eyes upon them. According to this *credo* the buffalo "discovered" all the lowest and most easily practicable passes everywhere throughout the continent; so skilfully and so thoroughly that any "buffalo pass" is certain to be the lowest pass anywhere in the area. A buffalo pass is by definition any pass with a trail through it; if it has no trail it is a buffalo pass by implication, since they were everywhere the first pioneers. A "buffalo route" appears to signify any trail to anywhere which is not definitely *known* to have been broken out in our own days.

Similarly, the buffalo found out the best fords across the rivers; sometimes the only fords discovered for miles. The Indian followed after him, and found he could not improve upon the buffalo. The white pioneer came in due course, and likewise found that *he* could not improve upon their successive choice. The early pioneer trails across the Alleghenies to the headwaters of the Ohio and thence to the Mississippi; the two great western highways, the Oregon-California Trail and the Santa Fé Trail — all these and countless others were "first marked out by the buffalo". When in due course of time railways began to push their way across the continent, once again the animal choice was endorsed; this time "the theodolite of the engineer placed

its stern stamp of approval" upon the buffalo selection. So that when we speed in luxury across the Plains in a palatial observation car, we are actually — in the opinion of these enthusiasts — journeying where a dumb and not particularly intelligent animal first pointed the way.

There were, of course, certainly buffalo trails but they were very far from being such as some writers have described: "great highways from horizon to horizon, stretching onward into illimitable space . . .", and so forth. Trails may still be seen today along the Battle River and many old "buffalo rivers" of Western Canada. Where the lay of the country forced the herds into a somewhat closer formation, as for example down one of the steep tributary "coulees" that flank our Western river-valleys, trails may be seen that in some instances might almost be termed "great highways". But to assume that the trails which follow these winding courses up to the river-bench continue onward for hundreds of miles after they have reached the top is entirely wrong. Precisely as the animals coming downward to water converged at the head of the coulee; so also after drinking and resting, when they climbed to the head of the coulee once again they spread out to graze on the high plains; and the trails that persist for a short distance on the level become fainter and fainter and finally dwindle away to nothing. In the course of much field examination extending over miles and miles of the old buffalo country, I have never yet seen such trails persisting for any great distance after reaching the level, on the grand scale of broad or parallel paths such as could justify the extravagant language so frequently used.

Even Indian trails, regardless of what their origin may have been, were by no means as universal over the continent as some scholars affirm. Some of these writers have overlooked certain facts concerning Indian life. It is unwise to apply sweepingly the practices of one tribe or of one type of territory (as for example forest, plains, and mountain regions) to other tribes or other classes of *terrain* perhaps hundreds of miles distant. The term "Indian" is very much overworked in this particular respect. Minute tribal distinctions are endless. There is only one phase of Indian life-history which is found

to be substantially true of all tribes: this is the positive passion for the secret approach and the unexpected blow in warfare; and intertribal warfare occupied a large place in Indian societies. The very essence of this type of strategy is to make no trail at all, if possible.

Even in peace the Indian was temperamentally not much of a trail-maker. He was as a type such a skilled topographer and natural pathfinder that it became instinctive, wherever the physical features of the country allowed of this, to cut across by the more direct or easiest routes; the very opposite of a creature who scarcely dared to move except where some animal pathfinder had shown him the way! And if this is not what the advocates of the "vast network of trails which formerly gridironed the continent" mean, they certainly imply it by their language.

We must remember also that during almost the whole period of the Indians' acquaintance with this North American continent they had no beast of burden larger than the dog. In the area occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company fur posts, the earliest reference to the horse is not until 1751. It would require a tremendous amount of travelling by a small, light animal such as the dog, and in large numbers, to make such trails as these champions postulate. In this connection, there are two vital considerations to be borne in mind. The tribes of the northern fur territory were not nearly so nomadic in their habits as the buffalo tribes of the plains. As the Spaniards noted in 1541, the latter had to "follow the cows around" in their endless wanderings in order to live. Daniel Williams Harmon and other early residents have told us that the northern woodland tribes had much more closely defined tribal limits. Together with this lack of the early incentive to travel very much, there would be an even more complete lack of the later incentives—the regular trips of the fur posts to outfit in the fall and to trade in the winter's catch in the spring. For even if the prophets of the "ancient trails" did not expressly say so, in the very nature of things these original animal highways which the Indians had adopted would be ages older than the era of the fur trade.

In such circumstances there could be no conceivable motive in remote ages for what observers of the eighteen-sixties and seventies described as the "converging trails to Fort Edmonton" or the "radiating trails from Fort Qu'Appelle". In relation to these convergences making for some spot where the river could best (or perhaps "only") be forded for miles, it is perfectly certain that Edmonton was no such place; for many crossings by buffalo herds large or small in various localities along the Saskatchewan have been recorded by numerous observers. That type of argument overlooks certain basic facts: (1) many of our Western rivers are fordable anywhere or nowhere, according to the season of the year and prevailing weather conditions; (2) fords in the same rivers are continually changing, rendering the "path to the ford" frequently useless and sometimes a positive danger; (3) virtually all the Indian tribes south of the sub-arctic territory were not only swimmers, but had other expedients such as "bull-boats" or rafts for crossing rivers (if they must be crossed); (4) every animal found on the North American continent from the Rio Grande to Alaska (apart from the very smallest, and including pigs, and cats of many wild species) has been recorded by eye-witnesses as a fearless swimmer — and this list certainly includes the buffalo; and on every large river of the West, even to the mighty Mississippi; (5) several early observers have told us that at spots where the local topography — as at the "Pierced Woods" (*Bois Percé*) on Red River above Fort Garry — forced them into a relatively narrow channel to the ford, the approach was churned up into a muddy quagmire in which any recognizable path or trail was completely obliterated.

In point of fact, an overwhelmingly preponderant portion of the Western advance of the fur traders had nothing to do with trails of any character. It was no Odyssey of pack-saddle and "diamond hitch", but rather of canoe and paddle. It is well known that the pioneer founders of the fur posts journeyed by water. This is not disputed; but if it were, place-names alone would establish both the fact and the direction though every single item of historical evidence had perished. The familiar designation of "The Forks" (at Fort Garry, the Saskatchewan, Sturgeon, Red Deer, Belly Forks, etc.) proves

this quite conclusively. These are not of course *forks* at all, but convergences or confluences; and could only appear as "forks" to voyagers journeying upstream, as did those earlier English-speaking pioneers.

While we need not doubt that such resourceful and experienced *voyageurs* as the pioneer "pathfinders" in the expansionist era of the rival companies would "have their eye out" for a suitable spot for the new post they were planning, it may be considered fairly certain that their angle of approach and their standards of appraisal would be those of the water-user; since the waterways were their transport highways just as much as their exploration routes. Land trails would be of little significance in comparison with a feasible water-frontage for loading and unloading; which would of itself imply a quiet stretch of water deep enough and not too deep, while free from rapids and eddies. Together with these desiderata would be required a reasonably level spot large enough for the various buildings, offices, courtyards, etc., that it might be desirable to include *inside* a stockade. In addition to these must be a sufficient area outside to furnish something of a "home pasture" for their own horses in regular use, and also space for the horses and tepees of visiting bands, whom it might be wise to keep apart; certainly at a place like Edmonton, where eight Indian languages were spoken. The sites of the old posts, very commonly on a broad river flat, suggest a very fair idea of what the early post-builders were looking for.

It is a well-authenticated historical fact that many of the old fur-posts abandoned the original site for what was thought (doubtless for good and sufficient reasons) to be a better one. Perhaps the classic instance of this is Fort Edmonton, which moved more than once before finally settling within the city limits of the modern Edmonton. During the competitive era between the two rival fur companies, about 1793-1795, Fort Augustus was built by the Nor-Westers and Fort Edmonton by men of the Hudson's Bay Company in the usual closely-neighbouring fashion of the time, a mile or more above the Sturgeon Forks on the North Saskatchewan River; and twenty miles or so below the present city of Edmonton. There has been some argument, based upon the presence or absence of allusion

to certain details in some of the old journals of such men as David Thompson or Alexander Henry the younger; but there seems no good reason to doubt that the afore-mentioned Fort Augustus and possibly its neighbouring establishment also were attacked and destroyed by certain tribes (or bands) of the Blackfoot Confederacy in 1807, and were not rebuilt on the same site or sites. Both companies removed their post to the present Edmonton either prior to or as a consequence of this outrage between the years 1806-1808. In 1810 the Nor-Westers broke up their "Fort Vermilion" (near the present Vermilion, Alberta), and also their "Upper Fort Augustus" at Edmonton; and erected a new post at the mouth of White Earth River (or creek), which was known as "Lower Terre Blanche". The creek in question drains Smoky Lake into the North Saskatchewan River, and is crossed by the St. Paul des Métis branch of the Canadian National system between Smoky Lake and Edwaud. The new post was situated roughly half-way between Vermilion and Edmonton, and it was hoped to make the one serve in place of the two abandoned ones. This however proved unsatisfactory, and in the winter of 1812-1813 the post was transferred back to the historic site of the modern Edmonton, where it remained.

The *crux* of real significance is this: we have been told *ad infinitum* that the buffalo's infallible judgement always found the lowest pass and the best ford — sometimes the only practicable ford for miles and miles; and that the old pioneers always made these trails their guides in striking out through a new country. Probably no one would dispute that the old fur-traders would be as well acquainted with these truths as any other pioneers, and fully as competent to interpret the signs. For the sake of the argument let us assume that the "converging trails" to the river-crossing were really what induced Angus Shaw, William Tomison, and their associates to plant their original Fort Augustus near the Sturgeon Forks. Having through this guidance secured "the most" — if not actually the *only* — "really feasible site in the surrounding area", why abandon it because of a mere Blackfoot raid? For it is perfectly certain that the Blackfoot (who were trading as far down the Saskatchewan as Fort Pitt as late as 1863) could repeat

the raid, in so far at least as geographical reasons were concerned, almost anywhere the traders might happen to rebuild. If on the contrary it was the *second* Fort Augustus that presented these supreme desiderata which were so instantly recognizable, why the first selection? And whether first or second choice, we are then confronted with the impossible climax of Lower Terre Blanche proving unsatisfactory.

The mere use of the term "old trail" must be scrutinized with suspicion in the open plains territories where the topography does not *compel* travellers to follow in the same path. A mass of evidence leads me to think that an "old trail" very frequently means nothing more than some trail which was already there before that particular narrator reached the locality. There is nothing at all in the term *old* that necessarily indicates a remote antiquity. We speak of such places as "old" Fort Edmonton. On its present or historic site it is only some 150 years old.

These opinions on the relatively late origin of many "old trails" are something more than inference, however well founded. In 1875, the Rev. John McDougall, then living at the mission at Morley, on the upper Bow above Calgary, journeyed from the latter place to Clark's Crossing, at or very near the modern city of Saskatoon, approximately over the route of the Goose Lake line of the Canadian National between those two cities. On "buffalo highway" principles, both places were of particular significance. The Crossing, marked out of course by buffalo ages before, was (no doubt!) the only one for miles; which would be the reason why westbound travellers from Fort Garry to Edmonton crossed the South Saskatchewan there. Calgary, at a river confluence — where fords were "always better" — would be equally a preferential spot. Yet in 1875, John McDougall, a veteran plainsman with the age-old lore of his Cree, Blackfoot, and Assiniboine friends at his disposal for the asking, could learn nothing of any trail and journeyed without one.

In the following summer, 1876, John's brother David McDougall the trader, expressly to avoid the same long triangular route from Morley to Fort Garry via Clark's Crossing, took his winter's trade of

furs by cart-train direct from Calgary to Fort Qu'Appelle; broadly over the (later) original main line of the Canadian Pacific. He was probably correct enough in his belief that he was the first to take wheels over this route; at any rate he found no trail until nearing the vicinity of Qu'Appelle.

In September, 1877, Lieutenant-Governor Laird travelled southward from Battleford, then the capital of the old North-West Territories, to Blackfoot Crossing on the Bow River near Gleichen, some sixty miles south-east of Calgary, to negotiate Treaty No. 7 with the Blackfoot. In this case also, as with the trek from Calgary to Clark's Crossing above-mentioned, these two places are peculiarly relevant to the *cultus* of the "buffalo highway". For Battleford is also at a river-confluence, where the Battle River joins the North Saskatchewan; while Blackfoot Crossing is one of the few river-fords in Western Canada to have taken definite rank as a permanent place-name. And to crown all, the two places lie broadly in the orthodox relationship of north-and-south to one another. Yet Governor Laird reports that they followed a trail for the first day out, and picked up another when nearing their destination; but apart from these their journey was over the "trackless plains". In 1877, this was clearly buffalo country, as it long had been. For after the third day out and until the day prior to their arrival, they travelled through buffalo.

There is in north-central Alberta, in the territory southwestward from Edmonton, an example among many which are more or less conveniently termed "old trails", which really seems to deserve the name. I encountered it many years ago, on the southern side of Wabamun Lake, some forty miles west of Edmonton. I incline to the opinion, judging from the data, that this is the trail that was known as the Old North Trail. Its indentification is practically proved by its direction lying parallel with the Foothills, furnishing shelter, water, and firewood, and easy access to the more open buffalo country, if needful; and also by the assurance of my Stoney (Assiniboine) friends that it extended northward and southward into those vague, far-flung spaces so vividly expressed by a great sweep of the hand; and by various historical references to a great northward highway. It is now

so broken up by cultivation and by settlers' boundaries along hideous and frequently impracticable geometrical road-allowances as to be useless and in fact impossible for continuous travel.

This old trail is quite wide enough to be used as a wagon-trail or motor road; I myself first encountered it in a car. Unlike many, it did not consist of parallel tracks; but was worn bare of grass (then again asserting itself) across the entire width. The transverse plane of this was slightly concave in form, saucer-like, to an average depth of perhaps five or six inches in the centre, lower than the edges. This had been worn down, not thrown out, since there was the vestige of a ridge or bank perceptible; and I judged that the frequently heavy — sometimes torrential — rains of our Western prairie summers had washed away the loose soil that hoofs and *travois* or lodge-poles would in course of time scrape and loosen from the surface. Like an English country road, or travellers' descriptions of African forest or jungle paths, it was generally direct; but far from being straight. This was doubtless due in part to the fact that it kept consistently, with as few low spots as possible, to the drier soil over the tops or well up the sides of the low rounded knolls of a "rolling" scrub-and-timber country. The occasional low and soft spots between such knolls, although we sometimes found them troublesome with a rather heavy car in the early August of a wettish summer, were not such as would cause any difficulty to a dog or even a horse *travois*, with its wide distribution of the load carried.

The general appearance of this trail seemed to point to a (relatively) considerable "volume of traffic" between certain more or less regular points. Without daring to speculate too widely, one might say that a critic in search of evidence for the familiar theory of regular aboriginal trading-trails might not unnaturally think he had found it here. The evident care and skill bestowed upon the selection of the ground would suggest to any reflecting mind that the route was meant to be used more than once. It might require at the beginning a certain amount of clearing, and would without doubt when we saw it necessitate occasional removal of fallen trees; although the timber through which it passed where we traversed it was not of the heaviest. Such

windfalls could serve as firewood to passing parties, if they happened to be camping at the moment; but in the larger timber this could scarcely be the case, and some clearing there must have been more deliberate.

Similarly, one can scarcely doubt that unless inter-tribal trade did — as many scholars think — enjoy a very considerable degree of “diplomatic immunity”, the use of a regular and known route, with its recognized river-crossings or portages, and its (topographically) “dangerous” places where ambushes and surprises would be particularly easy and simple affairs, would have been equivalent to suicide in such a world as that of the Iroquois, Sioux, or Blackfoot within historic times.

What makes this trail of particular interest in relation to our present topic is that as “guidance” to the fur-trading strangers coming into the land — if we may judge at least from the post-sites finally selected — the trail in question ran from Nowhere to Nowhere. There has never, I believe, been a fur-post anywhere near it; and this in characteristic fur country. It furnishes an admirable and striking index of the general value of the “buffalo guidance” fantasy.

There is in my opinion one vital defect which is inherent and inescapable in any serious attempt to link the human highway and its resultant settlement-centres — whether these be fur-posts or cities — with the wild animal track, as a fixed and uniform phenomenon. That defect is the entire absence of incentive — using that term to signify not just gratifying the impulse of the moment for food, drink, or shelter, but rather the long-sighted ultimate objectives of a deliberate and matured policy. All road-making peoples of whom we have any knowledge have had a definite objective in view. If such a pre-historic aboriginal commerce could present itself to the minds of those early peoples and come into existence, an incentive is supplied at once. I cannot believe that a recognition of the desirability of such a commerce could develop, and then lie dormant pending the fortuitous growth of “wild animal” trade-routes in such a manner, neither can I doubt that such a trading instinct would have asserted itself irresistibly and found its own routes, even if buffalo or deer had never

existed in the country at all. For we may remember that in many areas of the continent (and some of these among the most profusely betracked, in the opinion of the exponents of this *credo*) which the buffalo ultimately occupied, the Indian was there first. He was also in many others where the buffalo never penetrated.

As I have said, I take incentive to mean something more than merely meeting the basic needs of the moment. Even the instinct which impels certain animals to provide for the winter can scarcely be comprehended within the category of incentives, in quite the sense we apply to the farseeing purposes of mankind. If it could, I know of no species among possible trail-makers less entitled to be credited with this "human" degree of that faculty than the buffalo. For it may be doubted whether there ever existed a more aimless, erratic, incalculable wanderer upon the face of the earth. The "buffalo highway" cannot be separated from the "buffalo migration". This movement has been termed regular, annual, general, seasonal, periodic, systematic, constant, orderly, and boundless. Unless and until the migration is established as an authentic historical fact in the sense implicit in such terms, the concept of the "buffalo highway" vanishes into thin air, both in reason and in fact. I have elsewhere subjected the supposition of the buffalo migrations to a closely-detailed critical examination from every conceivable angle wherein their manifestations and influence have been postulated; and from every single one of these viewpoints it proves to be a myth — a mirage which vanishes upon closer approach. Certainly the buffalo forded streams, very frequently under the conditions already noted, which reduced any "trail" to a mere welter of oozy mud. But it is preposterous to suggest that a trail down to the river on the one side and a similar trail down to the water on the other side, constitute "proof" that the two trails make a continuous "through crossing", and indicate a transcontinental buffalo highway traversing hundreds of miles.

The fundamental principles of the *water-route* by river and lake with its connecting portages; its persistent adherence to one channel out of many, apparently no better (or even at the moment perhaps visibly more difficult) than seeming alternative ones; the ruthless

abandonment of this at the point of real — yet possibly by no means evident — strategic importance; the careful balancing of the multiple considerations which define the presence or absence of these governing factors in any given instance — and concerning which we possess abundant historical evidence of its exercise by the human agents responsible for these decisions; all these I consider to be alien to every authenticated instinct of the buffalo, and to be most unmistakable evidence of its human origin.

To look, for example, for the beginning of such a highly complex organization as the Hudson's Bay Company boat bridges—converging from the Mackenzie, the Athabaska, the Saskatchewan, and Red Rivers by skilfully selected water-routes (of whose careful exploration by experienced pioneers we actually possess historical evidence) and arriving almost simultaneously at Norway House or York Factory at a predetermined time—to seek the origin of this closely-detailed and triumphantly-successful organization in the desultory meanderings of an animal of no very high *proven* intelligence (and actually deemed by the majority of its most careful students to be the stupidest creature of the Plains) may be deemed picturesque. To me it seems futile, and almost frivolous.

A Campaign For Mr. Arrowman

by

MICHAEL SHELDON

EVEN for the founder of his own public relations firm Chuck Grainger was an ambitious and self-confident young man. And he had already done well at his calling — or profession, as he liked to describe it. Well on a small scale that is, for Grainger Associates was still a one-man operation, and his clients, however grateful, were not people or firms that could see their way to vast budgets and massive assaults on public opinion. Yet it required, he knew, only one such client, one outstanding success for him to hit the big money and stay with it.

He sat in his office of restrained, workmanlike elegance and murmured to himself, "What wouldn't I give for a John D. Rockefeller! I'd show them."

It could not have been more than thirty seconds before his secretary entered. "There's a gentleman to see you, Mr. Grainger. I'm afraid I didn't quite catch his name."

"A salesman, Nancy, or does he look like a client?"

"More like a client, and I think he's a foreigner."

"Then show him in."

His visitor, tall and dark with greying hair, was expensively dressed; he might have been the hero of a European film twenty or so years back. Chuck rose and took a long, cold hand.

"My name is Nicholas Arrowman."

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Arrowman. What can I do for you?"

"You are a consultant on public relations, I have a public relations problem."

"I shall be very happy to try to help you."

"I thought you would be." Mr. Arrowman took out a gold cigarette case and offered it to Chuck. The cigarettes were fat and gold-tipped.

"You are not — an American, Mr. Arrowman?"

"I have become one."

"And you are in business here?"

"I am the North American representative of an international organization."

"Then you will have rather special problems in the public relations field. The question of securing acceptance . . ."

"We are not newcomers to this continent."

"You plan to expand your sphere of operations?"

"I would say rather that we wish to recover our former influence."

"In that case it may well be necessary to provide your organization with an entirely new image, one more in keeping with the present interests and attitudes of the American public. Sometimes this can be even more difficult than starting from scratch." Mr. Arrowman smiled. "I don't think you mentioned . . ."

"I represent Hell, Mr. Grainger."

"One of the new German steel combines, isn't it?"

"Just Hell, Mr. Grainger, the underworld, Hades, the last home of the damned."

"I . . ."

"You don't believe me? You can't imagine being approached by the devil in the year 1960?" Mr. Arrowman did not wait for an answer. "That is precisely our trouble. The American loss of belief. My master, to use an old phrase, is most concerned about it."

It was better to humour the fellow. "I would have thought the churches could have been of greater assistance to you."

Mr. Arrowman shook his head. "They too have been contaminated. Affluence has a disastrous effect on belief in damnation. That is one of the perversities of man. Yet man has certainly been warned of the dangers of affluence. The eye of a needle, Mr. Grainger."

"You are a fundamentalist, Mr. Arrowman?"

"Decidedly." There was a long pause. "You are wondering whether you should call the police?"

"You must admit that your approach . . ."

"Does not sound sane? I'm afraid you are a man of your times, Mr. Grainger. Shrewd but unimaginative, and the slave of the scientists. Your sense of wonder is limited to the childish achievement of sending a rocket to your little earth-bound moon."

"I'm sorry I cannot help you."

"You have not even heard my proposition."

"But . . ."

"We are a wealthy organization, Mr. Grainger." Mr. Arrowman took out a crocodile-skin wallet and handed a letter across the desk. The Manhattan, Brooklyn and Staten Island Bank reported the opening of a five million dollar credit in the name of Mr. Nicholas Arrowman, North American representative of Helinco, a Liechtenstein corporation. "Bankers seem to have more realistic ideas about good and evil."

Chuck looked into his visitor's eyes. "If — if you are what you say you are," he murmured at last, "why have you come to me?"

"Because I expected a sympathetic reception. Your ambitions are not being fulfilled, you do not suffer from a tender conscience . . . and you have a very high reputation in your profession."

"And what precisely to you wish me to do?"

"To make the American people once again aware of hell — of hell and the devil."

"This may seem a silly question but why should that concern you? Surely people will go to hell whether they believe in its existence or not."

"Not precisely. They are more likely to end up in oblivion. As a result of which our loyal and experienced staff are suffering from serious under-employment. The men — and women — who believe and still sin" — Mr. Arrowman's eyes lit up — "only they can truly be said to suffer the torments of the damned."

"The ethics of my profession will scarcely permit . . ."

"On the contrary, Mr. Grainger. The man who does not comprehend — and so believe — can scarcely expect to go to heaven either. I assure you that my mission has received the highest sanction, or

should I say blessing. My alter ego is just as concerned as I am about what is happening here."

"But I am to serve you — not the other side?"

"Mr. Grainger, these are matters that, given your lack of theological training, it is all but impossible for you to understand. Cannot we just limit ourselves to the simple business proposition — namely that you fashion, as I believe you would put it, a new corporate image for hell?"

Chuck stubbed out his gold-tipped cigarette. "Mr. Arrowman, if my memory of our folk history is correct, there is always a gimmick in such transactions. You offer me power and prosperity, but in return I mortgage my — my soul."

Mr. Arrowman gestured indulgently. "We have made that kind of contract in the past, but it is scarcely suited to the United States in 1960. No, I am merely proposing to hire you as public relations counsel. You will be well paid and will have an excellent chance to establish your reputation."

"No contract signed in blood?"

Mr. Arrowman laughed outright. "We lay no claim to your personal will or conscience, Mr. Grainger. Certainly we offer you the opportunity to escape from oblivion, but whether you accept this and where you go will be entirely your own decision."

For the first time since the formation of Grainger Associates Chuck could sense a challenge in keeping with his abilities. There were few legendary figures in his young profession, but this was surely the chance to become one of them, perhaps the greatest of all. "I accept your proposition, Mr. Arrowman."

"You are a very wise man, Mr. Grainger."

"It may take time."

"In your perspective but not in mine. How long do you want — a year, two years, five years?"

"I shall be able to tell you better when I have taken a survey." He held up his hand to block Mr. Arrowman's interruption. "Of course I accept the situation as you have outlined it, but such a generalized account is scarcely sufficient foundation for a full scale public rela-

tions campaign. We need to know more about what people think, what knowledge they actually have, whether they are sceptics or just ignorant. Also, it is essential that our data be broken down according to occupation, age group, even geographically. There are likely to be substantial variations between different ethnic groups." Chuck's eyes lit up at the prospects ahead of him.

Mr. Arrowman nodded his approval. "I can see that I have come to the right man. I shall make a first transfer to your account tomorrow."

"We should know where we stand in another six months."

The first thing that struck Chuck as he pondered his task was the need for a more readily presentable client. He could not tell Integrated Surveys that they were being employed on behalf of the devil; even Helinco was not too suitable. And so, after half an hour's head and paper scratching, the Association for American Awareness came into being. And the more Chuck thought about it, the more AAA appealed to him as the mainspring of all his activity. He drew up a charter and then, having appointed himself secretary-treasurer, set about selecting a list of influential supporters — from the church, education, sports, entertainment, and business. Having no need for financial backing, he anticipated no difficulty securing widespread moral support.

It was about a month later that, armed with a fatly impressive list of patrons, he called on Don Shantz of Integrated Surveys. AAA, he explained to Don, was deeply concerned about the contemporary lack of understanding of the deeper issues. "People have lost the faith of their fathers, and have devised nothing to take its place."

"I'll buy that."

"AAA wishes to re-establish the foundations of faith — on a non-denominational basis."

"Just like our community church, we had a rabbi preach to us last Sunday."

"But before we start our campaign we must know where we stand. Here is an outline for a nation-wide survey."

It was not, Chuck had decided, desirable to bring AAA into the limelight at this stage, so the survey would appear to be conducted

on behalf of a new encyclopedia. After the necessary personal data would come a series of questions to test biblical knowledge, such as, "Have you heard of: Japhet, Amos, Gehenna, Beersheba, Lazarus, Satan?" Then questions about Greek mythology. "Have you heard of: Zeus, Diana, Cerberus, Hercules, Hades, Proserpine?" Don commented that these did not quite seem to jibe with AAA's purpose, but Chuck explained that such knowledge was part of the national heritage. The same held for Dante, Faust and Ahriman, and the questions in which they appeared. The American literature section referred to Old Nick and Mr. Scratch.

The second part of the questionnaire advanced into opinion and belief. After democracy and free enterprise had been covered there was a section on religion. Question 19: "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul? Answer yes or no." Question 20: "If you have answered yes to Question 19, say whether you expect to be punished for your sins?" Question 21: "If you have answered yes to Question 20, where do you expect to be punished?" Question 22: "If you have answered yes to Question 20, how do you expect to be punished?" Question 23: "If you have answered yes to Question 20, who do you expect will punish you?"

When Mr. Arrowman appeared on the appointed day Chuck had Don's preliminary results on his desk.

"It is just as you feared, Mr. Arrowman. American ignorance of the facts of life after death is abysmal. Only fifty-two per cent of our people have heard of Satan, five per cent of Cerberus and less than one per cent of your oriental self. But what shakes me even more is the blind, bland optimism. Eighty-eight per cent believe in the immortality of the soul, but only fourteen per cent expect to be punished for their sins. When I saw those figures I felt that we should perhaps have pursued the topic a little further, to ascertain whether they are due to lack of awareness of sin or a conviction of personal goodness, but I'm afraid it's too late for that now."

As Mr. Arrowman was reading the report, Chuck remarked, "It's interesting that you get a much higher level of belief in the South. That would seem to reflect the more primitive attitudes of our coloured

people. The sample from the country districts of Maine and Vermont shows a similar trend. The peaks of disregard are naturally to be found in the metropolitan centres of California and Texas."

"You haven't got the figures for occupations?"

"Don Shantz is still breaking them out. But from what he has told me I don't expect anything too startling. Teachers have a high level of knowledge, a very low level of belief. So oddly do clergymen. Of course by belief I mean belief in hell, not in immortality. The latter reaches ninety-eight per cent among the clergy."

"Yes, that has been our own experience." Mr. Arrowman handed the report back. "And when will you begin your campaign?"

"My staff goes into action tomorrow." Since Mr. Arrowman's first visit Grainger Associates had greatly increased in both floor space and employees. Different doors were labelled "Research", "Press Relations" and "Opinion Leader Activities."

"Excellent."

"I have decided to develop two separate campaigns — one with mass appeal, the other aimed at men of influence and distinction. And it seemed advisable to establish a special Clergy Relations Division."

"I can see that we have placed our cause in the best possible hands."

"May I give you a progress report a year from today?"

"That will be most satisfactory." As he was leaving Mr. Arrowman paused at the door and remarked, "I am concerned at what you have told me about the teaching profession. While it may be necessary to consign a large number of adults to limbo, we must do all we can to save the children."

Grainger Associates swung efficiently into action. Chuck arranged for AAA booths at fairs and exhibitions across the country featuring "Hell Through The Ages". Prizes would be given to the juvenile visitors who sent in the best essays on "What I Have Learnt About Hell". He commissioned a prominent authority on progressive education to prepare a comic book for school distribution entitled "Better The Devil We Know". A number of successful television writers were

approached to script plays which featured the devil or damnation, and six colleges accepted grants for chairs in comparative demonology.

A week-end drive in the country gave him one of his most effective ideas, a cooperative outdoor advertising campaign with the road safety people built round the theme "Are You Prepared To Face Him?" The joint poster showed a smashed automobile and a fire-enshrouded demon. A number of clergymen used it as the text for a sermon during National Safety Week.

But a great deal more emphasis had to be put on clergy relations. The item of which Chuck was perhaps proudest was the infernal annual report. It presented a twelve-month story of the operations of hell with descriptive passages based on Dante. Copiously illustrated with coloured photographs, charts and graphs, it was sent to every cleric in the country. An introductory letter from AAA gave some basic facts about national ignorance and disbelief.

Though the report attracted widespread attention, Chuck felt it wiser to have his field men develop a strong supporting campaign. The nation's hundred best listened-to divines received postcards from substantial numbers of their parishioners asking them to "tell the whole truth" about hell and damnation.

The magazines in turn received close attention. As a result, *Life* carried an eight-page feature on Hell in Our Artistic Heritage, ranging from the dawn of history to non-representational Greenwich Village, and *Popular Science* carried a fascinating account of Hell Today with IBM machines keeping record of sinners, automated torture lines and atomic generators for the eternal flames.

These activities were all well under way when Mr. Arrowman paid his next call. Chuck handed him the report prepared for the occasion.

"Yes, Mr. Grainger, you have certainly been busy." But there was a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"Of course it takes time for the impact to manifest itself, for the image to be substantially affected."

"I realize that, and we are finding a slight rise in knowledge. But there is still a distressing lack of belief."

"I'm sure that with our second annual report and the coming *Reader's Digest* series on What Damnation Has Meant To Me . . ."

"It is, I appreciate, very hard to convince a people who live so well . . ."

"If you could only arrange for plant tours . . ."

"Our charter does not allow us to employ the supernatural on a mass scale."

"I will have another survey taken before your next visit. I'm sure we'll have some concrete and encouraging results by then."

"I have every confidence in you, Mr. Grainger."

Chuck redoubled his efforts. The school comic book was followed up with a cartoon film based on the more sensational Indian legends. The clergy were offered a compact demonstration kit including self-generating fire, dehydrated brimstone and model forks of wrought plastic. Ed Sullivan devoted a Sunday night program to a dramatic new ballet entitled "Hot Lips In The Underworld". Two famous Broadway stars began a cross-country tour with pertinent readings from the classics. Editorials praising the activities and philosophy of AAA were read into the Senate record. But the survey held shortly before Mr. Arrowman's return only bore out the envoy's earlier concern. Knowledge was up again — approximately seven per cent on a national basis — but belief had not budged.

"You have done your best, Mr. Grainger. Nobody can blame you."

"I don't think anyone else could have brought it off."

"I'm afraid not. Things have gone too far for public relations."

Mr. Arrowman turned towards the door.

"But you're not going to give up?" Chuck blurted out. "Condemn us to oblivion?"

Mr. Arrowman shook his head benignly.

"Then . . . ?"

"Stronger measures are possible."

"You mean an all-out advertising campaign?"

"You once mentioned plant tours, Mr. Grainger. Well, your own people have found out how to establish hell on earth. It is only necessary to create the occasion."

The Keats Letters*

by

GEORGE WHALLEY

John Keats's letters hold a specially privileged position in the writing of the early nineteenth century. Once discovered, they continue to be rediscoverable; one can never take them for granted; they never cease to delight, amaze, reprove. Even within the area of autobiographical literature they are difficult to match unless it be with the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth. For many years, the Keats letters have provided the essential discursive counterpart and interpretative guide to Keats's poetry. At times and in some respects the letters are more perfectly realized even than the poems themselves. Yet it is not as critical materials, biographical documents, or elucidatory keys that the letters have assumed importance, even though from a scholarly point of view they are indispensable for all those reasons. The letters speak for themselves in an accent of truth, of passion, of delight, of weariness, of despair that is the common master language of the heart. It is difficult to imagine that anybody has ever read these letters sensitively without suffering what Frost once called an immortal wound. For they sharply discipline any tendency towards sentimental condescension to Keats's youth; they turn aside in the reader, as with a beak of brass, any incipient indulgence in the pathetic fallacy. At times gay, at times domestic, sometimes bawdy, with a puzzled clarity unraveling the mysteries, or dreamily unthreading the gossamer of glorious indolence from which a poem is growing; these letters have the impetuous spring of life, the pebble-like solidity and hardness of unblinking honesty. For when a piece of writing is not self-expression but assumes the status and substance of an entity in its own right, it bears like a patina the impervious polish of its own identity. The power of Keats's letters to astonish and to humble is not narrow: whether he be telling his brother how, in discussion with Dilke, "several things dove-tailed in my mind" to produce in a flash the notion of Negative Capability; or whether sketching out in firm unhesitating lines his view of the world as "The vale of Soul-making" with suffering as a shaping necessity in it; or quietly dilating upon the great and unobtrusive nature of poetry, or saying how "A Poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence; because he has no Identity"; or telling how there is nothing to be certain of but the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of Imag-

* *The Letters of John Keats 1814-1821*. Edited by Hyder Edward Rollins. 2 vols. Cambridge: Harvard University Press; Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co., Ltd. 1958. Pp xxii+442; xiii+440. Illustrated. \$24.00.

ination; or writing to Fanny Brawne to say "You do not feel as I do—you do not know what it is to love—one day you may—your time is not come"; or crying in the humiliating desolation of his mortal illness—"The thought of leaving Miss Brawne is beyond everything horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing . . . Is there another Life? . . . There must be; we cannot be created for this sort of suffering." "I go among the Fields and catch a glimpse of a Stoat or a fieldmouse peeping out of the withered grass", he writes, casually as an illustrative analogy; and the words become parabolic, with the plain magic upon them of another statement of his—"if a Sparrow come before my Window I take part in its existence and pick about the Gravel".

What kind of man was this that could write in prose with such incisive wisdom, spontaneous energy, untainted intellectual imagination, dying before he was twenty-six years old? The answer is not easy: even John Middleton Murry for all his desire and devotion could not refrain from drawing Keats as a natural-born but slightly uncultivated Bloomsbury intellectual. But the need to attempt an answer has left an indelible mark on the editions of Keats's letters. "They do not know me even my most intimate acquaintance—" Keats remarked when he was twenty-three; "Some think me middling, others silly, others foolish—every one thinks he sees my weak side against my will; when in truth it is with my will—I am content to be thought all this because I have in my own breast so great a resource." No portrait of Keats will ever be final; every scrap of evidence is probably of value, everything that brings each reader near to both the transcendent life and the quotidian genius of John Keats is precious.

Since Milne's collection of 1867, 244 Keats letters have been recovered and in succession edited into the canon, the giant's share of the collecting and editing done by Harry Buxton Forman and his son Maurice. The Forman editions have allowed us to travel much in the golden realm of Keats's wild perverse misspellings, his impetuous punctuation, the frantic verbal inventions, the unabashed (for who told him posterity would read so attentively?) elisions, clumsy puns, private allusions, quotations that tax the ingenuity and patience of editors. The Keats letters, as edited by Maurice Buxton Forman, unobtrusively preserving the extreme peculiarities of the originals, have come to assume a distinctive physical flavour of their own. But it has long been known that, despite the care Forman had taken and although there were not likely to be any impressive additions to the canon, all was not definitely well among the commas, capitals, and footnotes of the received text; and some conjectural dates were adrift. "So much information has turned up in recent years about the dating and arrangement of Keats's letters as to make a new edition almost imperative," Professor Rollins says at the beginning of his Preface. Ten years ago he had issued two volumes of secondary and parallel materials under the title of *The Keats Circle*; and an

article of 1953 gave preliminary information about the correct dating of the letters. Now—unhappily after Professor Rollins's death—come the fruits of what was presumably a lifetime of textual, biographical, critical checking of minutiae.

The new edition consists of two volumes, each in physical dimensions somewhat larger than the one Forman volume issued in 1952. Perhaps then the canon has been greatly enlarged, or the matrix in which the letters are to be read has been much enriched? When we compare it with the Forman edition we find that very little has been added. All the familiar features of Forman's edition are here: the chronological table of events in Keats's life, the biographical memoirs of the correspondents, the list of missing letters, the account of peculiar spellings, the carefully compiled index. All are revised, refined, enlarged; there is correction, consolidation, compounding of critical and explanatory material within small space; and the chronological table is probably the most exact biographical record we now have of Keats's life. The secondary letters printed (in smaller type) by Forman are here too; but others have been added to provide the only considerable increase in material. There are some forty secondary letters here not printed by Forman. The last ninety pages of Vol. II are taken up (except for five short Keats Letters) with a series of letters describing Keats's illness, decline, and death. Certainly this heightens the dramatic force of the end of the book once Keats's pen has stopped writing; for there is a terrible ritual tread to the incoherent, atrociously vivid letters that Severn wrote out of the last days in Italy.

Whether or not it is proper for an edition of letters to become something more like a compendium of biographical documents is a matter for the editor, not a reviewer, to decide; and the edition of any group of letters involves special decisions. Professor Rollins, in increasing the quantity of secondary letters and placing greater optical emphasis upon them than Forman did, follows an intention shown less in the titlepage than in the heading to the table of contents: "Letters and papers 1814-1821"—that is, Letters and Papers by, and referring to, John Keats. It is under such a scheme that Professor Rollins's statement about his additions to the canon can be absolved from a charge of disingenuousness. For the "seven letters or other documents signed or written by Keats that appear in no English edition" consist of one new but early and not very important letter to Severn, two verse epistles that earlier editors have not thought of including in a collective edition, two legal documents (one of only forty words), a note pinned to a publisher's door without provocative intent, and an order for four copies of the *Lamia* volume. Again, the "new texts of seven other letters by him" are new transcripts from autographs not previously accessible; and the fresh transcripts of the Woodhouse and Jeffrey copies of Keats letters give an exact text of the secondary authority. A few letters have been redated, in two or three cases across a considerable period of time; a few letters have been rearranged

textually. But for the most part there is very little new or different to arrest the eye: an occasional corrected word, a capital altered, an abbreviation adjusted, a mark of punctuation put in or taken out; and the footnotes, usually embodying what is worth preserving of the Forman notes, have much new information yet march with a primmer and perhaps rather less copious tread than in the Forman editions. Everything that can be corrected has been corrected, without fuss, without much discussion; it is unlikely that any cross-reference has been missed, or that any item of Keats research has been neglected. The dry impartial breeze that stirs so persistently the leaves of *PMLA* blows here with the steadiness of the tradewind: it chills the birdsong, one might complain, and delight is dead. No more may error, prejudice or perversity mar the annotation of Keats. The Keats letters can never regress from this exactitude; and only the discovery of some more Keats manuscripts could disturb this completeness.

What does one expect of a good edition? A flawlessly accurate text; deft discussion of problematical or disputed points of reading; elucidation of any obscurities in the text that might interfere with fluent and just reading. Nothing less than all the ascertainable facts is acceptable; nothing less than the highest degree of accuracy can seriously be considered. Yet something else is needed too if an edition is to be "great" and become fertile—as Grierson's *Donne* has. Professor Rollins's personality certainly never obtrudes in this edition; but his withdrawal is not of the kind that leaves his subject luminous. To collect and minutely transcribe every last syllable of Keats's letters, every note or signature of a copyist on a manuscript, every last blurry trace of a postmark as evidence of accurate dating: that would seem to be an act of piety or devotion. Yet, compared with Humphry House's informative but cantankerous editing of *G. M. Hopkins*, or even the bleak astringent affection that Ernest de Selincourt extended to Wordsworth, Professor Rollins's edition seems to lack the gesture of celebration and the small miracle of inventive grace. If there is any longer such a thing as an ordinary reader, this edition was not prepared for him; this seems to have been conceived entirely as an edition for scholars as though by some feat of transfiguration Keats's letters had at last passed over from the dusty imprecision of life into the apocalyptic clarity of the Academy and need never more move in the world of ordinary mortals.

Professor Rollins says very little about his intentions or reasons; and footnotes are not always clear fingerposts to the heart's affections. Whatever suspicions one may have about Professor Rollins having prepared this edition primarily for scholars, the Harvard University Press has done nothing to dispel the impression. The Keats letters have become for many people an enchiridion—a book that can be held in the hand, or read in a chair or a bath or a bus, or even (as Shelley did some of his reading) in an ill-manned and sinking boat. In this respect the Forman editions produced by the Oxford Press were admirable: set in Baskerville,

a highly complex diplomatic text was so presented as to conceal the problems of presentation; the pages had even something of the look of the letters—informal, intimate, plumply packed but legible. A single octavo volume of lxx + 564 pages contained almost as much copy as the two volumes of the Rollins edition. If the critical edition of Wordsworth's *Prelude* can be managed in a single agreeable volume of 725 pages, it is difficult to see why the Rollins edition should not have gone into one volume: for the same Baskerville types are used, in the same size, and to a wider measure; though leaded and more coarsely spaced. Good editing is curiously similar to good typographic design: neither must intrude or expatiate; both must hint, be deft, avoid sleeve-plucking. Professor Rollins's editing has all the virtues; it must be the physical design of the volumes that makes them feel like a monument.

One is impressed as before by the minuteness, ingenuity, care, detail, and conciseness of Professor Rollins's scholarship. For his industry as hunter, transcriber, and annotator, one will have to continue to be grateful even though one is likely to be annoyed by the inconvenience of the two-volume arrangement and vexed by the chill and joyless commentary. The beautiful crisp maps drawn by S. H. Bryant on the end papers are very useful but unfortunately will in many copies be defaced by librarians. Since Rollins's edition is evidently here to stay, it is to be hoped that some time or other it will be remade to a design more appropriate to the extent and nature of the text, so that it may be more handy to read and use; and so that Keats, who was never a scholar's man anyway, may return to his own.

THE NEW BOOKS

History

HELLENISM, THE HISTORY OF A CIVILIZATION. By Arnold J. Toynbee. London & Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. 255. \$1.50.

In the preface to his new book, Arnold Toynbee discloses that it was first commissioned for the Home University Library and outlined and then put to one side until 1956. He does not reveal to what extent he was prompted to make changes in the initial draft of 1914 but it may be safely assumed that he felt compelled to introduce many modifications to bring HELLENISM into conformity with the recent evolution of his historical thought reached in the final volumes of *A Study of History*.

One of the advantages of this book is that students of Toynbee can find in it a short statement of his opinions about Greek civilization, a useful service since it has long been obvious that the key to *A Study of History* is Toynbee's view of and reaction to Greek history. Many of his general principles appear to be derived not from universal history but from the dramatic developments in Greece in the 5th and 4th centuries B.C.

In the present work he offers again, with no significant change, the theories which are already familiar to readers of *A Study of History*. Once more he shows much preoccupation with religion (even managing to include some reference to Buddhism), and again he gives little attention to Greek science and technology, subjects which have been illuminated by special studies in the history of science. Similarly, he is oddly perfunctory about Herodotus and Thucydides who are mentioned very casually.

Other matters of emphasis might be criticized, but reference must be made to his indifference to many aspects of Roman civilization, which he regards only as an afterglow. He maintains his basic proposition that, in fact, the Roman empire was doomed before it was established and this because of events in Greece during the 5th and 4th centuries. It is not unusual to

present Hellenism as a civilization flourishing first in Greece and then in a declining phase in Rome, but it is strange logic to argue, on parallel lines, that in political and military matters Rome was condemned to confusion and decline, in spite of the best efforts of the Romans, because of an irreversible trend determined in Greece centuries earlier.

J. F. LEDDY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

BASIC DOCUMENTS IN CANADIAN HISTORY. By James J. Talman. (Anvil Books, under general editorship of Louis L. Snyder.) Princeton, N.J. & Toronto: Van Nostrand Company, Inc. 1959. Pp. 190. \$1.25.

Now that paperbacks have found sex too confining, they are careening off in all directions, invading even that sanctum of sober scholarship, government archives. One of the latest Anvil titles is the volume under review which makes no concession to the drug-store variety of paperbacks in title or cover design.

The purpose of the volume is "to provide a selection of documents to illustrate the development of Canada from an unexplored geographical region to an independent world power". This is a tall order to execute in less than 200 pages, but with a good many hops, skips and jumps the job is done. We begin by sailing up the St. Lawrence with Jacques Cartier in 1535 and end with Mr. St. Laurent's statement on the St. Lawrence Seaway in 1954.

Mr. Talman introduces each document, or group of documents, with a capsule explanation of their historical context and importance. Few documents are given in their entirety, but the editor has exercised skilful ingenuity in extracting operative clauses from surrounding verbiage. A curious omission is any reference to the Alaska boundary dispute award—an important document in Canadian-American relations and in the development of the Department of External Affairs.

Although heavily weighted on the constitutional side, a number of interesting 'documents' (letters, extracts from newspapers, etc.) are included to illustrate our social, economic and 'cultural' development.

Too slim for academic use, the books could be used to supplement high school courses in Canadian history. One wonders what success it will have on the American market.

H. P. GUNDY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

EDMUND BURKE AND IRELAND. By Thomas H. D. Mahoney. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co., Ltd. 1960. Pp. 413. \$9.00.

During his long parliamentary career Edmund Burke probably devoted as much time and thought to Ireland as he did to the American Colonies, to India, or to the French Revolution. His concern over the plight of his native land was very deep, and at times he was active in her behalf, but he accomplished little. On at least two occasions his conservatism led him to oppose measures which would have benefited Ireland considerably. He was vehement in his opposition to a proposed tax on the holdings of absentee landlords which was brought forward in 1773, and for reasons not entirely clear he objected to Pitt's recommendation to free Irish trade in 1785. On the other hand his support of measures to relieve Catholics and improve Irish trade in 1778 was responsible for the loss of his parliamentary seat in Bristol which he had prized so highly. He worked very hard to secure the passage of the Act of 1793 which enfranchised Irish Catholics. He was always a strong supporter of toleration for Catholics, and his understanding and sympathy for the Irish Catholics was unusual for a statesman of his day.

Professor Mahoney's account is detailed and scholarly. He has been careful and thorough in his use of the large collections of Burke correspondence which recently became available. Not much new light is thrown on the subject; Lecky's work stands up remarkably well. Nevertheless the

volume should prove helpful to students interested in Burke or in eighteenth century England or Ireland. It is unfortunate that Professor Mahoney's style is not a bit more lively. While as a whole the book is not unpleasant reading it contains sections which seem unnecessarily dull and heavy.

HAROLD A. DAVIS

BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE

Studies in War

THEY WHO FOUGHT HERE. By Bell Irvin Wiley and Hirst D. Millhollen. New York: Macmillan and Co. Galt, Ontario: Brett-Macmillan. 1959. Pp. ix + 273. \$10.00.

We are on the eve of the centenary of the American Civil War. In the United States the event is being marked by a flood of literature which will reach tidal wave proportions within the next two or three years. Never before in human history has a centenary commemoration called forth so much publication.

For Americans the Civil War is not only "the first of modern wars", it is the greatest conflict fought within their territory, it was their own private concern, and it was the confirmation of their existence as a nation. No war anywhere else has been so intensively and extensively studied. American mass education, wide-spread scholarship, proclivity for travel, mania for collecting antiques, and the accident that this was the first war in the age of the camera, are some of the factors that have contributed to the development of what has become the spare-time occupation of thousands of enthusiasts whose knowledge of events is amazing.

For most Canadians, the Civil War is as remote as the Antipodes. And so the flood of publication "down below" has sent hardly a ripple across the border. Nevertheless, there are many excellent books in print and on the stocks which would interest Canadian readers.

They Who Fought Here is one. It is a description of the Federal and Confederate

armies, of their personnel, arms, ammunition, and equipment, of their interests and diversions, of their morals and their morale. Full use has been made of photographic illustration to illuminate the narrative. Although there are no references to annoy the casual reader, very many quotations from documents are successfully woven into the text. Very large use has been made of the vast collection of letters from combatants, a source which no other war can match. For this was not only the first war of millions of literates, it was also relatively free from the security controls and censorship of later days. (In the twentieth century only the "high brass" appears to be able to write freely to wives and sweethearts and in confidential diaries.) The historian of later and nearer conflicts does not have as much useful material to reconstruct the lives of soldiers as that which was available from the Civil War.

They Who Fought Here is a fascinating volume which can be enjoyed by readers who have never studied a single campaign. It is, at the same time, a most valuable reference work for students of the Civil War.

RICHARD A. PRESTON

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

THE VICTORY CAMPAIGN. By C. P. Stacey. Ottawa: The Queen's Printer. 1960. Pp. 770. \$4.00.

If, in writing this book, Professor Stacey ever worried about being charged with favouritism towards special regiments or formations involved in the great story he has chronicled, the finished book must have set his mind at rest. Any heroism, divisional, regimental, or individual depicted in these pages is as impersonal as the fate that war metes out to her practitioners. The handling and sorting of units, their application to a particular tactical problem, talk of forward and backward movement over disputed territory are matters described with competent, almost mathematical precision—even down to the neat tabulations of losses at the conclusion of each selected surge of military activity. What accurate, complete, painstaking, monumental, monotonous research!

The result is a book that ought to be placed by librarians on the reference rather than on the historical shelves. This is a creditable accomplishment and despite the obvious fact that all has not been revealed, enough has emerged so that from the point of view of quantity and accuracy *The Victory Campaign* will stand unchallenged for many years as the book on the Canadian Army in Europe, 1944-45.

Accuracy, however, is not everything. The mighty thunder of great deeds, swift movement, and violent death has been reduced in this book to the whisper of a dry echo. Regiments parade, attack, are blooded, retire, refit, and return to repeat the experience leaving no more mark on the reader's mind than a description of war between black and red ants on the mind of a statistician. No more do individuals stand out. Did we have any outstanding leaders? There are hints, of course, many of which will be revealing for those whose knowledge and experience are more extensive than that of "the general reader" to whom the book is "primarily" addressed. Indeed the general restraint regarding command ability makes one absurdly grateful for such references as there are to relations between General Crerar and the British. These descriptions are not as surprisingly revealing as they are refreshing for the human interest that they inject into the story. One also regrets the lack of treatment of probable differences within the Canadian fold—although one sees the difficulties.

The author's natural lucid narrative abilities emerge more clearly, however, from his descriptions of general strategy. One suspects that his main interests lay in this direction. Despite the fact that he offers frequent apology for trespassing on an area tilted by the major participants his comments and judgements on these matters reflect the knowledge and balance of a trained thinker on military affairs.

The problems involved in writing a one volume history of *The Victory Campaign* that the Queen's Printer would print, that would satisfy the desire of both participants and future historians for accurate detailed information, and the need to produce a book that would capture interest through its intrinsic merits were formidable. Professor Stacey has not overcome all of these prob-

lems, but what he has given us is both thorough and workmanlike. That is praise enough.

DONALD M. SCHURMAN

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

International Affairs

THE WORLD WAR AND AMERICAN ISOLATION, 1914-1917. By Ernest R. May. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1959. Pp. viii + 482. \$9.00.

Professor May has analyzed the developments in the relations of the United States with Great Britain and Germany which culminated in her involvement in World War I. The special feature of the work is its revelation of the domestic political forces in the three countries as they affected the course of diplomacy. Particularly significant is the discussion of the rivalries and power contests within German officialdom and in the Reichstag, and the currents of public opinion in that country. The central figure is Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg, who foresaw that if the United States entered the war Germany could not hope for victory. For two years he struggled against the reckless naval and military advocates of unrestricted submarine warfare, but was finally defeated in January 1917, when the Kaiser sided with his opponents.

Readers who recall the "big business conspiracy" theory of American war involvement, so popular during the 1930's, will be impressed by the evidence that Wilson's policy was primarily determined by his concern for American prestige and moral influence. Professor May emphasizes that by the spring of 1917 the United States had become so prosperous that she could afford to lose part of her trade with the Allies. For Wilson, the issue of unrestricted submarine warfare was not a matter of economics; it symbolized the rule of law and the rights of humanity. To retreat on this issue would prove America "incapable of exercising influence compatible with her population, resources and ideals". Yet so cautiously and reluctantly did he move to

this position that May believes if Wilson had foreseen the extent of the bloodletting he might have chosen armed neutrality instead of war.

This scholarly book is of more than scholarly interest. Apart from its dramatic theme, this "tale of three cities" will appeal to all who realize that international affairs cannot be understood or influenced by resort to a few stereotyped assessments of national policies, and that the best resource of the statesman will always be an intimate understanding of a rival's interests and problems, as well as one's own.

LEWIS H. THOMAS

REGINA COLLEGE

QUAKER WAYS IN FOREIGN POLICY. By Robert O. Byrd. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1960. Pp. 230. \$5.00.

Even casual students of foreign affairs will be somewhat acquainted with the activities and the spirit of Quakerism. But between on the one side, the 7-volume *Rowntree Series* and the multitude of widely scattered Minutes of Yearly Meetings, biographies, pamphlets and monographs on specific issues, and on the other side, the easily accessible tract for our own situation, *Speak Truth to Power*, there is a great gap.

Mr. Byrd's present delineation of the character and development of Quaker contributions in their whole extent fills this need admirably. It presents first, an extended interpretation of the basic faith of Quakers in the "positive, creative, unifying quality" in every man. Nearly half of his space is given to this, and appropriately, since this is the intended motive and guide and control in all their undertakings and since it is upon this spirit in the "enemies" that they depend, in their characteristic outreaches of conciliation.

Mr. Byrd's sensitive understanding and skill in presentation yields an objective and realistic account of this mystical faith; one which is never tedious and often exciting. He nowhere—except in a very brief Epilogue in which he considers some criticisms—argues the case for either the effectiveness or the correctness of the attitudes and acts he reports. His sympathy is

of course apparent, and one is not surprised that he became a Quaker in the process of this research, but the candour and modesty of his statement amply covers this sort of advocacy.

The historical portion covers the whole sweep of time from George Fox's revolutionary Epistles to Cromwell, Pope, Czar, Sultan and various Kings, to present undertakings in Korea and the United Nations, and the sweep in space, to world-round extent.

Detailed accounts are not given, but a very impressive range of judgements and engagements are reported, and for each generous footnotes give ample guidance to those who seek detail.

Of special interest probably is the highlighting of the development of the Quaker Conscience under change of circumstance, insight and opportunity. Six rough stages are distinguished and treated separately, though the continuity is evident. The shifts he describes, such as from revolutionary criticism to tolerated quietism, from isolationist purism to effective mixing, from individual to corporate judgement, organization and action, from Sins to Problems—his title for the inter-war period—or from observers to participants—since the last war—illustrate the flexibility of this theistic humanistic faith.

W. JARVIS MCCURDY

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE ATLANTIC COMMUNITY. By George Catlin. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1959. Pp. 146. \$2.50.

Most of this disappointing book consists of the author's *One Anglo-American Nation*, published in 1941. He was "amazed by how little of the theme has to be altered or judgements then made revised". Professor Catlin's pride is understandable but the effect of his claim is marred by the failure to indicate where he made revisions in 1958, apart from the new introduction, a number of admiring footnotes and laudatory reviews of the earlier version. Nor do the revisions suffice to make the case as persuasive as it might be for contemporary readers. Too many of the personalities and

secondary arguments have lost significance and detract from the main theme which remains timely.

Had the new introduction been longer, the author might have done justice to the exciting movement towards unity in western Europe, and to the sterile rôle of the United Kingdom, hesitating between Europe, the Commonwealth and "Anglo-Saxony". The high cost of nuclear independence, and the threat of exclusion from European markets, are forcing the United Kingdom to abandon its outmoded insularity, very much as Catlin would wish. He is curiously blind however, to the reaction of the French, and probably other continentals, to his emphasis upon the English-speaking peoples as the nucleus of the Atlantic Community. Indeed, de Gaulle's divisive tactics in NATO are largely motivated by resentment of the Anglo-Saxon club within the club.

His claim to the prophet's mantle now established, one hopes the author will devote a fresh study to his worthy cause. In it he could usefully exhort the backward Anglo-Saxons to emulate the political creativeness and courage of the Franco-Germans.

PEYTON V. LYON

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

The Social Sciences

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN ITS SOCIAL SETTING. By Arthur H. Cole. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co., Ltd. 1959. Pp. xiii + 286. \$7.25.

Some books are difficult to review because they are dull, others because they lack any central theme or argument, and still others because they are so replete with ideas that it is almost impossible to do justice to their contents. This book falls into the third category. It is a very personal book in style and organization, as well as in the theories that it presents. One feels the same hesitancy about reviewing it as one would if asked to review a pleasant after-dinner conversation, complete with brandy and cigars.

The author's primary concern is with the concept of entrepreneurship, which he defines in two ways, first as a function and secondly as the aggregate of individuals performing that function. Functionally, entrepreneurship is "the purposeful activity . . . of an individual or group of associated individuals, undertaken to initiate, maintain, or aggrandize a profit-oriented business unit for the production or distribution of economic goods and services." (page 7) This definition is highly restrictive, perhaps too much so. It rules out of consideration, for example, what other writers have described as governmental, military, and ecclesiastical entrepreneurship. It confines the phenomenon to economies which possess the institutions of private property, profits, and a price system. It is much narrower than other common definitions that emphasize such general functions as innovation or risk-bearing. Essentially it confines Cole to societies organized more or less on the capitalist, free-enterprise model. This is, of course, a matter of deliberate choice on his part.

Whether regarded as a function or as an aggregate of individuals, entrepreneurship concerns Cole as an element in economic change (not necessarily economic development: Cole is interested in change in social arrangements even when no increase or decrease in income per capita is involved). He regards it as regrettable that most contemporary varieties of economic theory assume that the quantity and quality of entrepreneurship is irrelevant, either because it really makes no difference or because it can be taken as a dependent variable. He argues the necessity for a "positive view" of entrepreneurship and suggests the elements that such a positive view must contain. He insists that entrepreneurship must be interpreted as a social phenomenon, conditioned by and in turn conditioning the society of which it is a part. And he emphasizes the interrelations between entrepreneurial behaviour and organizational structure, values, the rôle systems of different societies, and the flow of information. Of particular interest is his concept of the "entrepreneurial stream"—a general term for cumulative processes by which entrepreneurship creates institutions which facilitate further entrepreneurship.

An alternative formulation would be in terms of communication theory: the "entrepreneurial stream" is clearly an example of positive feedback.

The second part of the book is made up of a series of short case studies in entrepreneurship, which Cole, despite his long affiliation with Harvard Business School, prefers to call "vignettes". These are arranged so as to illustrate the relations between entrepreneurship and the social order, the problems of under-developed areas, technological change, business organization, and the state. Most of these empirical studies are based on work done by scholars associated with the now-defunct Research Center in Entrepreneurial History at Harvard University. As might be expected, they vary in quality and interest. They do, however, bear striking testimony to the practical utility of the concept of entrepreneurship in historical research and to the wide range of professional fields that bear on the analysis of entrepreneurial behaviour. Cole's running commentary on his "vignettes" is interesting and valuable; on occasion he seems to have a better grasp of the significance of a particular piece of research than the man originally responsible for it.

Most of the research on entrepreneurship has, up to the present, been undertaken either by economic historians or by economic theorists with a strong historical bent. To such people Cole's book will appeal immediately. Yet it is not for them, the converted, that Cole is writing. Essentially he is suggesting the possibility of using the concept of entrepreneurship as a common focus for research in all the social sciences. It is perhaps too much to hope that his suggestions will be accorded an immediate and enthusiastic welcome; many, indeed, will reject his arguments as insufficiently rigorous. But this is the kind of book that, as time passes may grow in reputation. Its ideas are seminal, its hypotheses provocative, and its point of view unusual.

HUGH G. J. AITKEN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE

THE UNDIRECTED SOCIETY. By Sir Geoffrey Vickers. London: Oxford University Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. viii + 162. \$4.50.

The *Undirected Society* consists of a number of papers prepared by Sir Geoffrey Vickers for the University of Toronto Round Table on Man and Industry during 1956-1958. It is subtitled *Essays on the Human Implications of Industrialization in Canada*.

If the effects of industrialization on human well-being had turned out to be wholly beneficial as optimists had expected during the nineteenth century, such a book as this would not be appearing today in the middle of the twentieth. Sir Geoffrey's essays are prompted by the recognition, generally shared by those interested in social problems, that industrialization has brought into existence many serious human and social problems at the very same time that it has conferred its material and physical boons on mankind. Problems of delinquency, crime, alcoholism, marital breakdown, psychosomatic illness, psychoneurosis and plain human unhappiness appear to bear a clear association with industrialization.

The papers which comprise this book were aimed at the Round Table and its members. However they are now put into context for the general reader in an *Introduction* which tells what the Round Table was all about and by the concluding paper which attempts a summing-up of the conference. As Sir Geoffrey describes the Round Table, "it brought together more than a hundred prominent Canadians from business, government, organized labour, the professions and the social sciences; but it differed from similar gatherings in the past in three important ways. Its members met for a week, not once but three times, at intervals of a year; they spent most of the first two meetings, in groups of twenty, visiting places where the impact of industrialization seemed likely to be most striking; and the project involved a partnership between laymen and professional social scientists, since the work of the three conferences was prefaced and linked by social surveys, professionally directed."

If the book contained only a "framework of concepts" as that phrase is generally understood it would be of interest only to social scientists working in the field of pure social theory and research. But the tone of the book is philosophical, practical and humanistic as well as scientific. It goes well beyond the task of formulating concepts and proceeds to explore concrete issues. At this point the book takes on greater interest for the readers who want to know more about the problems themselves and their solutions and whose main interest in concepts is as a means of practical illumination.

The fact that the work contains a great deal of abstract and conceptual material means that it is far from being easy reading. Nevertheless, readers willing to put forth the effort to deal with the conceptual formulation will find an enormous amount in the book which is intellectually stimulating. They will also have the interesting experience of following through the application to social theory of some sophisticated yet simple concepts drawn from modern systems theory, information theory and cybernetics.

Sir Geoffrey brings to bear on his work an unusual combination of talents as philosopher, humanist, social worker, industrial sociologist, lawyer and administrator. His essays search and probe incessantly. They are always ultimately concerned with the issue of human pain and happiness. They look constantly to social problems and social impacts. They hew consistently to the analytical approach of the sociologist. They show a persistent interest in the legal and administrative mechanisms of social protection and control. One cannot help but be impressed with the balance and flexibility of the mind that prepared these papers and with the spirit of compassion and humanity which animates it. This is a book that must be taken seriously. It is a major contribution to general social theory as well as to that body of specific theory which deals with the human problems of an industrial civilization.

F. D. BARRETT

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Religion and Culture

CHALLENGE AND RESPONSE: MODERN IDEAS AND RELIGION. Edited by R. C. Chalmers and John A. Irving. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1959. Pp. 129. \$3.50.

This volume is intended as a sequel to two earlier volumes on which the same editors collaborated, *The Heritage of Western Culture* (1952) and *The Light and the Flame* (1956). The underlying desire of the editors is to instigate more serious dialogue between the 'religious man' and the 'enlightened man' in Canada, and to lead the reader to the conclusion that not only does each need to be prodded by the other but that neither can fill his own shoes adequately unless he is able to think and act in both capacities. In the words of the Foreword: "If religion without culture is empty, culture without religion is blind."

The present volume is comprised of seven essays which give wide terms of reference to the debate indeed. Ronald J. Williams' essay "Archaeology and Biblical Studies" convincingly demonstrates that no professional (or amateur) biblical historian can assume any longer the accuracy of many accepted positions in critical scholarship half a century ago. He must keep himself posted on every new archaeological find. Northrop Frye's essay "Religion and Modern Poetry" provides the expected flashes of illumination on the points where religion and poetry meet. Miller MacLure traces discerningly the descent of "The Falling Man" through modern fiction. Watson Kirkconnell affords interesting clues on the perils and promises of Educational Philosophy, but has some difficulty relating these to religion. John A. Irving's concluding essay on "Ideological Differences and World Order" perhaps has a similarly tenuous connection with the avowed purpose of the book but suggests a new avenue of approach to world law and world government.

Two theological essays, one on Existentialism by James S. Thomson and the other on Eschatology by R. C. Chalmers witness to the involvement of contemporary theology in the cross-currents of twentieth century thought and ought to convince some

readers that theology can contribute towards a deeper understanding of man and his life.

B. ROBERT BATER

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

CHURCH AND STATE IN CANADIAN EDUCATION. By C. B. Sissons. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1959. Pp. x + 414. \$6.50.

This volume deals with the religious issue in the educational system of each of the Canadian provinces. Ontario receives the most attention, followed by Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

The author's point of view is set forth in the preface. "I accept the view that the provision of education is a duty of the state, perhaps its most important function. I accept further Ryerson's belief that in the education of its youth the state should seek to enlist the fullest cooperation from religious bodies; that amongst these there exists a sufficient core of common belief to permit a religious atmosphere in public schools without the intrusion of sectarianism; that particular dogma can best be instilled — if indeed it be advisable to seek formally to inculcate dogma at an early age — in the church and in the home. I dislike segregation." The ghost of Egerton Ryerson stalks the book, but only occasionally does he come into clear view, as for example, on page 96, "Thus the French-speaking supporters of separate schools have been inclined to seek an education apart at all levels, an education which is centred on a mystic union of religion and language.", or on page 159 where the question of federal or provincial grants to universities in Quebec is resolved "since Premier Duplessis has so ordained".

There are a few minor slips such as the statement that Russell county has "for its eastern boundary the Province of Quebec" (p. 139) and "uniting" for writing on p. 165, and the implication that affiliated colleges in Manitoba receive neither capital nor operational grants from the Province (p. 212). These are very minor points however. One would be more inclined to

take issue with the interpretation of the Red River Insurrection (pp. 170-3).

Dr. Sissons has brought together a mass of widely scattered materials. He has presented the product of a lifetime of research in a highly controversial field with clarity and fairness. We are grateful to him for this work.

R. O. MACFARLANE

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

CHURCH AND STATE IN CANADA WEST. By John S. Moir. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. xv + 223. \$4.75.

John Moir has carefully traversed the complex of church-state relations from 1841 to Confederation. Three problems he has discussed in detail: the clergy reserves, the university question and the elementary school system. His sources include the public press, Journals of the Legislative Assembly, personal papers of leaders of the time and secondary works. He appears not to have had frequent recourse to records of church synods and conferences.

His comprehensive thesis is the tension between *centripetal nationalism* and *centrifugal denominationalism*. Crosscurrents that affected this are recognized, e.g., the emergence of an urban middle class, the resurgence of ultramontanist in the Church of Rome, the division in the Anglican Church between the High Church party and its opponents. In dealing with his main themes Dr. Moir has made clear the wider context both social and theological.

To-day the long and bitter dispute over the clergy reserves is remembered as an attempt to put a privileged church over a dissenting community. Yet to those who had lived in Lower Canada, England or Scotland, a national church must have appeared a reasonable way of expressing the nation's concern in Christianity. A slow adjustment to conditions in Upper Canada was natural enough. While the controversy went on it did disservice to charity among religious groups and its final settlement in a Canadian way made possible the cooperation of the Protestant bodies in a common front in moral causes and education.

The author does not deal with the first but gives an impressive analysis of the second. Higher education commanded the interest of thousands who had no thought of their children having a part in it. There was a lively interest in the education of the leadership of the community and Dr. Moir makes it plain that the large majority wanted religion to have a place in this. Denominational colleges were favoured. Before the government was ready to think of more than one university for Canada West the people, through their churches, were for establishing university colleges throughout the province. These came to receive government grants.

Recognition of denominational claims in higher education made it harder to resist them in elementary education. A national school system was planned on the principle of national sovereignty in education. Ryerson and others conceived of such a system as Christian, just as the civilization of the country was based on Christian morality. Ryerson, as Superintendent of Education, believed in periods for religious instruction and the right of children not to receive instruction to which their parents objected. Separate schools should be the exceptional expedient, provided where a community could not believe that its essential educational interests and religious principles were properly met in the national school system. As late as 1861 three quarters of the Catholic children were in the national schools.

The enlargement of the separate schools was a process of twenty-some years, and here the author makes his most distinctive contribution to our knowledge of Canadian history. He shows the steps. First it was Bishop Strachan who led the movement, telling his clergy that a Church of England elementary school should be in every parish. One conjectures that at this point the good bishop was remembering the parish schools that the Reformation gave to his native Scotland, but it was the Anglican convert who told his clergy that the reason for a school of the Church of England in every parish was that that church alone taught true Christianity. Year by year he agitated for such separate denominational schools.

The Roman Catholics at first were content to be guaranteed "freedom from in-

sult". Bishop Michael Power of Toronto was on the Board of Education and by it was elected its first chairman. He showed himself favourable to Catholic children being educated with the other children of the community. He died in 1847.

His successor was Armand Charbonnel, fresh from France and the secular radicalism of Paris. He was intransigent and ultramontane. There followed amendments to the school system in which Bishop Strachan's party worked with the Catholic hierarchy. Catholic votes from Canada East gave the majorities that imposed changes upon the public school system of Canada West even when most of the members of Canada West were opposed. The double majority principle that prevailed in other divisions was not admitted here. As Dr. Moir develops his account he makes it plain that a dual system of elementary education in Canada West was not a condition of Confederation but came through the merging of Canada West with Canada East in 1841 and was halted at Confederation when Ontario took sole charge of its elementary schools.

W. E. L. SMITH

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Two Novels

THOUSAND CRANES. By Yasunari Kawabata. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Ltd. 1959. Pp. 147. \$3.50.

Although Yasunari Kawabata's artistic merit has been recognized in his native Japan since the 1920's, his work has only reached the West since the war; first in the short story, *The Izu Dancer*, and then in *Snow Country*. Like the latter, *Thousand Cranes* is a sensitive and poetic novel, superbly translated by E. G. Seidensticker, who explains Kawabata's work as following the literary tradition of *haiku*, the seventeen syllable poems "that seek to convey a sudden awareness of beauty by a mating of opposite and incongruous terms". The Western reader is more likely to sense a kinship with the meticulousness of Proust and Radiguet, and with the fatalism of the

ancient Greeks and their latter-day protagonists.

Despite these apparent kinships, however, the Westerner may have to resign himself to being a literary tourist in Kawabata's Japan because of the strangeness of the circumstances in which the story lies. For example, the symbolically important backdrop of the tea ceremony is explained by the translator in the introduction, but not sufficiently for the uninitiated to visualize it.

The book also assumes that the reader understands the Japanese system of arranging marriages: the selection of a suitable mate by a third person or friend, and the *miai*, or introductory meeting where the eligible persons size each other up while pretending the confrontation is casual.

Such a courtship, in fact, constitutes the story of *Thousand Cranes*. In skeleton, the story carries Kikuji, the hero, to his dead father's rejected mistress, who proprietarily tries to arrange his marriage to a freshly attractive girl. But Kikuji is somehow inexorably drawn from the girl to the last of his father's lovers, who, in turn, has a marriageable daughter of Kikuji's own age. The guilt-ridden tragedy that develops leaves the reader with quietly despairing insight into the Japan of a generation ago, rather than with the optimism and plenitude symbolized by the thousand cranes of the title.

JEAN G. HALSTRAD

SCARSDALE, N.Y.

FADE OUT. By Douglas Woolf. New York: Grove Press. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1959. Pp. 273. \$3.50; \$1.75 (paper).

Douglas Woolf has achieved something of a *tour de force* in this, his first novel. The disturbing story of 74-year-old Dick Twombly's quietly desperate struggle not to be buried alive by a society bent on gericide, *Fade Out* is at the same time a bizarrely funny book. It is, in fact, on the surface, a first-rate piece of modern grotesquerie. In picaresque abandon, a weird menagerie of madcaps and eccentrics is turned loose to make of American life a runaway merry-go-round. One encounters,

for example, the Washington representative of the juvenile delinquents of America and the author of "Around the States in Eighty Hours" (who had to bypass Florida in order to make it). Wild scene follows wilder as the reader is whirled across the country in truck and limousine and police van—all in the company of Dick Twombly and his friend Behemoth Brown, who are escaping from families that would strip them of all human dignity because they are old.

These two oldsters, whose superficial marks of senility have, in the eyes of their families, rendered them unfit, are—ironically—the quiet centre of the whirlpool that churns around them. Amongst petty and neurotic and malicious people, frustrated and lost people, mad people, Dick and Behemoth create a circle of quiet warmth and purposefulness. They need each other, and in meeting that need they find a life much richer than is enjoyed by many of those who see them as used up. Woolf thus makes his point that the old need fade out only if deprived of the sun. And he does so, not through dreary preachments or sentimentalizing, as might be expected, but by means of a mordant satire that points up the discrepancy between the assumptions underlying our degrading treatment of the aged and the facts of their condition. Humour results, but humour that implies suffering—like the incongruous flappings of a badly broken arm.

R. G. BALDWIN

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Literary Studies

THE PROFESSIONAL WRITER IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND. By Edwin Haviland Miller. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co., Ltd. 1959. Pp. xii + 282. \$6.50.

"I bring you here a nosegay of culled flowers. Nothing is my own but the thread which ties them." Montaigne's description of his *Essays* is equally applicable to a

great deal of recent literary scholarship, the present volume not excepted. There is little that is new in Edwin Haviland Miller's *The Professional Writer in Elizabethan England*, but the student interested in learning something about the conditions under which Elizabethan authors wrote and published will find it a useful concentrate of dehydrated scholarship. He will also find, to return to Montaigne's somewhat more savoury metaphor, that the thread which ties the nosegay is, where visible, bright and skilfully arranged.

Mr. Miller frankly acknowledges his obligations to Phoebe Sheavyn's pioneer study, *The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age*, published in 1909, and to Louis B. Wright's monumental *Middle-Class Culture in Elizabethan England*. The age of the one and the scope of the other, as well as the contributions of recent bibliographical scholarship, are sufficient justification for undertaking a new synthesis of available information on the subject. Yet Mr. Miller's book leaves this reader, at least, dissatisfied. What is lacking is, perhaps, a point of view. There is too much mince and not enough meat. Too frequently the author and his theme are buried as deep under the heaped-up shreds and patches of documentation as Everyman's Good Deed under the burden of carnal sin. For example, in the midst of five solid pages of similar evidence of Greene's desperate search for patronage, we find the following:

"Hearing how" Gervis Clifton "in the prime of [his] youth . . . favoured the study of good letters . . .", Greene presented him with *Perimedes, the Blacksmith* (1588).

He is "imboldened" to dedicate Tully's Love (1589) to Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, and in *The Card of Fancy* (1587) he asks Edward de Vere to "take my wel meaning for an excuse of my boldnesse". Greene elaborately excuses his presumption in dedicating *The Royal Exchange* (1590) to Sir John Hart, Lord Mayor of London, and Richard Gurney and Stephen Soame, sheriffs of London; . . .

What does all this name-dropping amount to? That Greene would go to any literary lengths to scrounge the price of another

flagon of sack. It needs no scholar come from the Folger to tell us what has been common gossip since Gabriel Harvey vented his spleen in print a few weeks after Greene's death.

When Mr. Miller is forced by something less than a plethora of sources to give us a few conclusions of his own, as in the chapters on the Elizabethan reading public and its tastes, he is much more informative and more interesting than when he is being strictly, and merely, scholarly, for he writes with vigour and conciseness. Too much of his book, however, consists of undigested evidence in support of generally accepted conclusions for it to be greatly useful to the scholar. As for the general reader who, finding that the outskirts promise fair, presses on into the wood, God help the man so wrapped in Scholarship's endless train!

MARION B. SMITH

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BOSWELL FOR THE DEFENCE, 1769-1774. Edited by W. K. Wimsatt and F. A. Pottle. New York and Toronto: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1959. Pp. xxxii + 396. \$8.00.

This instalment of Boswell's private papers has two points of focus, his deepening friendship with Johnson in London and his thriving law practice in Edinburgh. His history during these years is for the most part that of a happy and successful man: he was a good husband, a proud father, and a conscientious lawyer; he lived chastely and, with rare exceptions, soberly; and he moved more and more easily in the best society. As a result he did not always keep his journal, though it sprang into life at times of special excitement. This volume, consequently, consists of two London journals, dating from 1772 and 1773, and an Edinburgh one covering the time of one of his most spectacular law cases. (The Hebridean journal, rightfully belonging to this period, is only briefly summarized, having been published separately in 1936.) These have been skillfully pieced out by the editors with an assortment of notes, letters, and miscellaneous documents. The result-

ing narrative has few dull moments, and the Boswell whom we see in it is not only a happier man than the one we have met previously, but in a great many ways a more interesting one.

The Johnsonian parts correspond closely to parts of the *Life of Johnson*. Several sections of the manuscript journals had simply been torn out and used as printer's copy for the *Life*, and are now restored to their places. But before the *Life* was printed, the manuscript of it underwent a thorough revision. Some of the changes were stylistic, as when Goldsmith's slangy "Well, I'll take you" (p. 181) was altered to "Well, Sir, I'll accept your challenge." (Hill-Powell, II, 218) — I wonder how many of Boswell's "Sirs" were authentic. — Other changes were more significant. A frank conversation with Johnson about prayer (pp. 102-3) was reduced to a single innocuous sentence (II, 178), probably because it was a bit free-thinking. In this way the journal constantly suggests comparison with the *Life*. The great difference is that in the journal the two friends fall into a more natural relationship; Johnson no longer holds the centre of the stage and Boswell is not merely his stooge. This is Boswell's story and it is a rattling good one.

The latter half of the volume is devoted to Boswell away from Johnson and immersed in the practice of the law, especially in the defence of John Reid, a dubious character who was convicted and eventually hanged for stealing sheep. Boswell won fame for his conduct of the case, and wins our admiration for his kindness to Reid and his stricken family. But along with our admiration goes a suspicion that he had allowed himself to get emotionally too deeply involved. On the night of the execution gloom descended heavily on him and, as he sat by his fireside at home, he was "so affrighted" that he "durst hardly rise" from his chair. He had even thought of attempting to resuscitate his client. His morbid involvement was perhaps connected with the causes of the deterioration which began to occur in his own character. He again became a prey to melancholia and on occasion drank heavily. However the decay had not yet gone far: he was still a successful professional man with admirable qualities of character and the literary skill which

will enable him to produce seventeen years later his greatest literary achievement.

CLARENCE TRACY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

THE PIPER AND THE BARD: A Study of William Blake. By Robert F. Gleckner. Detroit: Wayne State University Press. 1959. Pp. xii + 322. \$7.00.

In this book Mr. Gleckner undertakes "to provide a close reading of most of the *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* and of four other works written in the crucial period between the appearance of the two series: *Tiriel*, *The Book of Thel*, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, and *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*". He has certainly achieved the first part of this aim, which he further explains as follows: "to see the *Songs* as individual poems in their own right, but also to see them as integral parts of a complete book (*Songs of Innocence and of Experience*) and contributions to the formulation of a system upon which their full meaning largely depends".

Although he writes with a certain critical detachment and does not regard all of Blake's poems as successes, most of Mr. Gleckner's careful analyses of the *Songs* corroborate one's impression of their wonderfully wrought organization. However it may be asserted with reasonable confidence that Blake was not interested in ambiguity as a poetic technique, and the problems which Mr. Gleckner proposes to solve by introducing this expedient will yield to other interpretations than the one he offers. In the *Introduction to Songs of Experience*, for example, the Holy Word is not Urizen or Starry Jealousy, but Los, the eternal source of the Bard's inspiration.

As a study in depth of the *Songs*, this book fills a definite need. The commentaries on the four other works mentioned, though complete, do not otherwise add very much to Frye's discussion of these works in *Fearful Symmetry* except in so far as they attempt specifically to relate these experiments in another form to the lyrics of the same period. Not the least of the book's merits is that it gives the complete texts

of the works discussed based on Blake's originals.

WARREN STEVENSON

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

POETS IN THEIR LETTERS. By Cecil S. Emden. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. xii + 232. \$4.25.

This book comprises one introductory and nine interpretive essays on the characters of poets as they are to be deduced from their letters. The poets — Pope, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Fitzgerald — all emerge with renewed credit for their humanitarianism, benevolence, integrity and devotion to their art, but with very little else. Such waywardness or eccentricity as they possessed is so carefully played down by their interpreter that the sheer ordinariness of their lives becomes, at times, painfully apparent.

Mr. Emden tells us that he has used his subjects' letters "with the special object of assisting in an understanding of them as men", and not with the intention of revealing the workings of their creative talents. Unfortunately, to separate the man from the poet in this way is to find the most effective method of killing our interest in both. Thus, for all Mr. Emden's eloquence and sensitivity, and for all his hard work in exploring the voluminous correspondence of these great men, there is a disappointing lack of depth or newness in the conclusions which he has drawn.

Mr. Emden is at pains, too, to rescue the poets from their detractors, both contemporary and recent, with a resulting disproportion in his assessment of their virtues. Pope is once again enshrined in Sitwellian splendour, Gray's inscrutability and reticence are excused on obscure psychological grounds, and Lytton Strachey's not wholly unjustified remark that "Cowper had nothing to say, and he said it beautifully" is dismissed as a piece of epigrammatic fluff.

One notable exception to all this is the essay on Fitzgerald, which is as lively as it is well informed. We are given an entertaining glimpse of his Johnsonian peculiari-

ties, his studied aloofness, his polka dancing before a groaning Carlyle, his grotesque manner of dress, with a silk hat tied on with a scarf, his trousers at half-mast, his boots carried in his hand, and his characteristic goose-step through the country lanes of Suffolk. Fitzgerald was a gentleman yachtsman, and one day the boom of his yacht knocked him off the deck into the water while he was reading. He was rescued, still holding the book in his hand, and he at once resumed his position on deck in his dripping clothes, imperturbably continuing his reading as before.

At the end of this pleasant portrait of Fitzgerald, Mr. Emden expresses a view that very few readers will share. Of the celebrated translation of *Omar* he complains, "It is a pity that Fitzgerald's masterpiece did not consist of his own commentary on life's problems, instead of his interpretation of somebody else's."

Lynton Lamb's drawings of the poets, reminiscent of the languid whimsicality of a Cruikshank rather than the massive impudence of a Beerbohm, provide a quietly amusing decoration at the head of each essay.

JAMES GRAY

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

Literature and Religion

THE SIR THOMAS MORE CIRCLE. A Program of Ideas and Their Impact on Secular Drama. By Pearl Hogrefe. Urbana: The University of Illinois Press. 1959. Pp. 360. \$5.75.

The effect on one of reading Professor Pearl Hogrefe's new book is like that of the surprised steward at the marriage feast who found the better wine served later. The Introduction has a sentence that reads, "But this large definition [of Christian humanism] may include some fathers of the early church—Abelard, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Petrarch—and even men of the twentieth century." If for the author the twelfth century is 'the early church', a reader who knows some history anticipates poor fare. But the fare improves as one reads further.

The book is a study of certain key-concepts in the men of the More Circle (Nature and the Law of Nature, The Basis of True Nobility, Religious Reform, Law and Government, Education in General, Education of Women). It then sees these concepts at work in the secular drama. The study of the ideas is the first, the more important, and the larger part of the book. This part is evidently an historical study, getting behind the sixteenth century in western Europe, discerning the ideas to be found there and tracing these ideas or variations of them into the More Circle. This is essentially work for a mediaevalist. Dr. Hogrefe seems much more apt at tracing the classical, the grammarian's material than that of the Christian, the properly mediaeval.

The Sir Thomas More Circle is a good book to have primarily for the many quotations it contains from sixteenth century writers, quotations from books not to be had even in excellent libraries. This is a real service to readers. It makes the author's task very difficult, to write in matching style. For these quoted authors have such vigour and grace and clarity! Dr. Hogrefe gives us many, many passages, of varying lengths, certainly sufficient to involve her in the calculated risk of contrasting styles, a risk indeed!

Dr. Hogrefe rightly insists on the conservatism (or traditionalism?) of the More Circle in religious ideas. Those men were set against innovation in ideas. They share an old and widespread hope in education to achieve a regenerated society. Certainly these authors opposed and would have liked "to destroy superstition and immorality among monks and priests, extravagance and struggle for power among leaders of the Church, the practise of formalism alone among all Christians". Such attitudes were begotten of a real love of the monastic and priestly ideal, a reverence for offices in the Church and the Church itself, a high regard for externals of piety as a true reflection of internal dispositions, a hatred of pharisaical formalism. All of them opposed much that surrounded them, but claimed from it a core, a residue, or distillation that was all-worthy.

The Conclusions (243-250) are excellent summaries. They perhaps go beyond the evidence presented in the book. They epitomize

mize the complex mind of the More Circle and are the best pages of the book. They leave unstated the basis of the unified view they present to the reader. These Conclusions are not reduced to the theologically grounded worldliness whence they spring by an internal necessity, without which these ideas are superficially one, the Circle is incidentally one.

Theologically grounded worldliness was the program of thought and life in the More Circle as in the More home. Indeed, the Circle and the home were its products. The Circle thought that program and willed to perfect it in theory. In varying degree the members lived that program, and willed it to be served by government through law, and hoped it would be lived by all and especially by a true nobility, a hope that could be fulfilled only through education. Without the unifying idea of a theologically grounded worldliness, the key to the other key-concepts is lacking.

The book shades away real differences among the members of the More Circle, bearing down on what they share in common. It does not reduce these common elements to some foundation. The members of the More Circle were united in more than time and place, in more than common enthusiasm and hopes, in more than a placing of emphasis, in more than a number of ideas, classical and Christian. They were one in an idea on which all the others stand as on a foundation. That one idea is not presented in Dr. Hogrefe's book, which therefore remains a series of disconnected essays.

R. W. FINN

ST. THOMAS MORE COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

HENRY VAUGHAN: EXPERIENCE AND THE TRADITION. By Ross Garner. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. 176. \$5.00.

What was once, I suspect, Professor Garner's exciting purpose—to examine the roots of Vaughan's spiritual life and thus to clarify the reasons for Vaughan's effect

upon the reader—evidently proved virtually impossible to carry out. At the time I read this book I was anxious for whatever light I could find on Vaughan's relation to the evangelical tradition of his age, especially as it was reflected in the emblem books and the allegorical method. It was disappointing to discover that Garner's "perspective glass" was focused on quite a different target and that his investigations had carried him back to Pauline and Augustinian theology, where, I feel sure, the issues get lost, much as Elizabethan world history got lost in accounts of the creation. The particular problem which Garner attacks—reconciliation of "pessimistic and optimistic strains in the poetic expression of Vaughan's experience" (page 92)—is probably best resolved by a simple appeal to the normal Christian experience of man's glory and misery. Instead, we have a complex, philosophical approach which dissects what it ought to caress. The end product is to be seen in the very laboured discussion of Vaughan's treatment of nature (92-127) and in Garner's comments on mysticism in poetry, a matter, not for public theorizing, but for private speculation, for every man here is a law unto himself. There are badly developed paragraphs, too, and one particularly bad sentence: "Therefore it seems probable that Vaughan never asserted any more than longing because longing was the limit of his experience, for it was not the limit of his reading" (page 139).

Readers of this book will find useful ideas about some of the poems—"Regeneration", "Unprofitableness", and "The World"; a good summary of the literature of the Hermetic controversy (with a demolition of Miss Holmes and a formulation of the proposition that Vaughan's poetry makes "very good traditional sense" without Hermeticism); and a lovely translation of the Latin poem, *Authoris (de se) Emblema*. But as a whole the book fails to jell, since the original motive, suggested by the title, is never translated into a meaningful problem or a suitable answer.

JAMES ROY KING

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

MILTON AND CHRISTIAN HEROISM.
By Burton O. Kurth. Berkeley: University
of California Press. 1959. Pp. 152. \$3.00.

This book is mainly valuable for its exploration of the theologico-literary context in which Milton wrote his Christian epics. From Du Bartas through various "discursive", "allegorical", and "classical-heroic" works of the Fletchers, Quarles, Drayton, Crashaw, and Cowley, it provides many an edifying glimpse into the Hexameral, Old-Testament and New-Testament materials which lay behind and around *Paradise Lost*. It helps us to see more clearly not only into the difficulties and dangers faced by Renaissance writers of biblical epics but also into the precise kind of poems Milton has produced.

Unfortunately the work is doubly thesis-ridden. First of all, it has not shaken off its dissertation origins. Barely a decibel of enthusiasm either for language or literature echoes throughout its pages: a doctoral greyness silvers everything.

Secondly, although, as Agrippa said to Paul, we are almost persuaded, the objections to the argument of the book come crowding quickly. Is it enough to say that Milton's epic poems are a culmination of the search which took place in the seventeenth century for the ideal Christian epic form and, as a consequence, for the most effective delineation of Christian heroism? Is Milton's work no more than a stage in a series, a series, moreover, in which chronology seems to determine excellence in terms of growing theological sophistication? Would Milton's epics have been significantly different if Francis Sabie or Thomas Peyton or Robert Aylett had not written? Surely it is too much to suggest, however obliquely, that such poetasters paved the way for Milton's "more comprehensive design" and "more effective proportions". True, if they had not existed Milton would in a sense have had to invent them, and in a sense of course he did. But to ignore the differences in background, in ability, and in intellectual outlook between Milton and his near predecessors is to ignore everything that makes Milton Milton. A new context in which to put such an

artist is always welcome, but it must not be conceded exclusive rights.

S. WARHAFT

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

PARADISE LOST AS "MYTH". By Isabel Gamble MacCaffrey. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1959. Pp. 229. \$5.75.

To hope for a book called *Paradise Lost As Poem* must be at this date wistful, for one called *Paradise Lost As A Poem* simply utopian, so that what is depressing about this one is less its title than the spectacle of a sensitive mind incurring multiple charges of irrelevance and imprecision. Criticism, it may be said, can be either mediate or immediate. When it is immediate that is because the critic is directly and purposefully in contact with his subject; when it is mediate that is because he is standing off from his subject, or seeing it through an opaque haze of analogy. Mrs. MacCaffrey disclaims, for her criticism, the ends of comparison and judgement, accepting only those of 'analysis and elucidation', which in practice effectively ensures a standing off from *Paradise Lost*. By her incessant resort to mythological theory and mythical analogues she also ensures that her view of the poem shall be uncommonly hazy. The result, when it is not defying her own rules by introducing comparisons (pp. 141 ff., 174) or smuggling in covert value-judgements (e.g. 143), is an unrigorous welter of generalizations, false premises, free associations, and diplomatic subjunctives, through which one can nevertheless perceive an intelligence which, more immediately engaged, might well have deserved the reader's respect.

The faults attendant on this mediacy are easy to exemplify. One is the concern with pattern as an end in itself, as in Mrs. MacCaffrey's account of the 'main configuration' of the poem as a 'mountain-shaped structure' of ascent and descent (55 ff.) which 'contrasts with the pattern traced by a traditional mythic journey-

theme'. In so far as this is acceptable, it is familiar; in so far as it is new, it seems to me pointless and uninformative. Another fault is illogicality, as when the author defends the literalness and simplicity of much of Milton's language by saying that the prelapsarian objects he describes were simple (30-43, 103-8). One might as well contend that a French landscape can only be described in French, even when the audience addressed happens to be an English one. Again, I do not believe that an image in *Paradise Lost* can be critically examined by referring to passages in *Comus* or 'Il Penseroso' (131), nor that "Underneath the phrase 'goodliest Trees' is a feeling about what being a tree involves, and has always involved" (115), and I become still more uneasy when arguments are virtually made to depend on puns, on a juggling conflation of the distinct meanings present in words like 'bottom' (54), 'space' (76), and 'complete' (180).

Such objections could be multiplied at length (a profitable exercise for graduate students might be to hunt down and refute the book's lapses), but to do it here would be both unprofitable and discourteous. Besides its Empsonian analyses of the epic's 'complex words', which are often interesting, there are enlightening passages in *Paradise Lost As "Myth"*, but my final impression is that it needs to be read with an exacting degree of scepticism and alertness if they are to stand out properly from the surrounding haze.

JOHN PETER

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: A STUDY OF HIS IGNATIAN SPIRIT. By David A. Downes. New York: Bookman Associates. 1960. Pp. 195. \$4.50.

Based on a simple thesis—that Hopkins' work is essentially "Ignatian", an obvious and not easily forgotten point—this book fails to convey any sense of Hopkins' startling growth in both spiritual and artistic matters, so that there may be confusion in using later writings to illustrate earlier. Much wisdom has been borrowed from Christian texts to interpret Hopkins'

thought: a plethora of quotations, with no attempt at textual analysis. One of the most important English texts of *The Spiritual Exercises*, that of W. H. Longridge, is not even mentioned, although many lesser texts are. In short, we are given an amateur's rather than a professional's views on the subject. This is evident in the author's intellectualistic approach to *The Spiritual Exercise* as a "document" for study, whereas a spiritual attitude is really necessary for an understanding of the Ignatian "experience".

Now the *locus classicus* of Hopkins criticism is *The Windhover*: here our author explains the chivalric element very well, but readers will be surprised to learn that "there is no symbol of Christ in the poem". One special problem raised is Hopkins' scrupulosity, especially in his suppression of artistic output in favour of a priestly vocation. Thomas Merton is cited against Hopkins as a case where religious vocation is "no bar to voluminous publication". However, if we consider the Trappist vow of silence, the comparison may not be entirely to the advantage of Merton. Another problem raised is Hopkins' possible mysticism, but on this and other points we must look forward to Father Bischoff's forthcoming biography for more details. One new fact, however, has been added to our knowledge of Hopkins: his poor showing in theological examinations in 1877, probably because his Scotism was not approved of by his superiors.

ALAN HEUSER

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

The Theatre

SHAKESPEARE SURVEY 12. Edited by Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge: The University Press. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. 1959. Pp. 164. \$5.00.

Each year brings its *Shakespeare Survey*, published punctually on the poet's presumed birthday. It is unfortunate that the special subject of the 1959 volume, the Elizabethan theatre, was not scheduled a few years later, for the articles now published were written before the discovery of a fascinat-

ing 17th century German engraving of the interior of a playhouse probably used by an English company, and before Leslie Hotson published his highly controversial claims for arena staging at the Globe.

The contents of the volume are curiously uneven. Richard Southern supplies a most valuable reconstruction of "a practicable Elizabethan playhouse", reconciling evidence from just about every available source. J. L. Styan contributes a first-rate essay on how Shakespeare used the front of his deep platform stage to bring particular actors into a special relationship with his audience. Richard David provides a splendid piece of mellowed criticism on Shakespeare in the modern theatre. Among the more stimulating of lesser pieces are those supplied by George Kernodle, C. W. Hodges, and W. F. Rothwell. The editor himself comes up with a most novel and unconvincing interpretation for the Elizabethan "passing over the stage". Probably the worst thing in the book is a desperately over-clever essay by Michael Lloyd arguing that Shakespeare's Cleopatra in her combination of the sexual and maternal derives from the goddess Isis — this claims much too much. It is nice to have the late Nugent Monck's reminiscences about his Madder-market Theatre in Norfolk, but one wonders about his insistence that Ophelia, from her first appearance, must be represented as pregnant by the Prince of Denmark.

Finally we have the usual competent surveys of current work in Shakespeare studies, and the "International Notes". Reading the latter, one is somehow reassured to find that *Romeo and Juliet* has been played in Communist Peking, that a company of English settlers came in from their farms to stage *Antony and Cleopatra* in Kenya, and that the Turks have put on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (in a theatre of the 3rd Century B.C. at Pergamum).

G. P. V. AKRIGG

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH ENTERTAINERS IN FRANCE.
By Victor Leathers. Toronto: University of
Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. viii + 279. \$4.50.

Professor Leathers, of United College, Winnipeg, begins his delightful and con-

siderable contribution to our knowledge of Anglo-French theatre history by saying, modestly and accurately, it "is not a study of international literary relationships. It presents a record of visits to France by British entertainers and, where possible, reports their reception by the critics, the artists, and the public. Speculation as to influence is indulged in only where influence seems to have been apparent and indisputable."

He then proceeds to give us a concise and fascinating account of three centuries of cross-channel visits from the first in 1583 to the end of the nineteenth century. To this he has appended a Tabular Record of Visits . . . from 1583 to 1795 and an excellent and enticing bibliography of books and periodicals, selected, as he says, "from a considerably larger body of works" and representing only the more pertinent.

The result of his diligent and meticulous research, digested in a book of modest length, may inspire even a general reader to further exploration in the original sources; perhaps to compare the Parisian fairs of Saint Laurent and Saint Germain with the booths of Southwark and Bartholomew fairs of London, or to see more fully the elaborate pantomimes of the eighteenth century and the equestrian spectacles, or to enlarge his knowledge of the English contribution to the Parisian struggle between a waning classicism and a militant romanticism. Professor Leathers' interesting account of the impact of British performers, such as Garrick, Macready, Helena Faucit, Harriet Smithson, and several clowns, whets one's appetite. His chapters on the clowns are especially commendable, and his discussion of the significant innovations in types of clown: clown *parleur*, *auguste*, and *excentrique*.

Concluding, he says, "If there is one central thesis to be advanced with regard to the British visitors it is precisely the idea of acceptance, adaptation, and eventual return. When the visitors introduced a new technique or medium, whether pantomime, equestrian performances, a romantic style of acting, or the various clown specialties, the French accepted it after due criticism, revised it to their taste, and then proceeded to develop their own performers. These artists eventually became skilful enough to

satisfy the home demand and occasionally even carried some of the original import back to England." In this rewarding book one gets the why and wherefore of that thesis.

WILLIAM ANGUS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Bibliography

RUDYARD KIPLING: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE. By James McG. Stewart. Edited by A. W. Yeats. Toronto: Dalhousie University Press and University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. xv + 674. \$20.00.

Many readers will doubtless be surprised to learn that the world's foremost Kipling collector was a Nova Scotian lawyer, James McG. Stewart, Q.C., and that the collection which he amassed over a period of fifty years, the most complete in existence, was left by him to Dalhousie University Library.

To mark the munificence of this gift, and its scholarly importance, Dalhousie University Press, as its first major work, has issued the impressive bibliography under review. Largely the work of Mr. Stewart himself, it occupied his leisure hours from a busy law practice for more than two decades. The Preface he completed two days before his death on February 11, 1955.

Mr. A. W. Yeats, Texan bibliographer, is responsible for checking, editing, arranging and indexing Mr. Stewart's original manuscript and notes, and for adding eight new items. Well aware of the bibliographical pitfalls that beset the amateur, Mr. Stewart modestly described his compilation as "a descriptive catalogue" which nevertheless shared "some of the characteristics of a bibliography". In the form in which it now appears there is little at which the most exacting expert may cavil.

Some indication of the scope of the catalogue may be indicated by the editor's statistics of individual items collected and sifted by the indomitable Mr. Stewart:

1,088 periodicals containing Kipling contributions; 932 separately printed editions in English; 160 volumes in foreign translation; 222 volumes in collected sets; 471 items of music, Kiplingiana, biographical and miscellaneous works; 2,400 newspaper items, and "large holdings" of manuscripts, proof copies, association copies, and letters.

Mr. Stewart read his way through this welter of publications, exactly described their content and format, established priority of appearance, and showed the intricate relationship among various printings of the same work. As the achievement of a professional scholar this would be remarkable; as the spare time accomplishment of an amateur it is nothing short of prodigious.

Specialized bibliographies are seldom consulted by the common reader, but even the non-specialist will find in Mr. Stewart's notes touches which lighten the weight of bibliographical erudition. There is the story, for example, of the rejection slip which Kipling received in 1889 with the return of his manuscript of short stories from Harper & Brothers, stating that "the firm is interested only in literature" (p. 76). Or the anecdote about Kipling, en route to America from the Orient, going ashore at Yokohama to stock up on books for the Pacific trip with his travelling companions Mr. and Mrs. Hill. "When Ruddy went to the shop", wrote Mrs. Hill, "he found an American pirated edition of his own tales. He was so furious that he stalked out of the shop and bought us nothing, to our great dismay" (p. 177). Or the story of the house guest of the Kiplings in 1879 who salvaged from a wastepaper basket an early draft of the "Recessional", now the proud possession of Harvard University. Many oddities of Kiplingiana are described, not the least of which was a special printing on silk of "The Absent-minded Beggar", illustrated in the form of a triptych by R. C. Woodside, issued for Lily Langtry to distribute at the hundredth performance of "The Degenerates" at the Garrick Theatre.

Six appendices covering over 100 pages give further proof, if proof were needed, of the thoroughness of Mr. Stewart's coverage. They list Kipling items in sales catalogues, uncollected prose and verse, works in anthologies and readers, collected sets,

musical settings, and unauthorized editions. Mr. Yeats has provided an index to titles and to publishers.

The book is handsomely set in Times Roman linotype with Bulmer display in an edition limited to 750 copies. It is a credit to printers and publishers, an enduring memorial to a devoted Kipling enthusiast, and in its own right a work of scholarship which may, in time, be extended but never superseded.

H. P. GUNDY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Australia

THE AUSTRALIAN LEGEND. By Russel Ward. Melbourne and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1958. Pp. x + 262. \$7.50.

Recent Australian literature has no counterpart to the continuing Canadian search for symptoms of a distinctive national identity. Living on a continent which abounds with unique flora and fauna Australians were shaped by an environment different from that which confronted emigrant Europeans elsewhere on the globe. The recognition of these differences spared them the task of those who self-consciously aspire to foster a Canadian national tradition distinct from the American (a kindred people who are a product of a similar environment) as well as from the British.

The Australian literary preoccupation is somewhat different. Though conscious of being Australian, antipodean writers expend much printers' ink striving to locate the seedbed of the Australian *ethos*. The appellation "Digger" for an Australian soldier reflects the view popularized by earlier investigators who concentrated their attention on the effects of the influx of the gold seekers to Victoria in the 1850's. Although these scholars did not neglect the history of the foundation years of eastern Australia, when the courts of the United Kingdom served as screening agents for an early experiment in selective immigration, an understandable sensitivity discouraged them from looking there for the germs of their national tradition. In the work under re-

view, however, Russel Ward reflects the tendency of the newer generation of historians to view the earlier period with more dispassion and greater clarity. He argues, to quote from his introduction, "... that a specifically Australian outlook grew up first and most clearly among the bush workers in the Australian pastoral industry, and that this group has had an influence completely disproportionate to its numerical and economic strength, on the attitudes of the whole Australian community."

The author shows how this "nomad tribe of pastoral labourers"—Anthony Trollope's striking phrase which Ward uses to excess—was at first recruited largely from the transported convicts. He argues that newcomers thereafter adopted the standards of value of these "old hands" as well as such articles of their dress as the cabbage tree hat. Employing extensive quotations from folk ballads as illustrations he shows how the bush workers were suspicious or hostile to the police and other agents of law enforcement while they elevated successful bushrangers such as "Bold Jack Donahoe" and later Ned Kelly to the most honoured positions in their pantheon of folk heroes. Arguing that in the Victorian diggings as in California "partner" would have been a more natural word than "mate" for emigrants to employ he suggests that the collectivist notions associated in Australia with "mateship" also came to that continent as part of the cultural baggage of those transported on the convict ships—the honour supposedly found among thieves. These tendencies, he admits, were reinforced by the Australian environment. In his concluding chapter comparing "Two Noble Frontiersmen", the products of the Australian and the American environment, Ward shows how the doctrines of trade unionism came as naturally to the Australian bush worker as did individualism to Frederick Jackson Turner's American frontiersman. The dry Australian countryside favoured a "big man's frontier", being inhospitable to the single-family farm characteristic of the North American fringe of settlement. Most of the pastoral workers, therefore, soon reconciled themselves to a future of being constantly on the move, working for one and then another of the large proprietors. It was through collective bargaining

rather than by the acquisition of private property that they could better their lot.

Ward builds up an interesting case. The following remarks are not intended to refute his thesis but to suggest that there is a lack of balance in his presentation. The Australian bush and the American frontier have played a large part in shaping the Australian and the American legends but this frontier has been romanticized and civilized. The true triumph of the veldt over the town can be seen in Afrikaner society. Its triumph shows that the raw frontier is devoid of much of the liberal humanism characteristic of the Australian or American ideal. Australia's is an urban civilization. The *Sydney Bulletin*, which did so much to popularize the bush tradition, was itself the product of a metropolis. Most of those Australians who pay their respects to the tradition by dropping a gum leaf into their billy of tea on a weekend outing still would not choose to live elsewhere than in one of the coastal state capital cities. It is their natural environment. Nevertheless the *Australian Legend* can be recommended as an interesting, stimulating, and important book.

K. A. MacKIRDY

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE. By Cecil Hadgraft. London: Heinemann. Toronto: British Book Service. 1960. Pp. 302. \$5.75.

The attempt to present a survey of a nation's literature is perhaps the most exacting task for any author to undertake. A critic of Australian literature is faced with the same dilemma that is familiar to his Canadian colleague: is the literature of a Commonwealth country to be treated as a part of the parent tradition and subjected to the same critical standards, or is it to be examined as complete in itself?—Is there, in short, to be free trade or protectionism? Mr. Hadgraft is aware of the need to face this issue, and in his preface states: "I have tried to compromise with merit and representative quality." This, however, does not dispose of the issue, and the reader becomes more aware of it as the work progresses.

The survey is divided into three sections on an historical basis: before 1880; 1880-1930; after 1930. His treatment of the first section emphasizes the difficulty Mr. Hadgraft has in deciding on his point of view. He presents an unusually full exposition of many early Australian prose works, and by his selection of quotations, whets the appetite for more. This is admirably done, and is surely one of the chief aims of a survey introducing readers to a literature new to them. Having written instructively and entertainingly on many minor authors, who have obviously given him pleasure, Mr. Hadgraft becomes apologetic about including them at all. It is as though he feels it necessary to establish his objectivity and lack of critical parochialism. Having admitted at the beginning of the book the minor status of many of the works he must discuss, such repeated apology is unnecessary and sometimes tiresome.

Mr. Hadgraft's favorite critical word is "competent", and the value judgements he makes are often distressingly vague: Kendal "appears like a man who is searching", Gordon "was not national and he did not really describe Australia", and, inscrutably, "Quinn is not pulpy." Later, he says in further apology: "A poet's characteristics are most apparent when they have run to seed. So that it is always valuable to have some of a poet's poorer verse." Surely this is not true in a work such as this, unless some conclusions significant in terms of the development of the literature are offered to justify it, and Mr. Hadgraft makes no such offering.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hadgraft's book must be regarded as a valuable contribution to Australian criticism. It gives to the general reader a more comprehensive picture of Australian literature than has yet been available to him. He introduces very many minor authors of considerable interest, but it is in the modern period that the tentative tone ceases and Mr. Hadgraft obviously feels most at home. Here he is confident and authoritative, his critical assessments are pertinent and precise, and the note of apology has died away.

J. P. MATTHEWS

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
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Russia

KARAMZIN'S MEMOIR ON ANCIENT AND MODERN RUSSIA. A TRANSLATION AND ANALYSIS. By Richard Pipes. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Co. Ltd. 1959. Pp. xiv + 266. \$7.25.

In their natural desire to understand the triumph of radicalism in Russia, scholars of the English-speaking world have devoted much more attention to the history of Russian revolutionary ideologists than to the official and conservative points of view. This emphasis has been even more pronounced in Soviet historical publication, which seeks to maximize the glory of the revolutionary tradition, while dealing with the autocracy and its supporters with rather rudimentary brevity most of the time. It is therefore gratifying to report a new tendency among American scholars of Russian history to devote some attention to the conservative, autocratic trend in Russian thought, for this tradition, defeated in the long run, was not successfully challenged in the nineteenth century and is far from irrelevant to the Revolution and Soviet régime.

Professor Pipes' "translation and analysis" of N. M. Karamzin's "Memoir on Ancient and Modern Russia" is a rather specialized but expert contribution to this welcome development in scholarship (the same scholar has also published the Russian text of this document). Karamzin was a leading Russian belleslettrist and historian of Russia in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the author of a commentary on Europe in epistolary form (*Letters of a Russian Traveller*, translated and abridged by Florence Jonsa, 1957), an immensely successful sentimental novel (*Poor Liza*) and the first major history of Russia. Although no intellectual or literary giant, it is no exaggeration to call him the most influential Russian writer of his generation, and it is high time that his life and works were reconsidered.

Karamzin's "Memoir" is short; it was known to no more than six or seven persons until a generation after its composition in 1810; and it probably had very little influence on events. But it is a useful docu-

ment to introduce the study of Russian conservatism in the nineteenth century. The translator is probably correct in asserting that the ideas of the "Memoir" were generally current among the gentry, and it is this, rather than any claim to originality or philosophical merit, that gives them importance. Writing for Tsar Alexander I at the request of his sister, Grand Duchess Catherine Pavlovna, Karamzin staunchly defended autocracy as the most stable and beneficent form of government, and the gentry as its mainstay, "whose splendor may be called a reflection of the Tsar's aureole". With very little practical knowledge of public administration Karamzin sweepingly condemned the Alexandrine attempts to rationalize the bureaucracy and with paternalistic horror assailed the Tsar's modest steps toward the emancipation of the serfs.

The interest of this volume is greatly enhanced by the translator's substantial essay on the emergence of conservatism and the early career of Karamzin and by his notes on the "Memoir", several of which are unsurpassed in English as concise summaries of certain developments in Russian state administration.

ROBERT H. MCNEAL

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Judaism

A PEOPLE AND ITS FAITH: ESSAYS ON JEWS AND REFORM JUDAISM IN A CHANGING CANADA. Edited by Professor Albert Rose. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. xiv + 204. \$5.00.

This collection, published to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the founding, in 1856, of Holy Blossom Temple in Toronto, is arranged under four headings: "History, Relations, Existence and Faith". The first section, which contains essays by Gerald M. Craig, Ben Kayfetz and Sidney S. Schipper, explores the history and evolution of the Jewish community in Canada—with particular emphasis on Toronto. The second section is composed of essays by Dennis H. Wrong, Albert Rose and John R.

Seely, and gives analyses of intergroup relations both within the Jewish community and between Jew and Gentile.

Of central interest—at least to this reviewer—are the last two sections which concern themselves in various ways with the meaning of the Jewish faith; for he agrees with one of the authors in this collection, Professor E. L. Fackenheim, that if we seek to fathom the mystery of the survival of the Jewish people—the crux of all questions concerning the Jew, historical, sociological, or otherwise—we must turn to their “faith” (p. 106). The essence of this faith, according to Professor Fackenheim, lies in a total commitment to an all-consuming primeval experience in which the Jewish people as a whole was challenged into existence by a Divine commandment which took the form of a Divine—human covenant. Thus Israel was born (p. 108).

As Jewish life unfolded, a factor emerged without which Judaism could never have survived, namely, the Messianic faith. It is through the Messianic anticipation—which takes the twin form of action and hope—that the historical past and present always acquired ultimate meaning for the Jew; and this anticipation is itself part of the promised Redemption. Thus, Jewish existence experiences itself as being between Revelation and Redemption; so that to commit himself to the implications of the primeval experience is, for the Jew, to accept the reality of the Messianic promise and to affirm the historic duty of the Jewish people. In this affirmation of Jewishness lies an obligation to survive in order that the Messianic promise of God to man will be fulfilled (p. 117-118).

For one who would assess the meaning of the Jewish faith in the present age, the most controversial issues arise, no doubt, in connection with the state of Israel. Illustrative of the differences of opinion among reform Rabbis are the essays by Rabbis A. M. Kamerling, F. M. Isserman and J. J. Weinstein. For example, Rabbi Kamerling argues that the return to Israel is a religious duty implied in the original covenant, which makes it perhaps part of what Professor Fackenheim calls the obligation to survive. Indeed, Rabbi Kamerling regards the return to Israel as of the

essence of the Messianic promise, a view for which he can find support in Martin Buber, whom he quotes with approval: “the renewal of the world and the renewal of Zion are one and the same thing, for Zion is the heart of the renewed world” (p. 131).

In opposition to this position, Rabbi Isserman argues against interpreting the Messianic promise as implying a return to Israel. He cites with approval the fifth article of the “Pittsburgh Platform”: “We consider ourselves no longer a nation, but a religious community, and therefore expect neither a return to Palestine nor sacrificial worship under the sons of Aaron, nor the restoration of any of the laws concerning the Jewish state” (p. 155). The Pittsburgh Platform was drawn up in 1885 by the Central Conference of American Rabbis—the official organization of Reform Judaism—as a manifesto of the essentials of Reform Judaism. But in 1937 that same organization produced the “Columbus Platform” which, as Rabbi Weinstein points out in another essay, made it possible for Reform Judaism to endorse Zionist aspirations (p. 169). As the above essays testify, the conflict between the principles of the Pittsburgh Platform and the Columbus Platform is still a live issue in Jewish Reform circles.

The remaining essays in this collection are: Professor Lou H. Silbermann's survey of leading ideas in Jewish theology from Hermann Cohen to Martin Buber; Rabbi H. E. Kagan's essay on Psychology and Religion, and Rabbi Abraham L. Feinberg's concluding essay on the principles and purposes of the Reform synagogue to-day. The attractive design of this book by Harold Kurschenska deserves special praise.

LIONEL RUBINOFF

YORK UNIVERSITY, TORONTO

Philosophy

THE DEGREES OF KNOWLEDGE. By Jacques Maritain. Newly translated from the fourth French edition, under the supervision of Gerald B. Phelan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co., Ltd. 1959. Pp. xix + 476. \$7.50.

This new translation of a standard treatise of Twentieth-Century Thomist thought is

the first complete English version: it includes the nine Appendices which together occupy over eighty pages and are indispensable to the serious student. Its appearance now is very timely, for it will redirect the attention of English-speaking philosophers to one of the most vital of our intellectual traditions—one which holds, contrary to our prevailing opinion, that philosophy is not only a distinctive discipline, but has a distinctive subject-matter of its own. It is basically a work of classification, in which the nature of philosophical knowledge, and its differences from science on the one hand and theology and mystical knowledge on the other, are examined with typical learning, care, and subtlety. Maritain distinguishes the Philosophy of Nature (which "considers corporeal and mobile things from the point of view of the transcendental being incarnate in them") and Metaphysics (which "comprises . . . the knowledge of being as being . . . , the knowledge of pure spirits and the knowledge of God, according as these knowledges are accessible to reason alone"). Theology is "an elucidation of revealed data by faith vitally linked with reason"; mystical experience, on the other hand "is a supernaturally inspired knowledge".

This hierarchical view, which history shows to have great attractiveness and staying-power, clearly hinges on its view of philosophical knowledge. While analytically-conditioned readers will find here the fullest treatment of the nature and consequences of this position, they are not likely to find reasons for believing it, or answers to the objections to the metaphysical enterprise which they have learned from Kant and Wittgenstein. This will not be because they have, as the author puts it, "minds obsessed with the flesh-pots of experience", for these objections are *logical ones*. They will deny that they have an intuition of being, not because they are cognitively sub-normal but because they are convinced that whatever occurs cannot be called this. They will fail to discern a clear distinction between "the intelligible" and "the observable", without which the Philosophy of Nature still looks an outmoded and bogus undertaking. They will regard the assumption that "known" is the name of a process or relation as a simple

conceptual error. And the statement that "there is knowledge of the necessary only" will appear to them a dogma with nothing to commend it but its ancestry. But in spite of all this, if they believe that a position must be studied as expounded in detail by its leading representatives, this is the volume they should study, and carefully.

A word on the style. The translators, who deserve (and receive) the author's gratitude, have rendered him into a prose that often moves with elegance and grace. It is, however, marred (and this is not ultimately the translators' fault) by much unpleasant jargon ("cobjective", "empirical"), and an occasional lapse into dated and elephantine slang ("come a cropper", "loop the loop"). The diagrams will appeal to some more than others—I have to admit they helped me. The only serious lack in the volume is a subject-index.

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Population Studies

STUDIES ON THE POPULATION OF CHINA, 1368-1953. By Ping-ti Ho. (Harvard East Asian Studies 4). Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. 1959. Pp. xviii + 333. \$7.95.

The Chinese are tireless writers and patient librarians. Every phase of their lives in nearly all periods of their history has been set down; nothing has been too minute, too practical, or too ephemeral to record; if any country's past was preserved on paper it was that of China. Still extant is a vast treasure of documents: town and country histories, tax and other administrative records, letters of mandarins and private scholars, edicts and exhortations of rulers, even encyclopedias of agriculture. To this abundance of material Professor Ping-ti Ho has brought historical scholarship, a keen interest in economic history, and an intimate acquaintance with Chinese life.

The population record which emerges from his careful study of tax figures starts

with 65 millions in 1400, at the beginning of the prosperous phase of the Ming period; there was growth to 150 millions by 1600, stagnation during the miserable 17th century when the Ming Empire was in dissolution, a spurt during the best times of Manchu rule in the 18th century to population well over 300 millions by 1800. Professor Ho is at his most illuminating as he shows how times of population increase were associated with technical changes in agriculture and the settlement of new lands. Irrigated rice cultivation came to China from India and Southeast Asia before the beginning of history, but the varieties then planted took as much as six months from seeding to harvest. The risk of flooding and the virtual impossibility of multiple cropping limited population density; only the deltas of rivers and other well-watered lowlands of rich clayey soil could be occupied. The Sung Emperor Chen-tsung (998-1022) introduced to Fukien an early-ripening and drought-resistant rice from Champa to the south. Government pamphlets explained how it was cultivated, and seed was shipped to wide areas. In due course "white sixty-day" and other breeds were developed, drought resistant and sufficiently fast growing to beat the annual midsummer flood. The tide of settlement accordingly moved inland. During the fourth century A.D. a million people had come south and brought their wheat cultivation with them, but it was not until the exhortations of the Sung Emperors in the 12th century that wheat was established permanently on a large scale, fitting in well between the now shorter rice seasons.

The second agricultural revolution came from America. The Portuguese brought peanuts to China by sea in 1516, and soon these were being grown in the sandy soil near Shanghai; at the same time maize and sweet potatoes entered southwestern China, presumably overland through Burma. The movement from the coast and rivers back into the hills, which had started with early-ripening rice and with wheat, continued with these new crops and brought cultivation far up the virgin hills and mountains of the Yangtze region and north China. Then "as the population of these areas grew rapidly, the Irish potato . . . was belatedly introduced and made possible the utilization of mountains that were too lofty

and soils too poor for maize and sweet potatoes." The process continued through the Japanese attack of 1937-45 and through the agricultural efforts of the present régime. In the course of 300 years rice has fallen from nearly 70 per cent of total food production to about 35 per cent.

It is in such realistic terms of the relation of population to land that the book tells of vast movements of people away from natural disasters and human enemies, of the settlement not only of the continental interior but of Formosa, Hainan, and Manchuria. Nor did the currents move in one direction only; famines occurred again and again, relieving the pressure for a time and creating a population vacuum into which people were drawn. Floods which had always been a danger became more serious with deep ploughing of the soil and reckless planting of maize on the hillsides; the result was rocky, barren land and rivers blocked with silt.

These items of human ecology are an unexpected reward to this reader of the book who opened it with three more narrowly factual questions in his mind: just how big is China's population today, how fast is it increasing, and what are the Communists doing about it? Professor Ping-ti Ho discusses in detail the Census of 1953 which officially gave 682,603,417 people; he tells us how it was taken, the number of enumerators engaged (2,500,000), the questions asked of everyone (three: age, sex, and nationality), the length of time for the preparation of the figures (about one year). But he realizes that it is not possible to assess from this or any amount of similar information the accuracy that was attained. If the census is right, preceding administrative figures are short by 100,000,000 persons. Professor Ho considers this likely, for previous counts were primarily for tax purposes; in some instances poor provinces were threatened with such taxes that collusion between the mandarin in charge and his subjects to lower the published count seemed a reasonable mitigation of the severity of the laws. On the other two questions Professor Ho gives little information and expresses no opinion.

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Archaeology

ADVENTURES WITH THE MISSING LINK. By Raymond A. Dart with Dennis Craig. London: Hamish Hamilton. 1959. Illustrated. Pp. 251. 25s.

This is a lively and popular account of the finding and description of the first Taungs skull in 1925, the establishment of the genus *Australopithecus* to contain it, and the author's appraisal of its importance in the evolutionary history of man. Professor Dart's interpretation of the bones as those of a "man-like ape" was rejected with varying force by his distinguished colleagues, most of whom were convinced his "Taungs Baby" was a young gorilla or other ape. Because of his university teaching and administrative duties, and because he had

no zeal for digging—"The ransacking of the hillside at Makapansgat and the collecting of tons of breccia was not my crazy idea."—he had to wait almost two decades until corroborative finds of adult (the original was infantile) *Australopithecine* bones at Makapansgat and Sterkfontein vindicated his beliefs. A large part of the book is a vigorous exposition of Dart's belief that this way-station on the biological road from ape to man used animal bones and horns as weapons and tools, was cannibalistic, and even discovered fire. Certainly there is dental evidence that this upright-walking creature was carnivorous. The mildly polemical writing does not interfere with its reading qualities.

B. N. KROPP

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